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TRAVELS

IN

PORTUGAL,

AND THROUGH

FRANCE AND SPAIN.

WITH A DISSERTATION ON THE

LITERATURE OF PORTUGAL,

AND THE

SPANISH AND PORTUGUEZE LANGUAGES.

BY HENRY FREDERICK LINK;

PROFESSOR AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ROSTOCK, AND MEMBER OF VARIOUS LEARNED SOCIETIES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY

JOHN HINCKLEY, Esq.

WITH NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1801.

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PREFACE.

THAT zealous and active patron of Natural History, the Count of Hoffmannsegg, who is himself so great a proficient in the science, being desirous of a companion in his TRAVELS TO PORTUGAL not wholly unexperienced in *Botany* and *Mineralogy*, I had the honour to be chosen to that important post.

We embarked at Hamburg in the summer of 1797, and being obliged by contrary winds and storms to cast anchor off Romney, quitted the ship and landed at Dover; from which place we pursued our journey through France and Spain to Portugal, for the purpose of travelling over that country more minutely. In this we employed the greater part of the year 1798, but in 1799 my affairs obliging me to leave that country, I embarked on board the packet for Falmouth, and crossing England by London and Yarmouth returned to Hamburg. The Count still remains in Portugal, where with in-

defatigable aſſiduity he is inveſtigating the natural hiſtory of that country.

Such was the origin of a journey undertaken in order to collect materials for a Fauna and Flora Luſitanicæ, and I hope the Count of Hoffmannſegg will not fail in conjunction with profeſſor Hedwig of Brunſwick, both excellent entomologiſts, to publiſh the Fauna as ſoon as poſſible.

For the Flora we prepared the manuſcript while in Portugal, and it is ſtill continually receiving additions through the exertions of the Count, who has drawn all the new and unknown plants in a manner that proves his intimate knowledge of botany and the great talents with which he purſues that ſcience.

At that time we had no idea of publiſhing an account of our travels as ſuch; our chief attention was directed to inveſtigating the works of nature, eſpecially the botanical riches of the country, with an activity and enthuſiaſm of which none but the true lovers of that charming ſcience can form an adequate idea.

On my return I read all the accounts I could procure of travels in Portugal, and found that no

one

one had ſeen ſo much of that country as ourſelves. I alſo perceived that moſt of the authors of theſe works were groſſly ignorant of the language, and gave many falſe accounts, or ſuch as were only applicable to the inhabitants of the metropolis, but which they erroneouſly extended to the whole kingdom. In ſhort I read of nothing but complaints againſt the lazy bigotted and thieviſh Portugueze, and ſaw with grief, that no one had deſcribed the delightful vales through which the Minho * flows, the cultivation of which vies with that of England herſelf; that no one had beſtowed due praiſe on the tolerant ſpirit of the common people, of which I had many pleaſing proofs, (I ſpeak not of prieſts, who have a character of their own, and are alike in all countries where the government favours them); that no one had proclaimed the ſecurity enjoyed in a country where in my botanical excurſions I laid myſelf down by the road-ſide in unknown ſpots, and, exhauſted by the heat of the day, ſlept without care or apprehenſion.

Thus I ſeized the pen to defend my friends the

* See the laſt note in p. viii.

Portugueze,

Portugueze, determining impartially to pourtray their character, their mode of life, and their agriculture, with which laſt my occupations rendered me intimately acquainted; till thus a mere apology grew into a book of travels. It being often needful to draw a compariſon between the Portugueze and their neighbours the Spaniards, I added a ſhort account of our journey through Spain, and France is too important an object of public attention to omit the few obſervations I have prefixed, more particularly on provinces through which travellers have of late very rarely paſſed.

In this point of view then I hope the candid reader will conſider the following work. Relative to France and Spain I ſhall confine myſelf to a few curſory remarks, partly becauſe thoſe countries are already pretty generally known, and partly becauſe we paſſed more rapidly through them to Portugal, which was the grand object of our journey. Many readers may perhaps deſire more ample ſtatiſtical accounts of that kingdom than I have given. On the conſtitution I have interſperſed a few remarks, much fewer indeed than I had actually written, but I reduced them

to

to avoid prolixneſs, as I had formed an intention of writing a ſeparate work on the conſtitution, literature, and language, for which it is now probable I may not find leiſure. Of the population I have given as accurate an account as could be drawn from the materials I was able to procure. A more minute deſcription of the trade of Portugal, eſpecially with the colonies, would have required more time than was poſſible for me to beſtow. But on the other hand I here perhaps preſent the reader with a more accurate picture of the general ſtate of the country, than he will find in any book of travels hitherto publiſhed.

In this picture I have endeavoured as much as poſſible to avoid every thing obſcure, though I ſhould be ſuſpected of being leſs accurate. For I poſſeſs not the talent of many writers, to bring forward with great labour and difficulty, as of the utmoſt importance, and with all the incumbrances of a heavy and diffuſive ſtile, ſome ſlight remark which ſcarcely deſerves to be made at all. I prefer careleſſly to throw out what has coſt me perhaps great labour and much time to inveſtigate and diſcover.

A. D. 1801. H. F. LINK.

ERRATA.

Page 75	line 6	for *they* r. *its inhabitants.*
	7	for *clay-ſlate* r. *argillaceous ſlate.*
106	22	for *novorum* r. *novarum.*
107	23	for *Yefantado* r. *Ynfantado.*
109	3	for *inſignificant* r. *magnificent.*
110	14	for *vetch-like* r. *papilionaceous.*
112	1	for *Regna* r. *Reyna.*
127	3	for *frie* r. *riſe.*
131	22	&c. tranſpoſe the words *portugueze* and *ſpaniards*, *former* and *latter.*
150	antepen.	for *Setuval* r. *St. Ubes.*
161	6 and 7	for *certainly* &c. r. *gratis.*
161	9	for *Senhovio* r. *Senhorio.*
169	antepen.	for *Gallicians* r. *Galicians.*
274	4	for *hydrogin* r. *hydrogen.*
308	22	for *Gorez* r. *Gerez.*
320	ult.	dele *being.*
411	5	for *Eſcrivaēs* r. *Eſcrivaēs.*
418	1	for *Algarvia* r. *Algarve.*
424	1	for *Henrique* r. *Henriquez.*
429	13	for *maſts* r. *maſt.*
432	ult.	for *Doro* r. *Dom.*
441	5	for *brought* r. *bought.*

The inaccuracy of the original, owing to the abſence of the author while printing, has occaſioned many of the above; the neceſſary attention to objects of ſcience and to accuracy in the ſpaniſh and portugueze languages, which the author had ſometimes confounded, have cauſed ſome leſs important errors to paſs unnoticed by the tranſlator.

*** The unlearned reader ſhould be apprized that Luſitania was the ancient name of Portugal.

The nh and lh are liquids in portugueze, being pronounced like gn and gl in italian and french, or ñ and ll in ſpaniſh. T.

REMARKS

REMARKS

DURING A JOURNEY

THROUGH

PORTUGAL, &c.

CHAP. I.

Calais.—Country between Calais and Paris.

WE embarked at Dover in Sept. 1797, on board a ſmall veſſel bound for Calais, although ſome flying and apparently exaggerated reports of the revolution of the 18th of Fructidor, which had greatly changed the ſtate of affairs, excited in us ſome fear of the government of the then powerful republic.

While we were at Dover, Lord Malmeſbury paſſed through that city on his return to London; and with him vaniſhed every hope of peace. The communication, however, between France and England was not yet broken off, and a Daniſh ſhip, of which one Schonſtedt was captain, and a ſmall Pruſſian veſſel paſſed and re-paſſed, at regular times, between Dover and Calais, generally

with a conſiderable number of paſſengers on board.

Our landing in this free republic was far from pleaſant. A calm prevented our entering the harbour with the tide, and we were obliged to go aſhore in a boat from Calais. The boat ſeveral times ſtruck on the ground, and it was with great difficulty we gained the land againſt a ſtrong ebb. Here, though the morning was cold and wet, we were kept an hour in the rain before we were ſuffered to proceed a ſtep. At length appeared a member of the municipality attended by a ſecretary, ordered us to come upon the mole, took a ſurvey of the perſons arrived, and eſcorted us, together with a ſoldier in a ragged uniform, to the town; at the gate of which we were taken into a houſe, and made to ſign our names; then to another, where we were ſearched to diſcover whether we had any letters, though in a gentle and not unpolite manner; and laſtly, before the municipality. Our Pruſſian paſſport was irregular, not containing our deſcriptions, and a ſervant had not a ſeparate paſſport. We were allowed, however, to ſtay at Calais till we could procure others from the Pruſſian miniſter at Paris. The landlord, who had come as far as the beach to ſeek for gueſts, was obliged to anſwer for us, after which we were very politely permitted to go wherever we pleaſed; though it is

cuſtomary

cuſtomary here to appoint to every ſuſpected perſon a guard, who accompanies them every where, and with whom they may go about freely, and make viſits; for which, however, they muſt give them daily pay. Many Americans were at that time in this ſituation.

The treatment of foreigners on their arrival in England is unqueſtionably more methodical and better planned. There, the captain muſt not ſuffer any foreigner to quit his ſhip, till he has delivered his paſſport to the inſpector of the cuſtoms, and received permiſſion ſo to do. This regulation is more ſevere; and a foreigner who ſhould violate it, would incur a riſk of being immediately ſent away, becauſe, when once on ſhore, he might more eaſily find ways and means to obtain permiſſion to proceed on his journey. But, on the other hand, he incurs no riſk of being obliged to pay an expenſive attendant during a long period of time, or of being thrown into priſon. He would, in all events, be ſpared the humiliation of being conducted like a criminal into the town, ſurrounded by a mob. In England, the military commander in every ſeaport is furniſhed with paſſports, ready ſigned by the Duke of Portland, which he delivers to foreigners of whom there is no cauſe for ſuſpicion; upon which, the ſtranger may proceed on his journey without farther delay. This is evidently a milder plan than that adopted

in France, where the moſt trifling informality in the paſſport detains a ſtranger ſeveral weeks in the ſeaport where he landed; and farther, by paying the cuſtomary fees on arriving in England, all vexatious ſearches are ſpared.

Calais is a ſmall regular-built town, with a ſpacious and handſome ſquare. The ſtreets are tolerably clean and well-paved; but without foot-ſteps to the doors, as is uſual in the ſmalleſt towns of England. It is ſurrounded, except for a ſhort ſpace toward the harbour, with a wall and moat, the firſt of which ſerves as a public walk, although not very clean. On the North-Weſt ſide cloſe to the town, and a ſhort diſtance from the ſea, is the citadel.

A quarter of a league from Calais on the road to Paris, is the ſmall fort of Nieulet, and here and there on the ſhore batteries are erected. The harbour being formed by a little rivulet, is ſo ſmall and ſhallow that, at the time of ebb, the veſſels are left almoſt dry. It begins at the gate of the town, where a fine maſſive quay ends in two long wooden moles, which extend far into the ſea. Another ſmall fort covers the town to the eaſtward. The ſhore, particularly toward Dunkirk, is full of ſand-banks, ſometimes very dangerous to ſhips that cruize there. On the South ſide of the town is a neat ſuburb called Baſſeville, adjoining to which is a canal extending to the river

river Aa, and thus connecting Calais with St. Omer and Gravelines.

In Calais are ſeveral large houſes, among which is Ducroc's excellent inn. There was formerly a public walk or promenade in a gardenin the ſuburb; but, after the revolution, it being impracticable to keep out the common people, perſons of condition ceaſed to go there. Hence the proprietor no longer finding his account in it, converted it into a diſtillery for brandy; and this is, in few words, the hiſtory of moſt ſimilar eſtabliſhments in the provinces ſince the revolution. The only public walks now remaining are the walls of the town, and the mole; the dirty condition of both which, muſt particularly ſtrike every Engliſhman on his arrival, and confirm the prejudices with which he generally croſſes the ſea. Calais has a ſmall theatre, which is generally much crowded.

This town was principally ſupported by its commerce with England, from which it may readily be ſuppoſed, how well ſatisfied the inhabitants were with the ſtate of affairs. After the 18th of Fructidor, many of them expected a government of terroriſm; but the majority hoped the contrary, becauſe it was impoſſible ſuch a ſtate of affairs could again exiſt; a ſtate of affairs, to pourtray which, the moſt zealous republican could not find language ſufficiently ſtrong. During the

whole revolution, Calais has acted in the moſt exemplary manner. Only one trifling tumult has happened there, and a diſturbance cauſed by foreign troops, and quelled by the citizens themſelves. Nor has it ever been diſgraced by the guillotine. In a word, Calais was at that time happy, that is, it was comparatively but little otherwiſe.

At Calais we ſaw the obſequies of General Hoche. The garriſon marched to the principal church, where the Directorial Commiſſary, in his coſtume, delivered an oration from the pulpit, and the ceremony concluded with ſolemn muſic. Among the ſpectators were a great number of men, but no women of condition, merely becauſe they had not places appointed for them ſeparate from the common people. Mankind are every where fond of diſtinction even in republics.

The country round Calais is extremely flat; plains extend to the eaſtward as far as the eye can ſee; to the weſtward, a mile from the town, begin the chalk-cliffs, oppoſite to thoſe of England; and, which is very remarkable, commence juſt where the oppoſite Eaſt coaſt of England turns toward the South. The ſhore is ſkirted with high downs or ſand-hills, and here and there are conſiderable heaps of alluvial, or rounded ſtones, even at a diſtance from the ſea, reſembling the celebrated *holy dam*, at Doberan in Meklenburg.

But all this is nothing, when compared with the immenſe quantity of ratchil * in the nearly oppoſite country round Romney and Hythe, which extend a great way in-land, and are doubtleſs a remarkable phenomenon to every mineralogiſt. The breadth of the channel being here but ſeven leagues, the Dover cliffs may be ſeen even in hazy weather; and, on a clear day, very diſtinctly. Among theſe, Shakſpeare's cliff, with its white ſides over-hanging the ſea, is a ſtriking object; and Dover caſtle may alſo be ſeen without difficulty. The proſpect of a ſtrait, which is ſo often adorned by ſhipping, particularly when the wind ſuddenly comes round to the Eaſt or Weſt, which brings a great number of veſſels up or down the channel, is often extremely intereſting; while the view of the oppoſite ſhore, adds conſiderably to the charms of the ſcene. The plain toward Gravelines and St. Omer is highly cultivated; not, indeed, that many villages are ſeen there, but it is adorned by innumerable ſingle houſes, emboſomed in a ſmall wood of lofty trees, and ſurrounded by meadows and corn-fields. The traces of a rich Flemiſh cultivation may here be perceived, as in moſt parts of France.

Among the hills to the South-Weſt of Calais, and buried in the woods, ſtands a column com-

* Geſchieben.

memorating the ſpot where Blanchard deſcended with his balloon, after croſſing the Britiſh channel; but the ſituation is ſo concealed, that it cannot eaſily be diſcovered. Monuments intended to awaken the ſofter and more empaſſioned ſenſations of ſympathy, may very properly be ſo concealed, that we may come upon them by ſurprize; but thoſe which commemorate bold and hazardous enterpriſes, ſhould be as public and as ſtriking as poſſible. On the pedeſtal is an inſcription in Latin and in French, mentioning the names of the two aerial navigators, and the date of the tranſaction, according to that of the reign of Lewis; but ſome republican hand has endeavoured to obliterate all that referred to the late king, and has thus defaced the monument in a very childiſh manner. Why ſhould republicans disfigure that which can ſtill be read?

The road from Calais to Paris lies over chalk-hills firſt to Boulogne-ſur-mer. This town is of a moderate ſize, being divided in two parts; the upper and ſmaller, lies on the declivity of the chalk-mountain, the lower and larger, on the harbour, which is formed by the river Liane; but, like that of Calais, will only admit ſmall ſhips. The Boulogne privateers have been very ſucceſsful this war; and, as during wars with England, the town is principally ſupported by theſe ſpeculations, it is now very flouriſhing.

From

From Boulogne to Montreuil the chalk-hills continue, forming the coaſt to a conſiderable diſtance. The valleys are woody, and before we arrived at Samer, we came to a foreſt formerly celebrated for numerous robberies; but they are now leſs frequent, probably, becauſe rich Engliſhmen do not travel that road. Montreuil is pleaſantly ſituated on a hill, being a fortified town ſurrounded by a wall and moat. Having quitted this place, we came to the great plain of Picardy, which, with only a few ſmall and gentle hills, extends beyond Abbeville and Amiens, as far as the little town of Breteuil. The ſoil conſiſts entirely of chalk, as may be perceived in various places; but is covered with a conſiderable ſtratum of very fertile earth. Little wood is ſeen in any part, though here and there the road is planted with trees. The cultivation of corn is the chief object purſued on this fruitful tract.

Abbeville lies concealed behind hills; on aſcending which a view of that large and extenſive town ſuddenly burſt upon us. Its appearance, however, after we had entered it, by no means correſponded with this grand proſpect; for the ſtreets are narrow, crooked, ill-paved, dirty, and obſcured by high houſes. It is well known, that this town is ſupported by cloth and other manufactures; and therefore, like all manufacturing towns, has felt the effects of the revolution

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in a high degree. We were every where ſurrounded by beggars, and every where beheld the traces of poverty and miſery. I ſcarcely, indeed, remember a town in France where this change appeared ſo ſtriking. The villages in the adjacent country toward Amiens, as Ailly, Le haut-clocher, Flirecourt, &c. conſiſt partly of the moſt miſerable mud-houſes, and moſt wretched hovels, that can be ſeen; worſe even than in the villages of Meklenburg and of Portugal.

The town of Amiens is ſituated on a perfect plain, which being here and there adorned with ſmall woods, is very pleaſant. It may be ſeen at a great diſtance, decorated with a great number of lofty towers, among which, the cathedral, a large and ſtriking edifice, particularly attracts the eye. The ſtreets are narrow and full of angles, the buildings being in the old taſte. The town, however, ſeemed gay and lively, and in a better condition than its neighbour, Abbeville; perhaps, becauſe in a great meaſure ſupported by the produce of the earth. The beautiful plain, the road acroſs which is planted with fruit trees, extends as far as Breteuil, a ſmall miſerable village. Beyond it appear long chains of hills, with broad valleys; and, between St. Juſt and Clermont, we come to a ſandy plain. At Clermont, a ſmall town ſituated in a pleaſant woody country, the hills riſe ſtill higher, and continue as far as Linguevill[illegible]

ville. They conſiſt of white limeſtone, which can only be conſidered as chalk. From this place to Chantilly, the country appears very charming; we travelled conſtantly between two rows of elms, and paſſed through the immenſe park, which, though it ſurprizes by its extent, is extremely uniform, and therefore gives but little pleaſure. The magnificent caſtle has recently been ſold very cheap to a private individual. From this place to Ecouen, a ſmall neat village, the road paſſes over hills and through foreſts. During the revolution, this woody country has frequently become the rendezvous of robbers, whoſe numbers, perhaps, were exaggerated at Paris by common report; and who, as the government aſſerted, were connected with the royaliſts. After paſſing Ecouen we came to the laſt range of hills, from which we deſcended into the vale of St. Denis, and of Paris.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Paris.—The Diſpoſition of the People after the 18th of Fructidor.—Compariſon with London.—Verſailles.

WHAT a glorious view theſe hills command! though, as the traveller proceeds, it ſoon vaniſhes from the ſight. On all ſides appear country-houſes and gardens, interſperſed with villages and ſmall towns; among which the immenſe metropolis ſeems almoſt loſt, being alſo partly concealed by the hill of Montmartre. The country, indeed, would alone be beautiful, without the added ornaments of art with which its charms are enhanced. Gay hills decorated with woods and groves interſect this fertile plain; and amid theſe, meanders, with frequent and rapid curves, the lingering Seine, as though unwilling to leave theſe flowery fields.

A very fine road leads through the beautiful town of St. Dennis, the lofty ſpires of whoſe church, where the remains of the kings of France are depoſited, is viſible in all parts of the ſurrounding country. The traveller, while gazing at this magnificent proſpect, almoſt arrives unawares in Paris, where he paſſes through narrow ſtreets without foot-ways, between high houſes crowded together ſo that in many places the ſun never reaches

reaches the earth. He rides a long way through the city, which appears very unpleasant and disgusting, till at a distance he discovers the Pantheon; but, when at length he comes to the Elysian fields; the garden of the Thuilleries, the Place de la Revolution, and the Field of Mars, he imagines he is beholding the most charming spot in the world.

I neither can nor ought to add to the numerous descriptions of Paris already published. We have a journal of London and Paris which serves to make us Germans sufficiently acquainted with both those capitals. A few cursory remarks, therefore, will be all I shall say on the subject.

At this time good order prevailed at Paris, so that people might without fear walk the streets till a late hour; for patroles of foot and horse protected the lives and properties of the citizens. In the public offices the reverse was the fact. We were taken to the municipality to whose district the house where we lodged belonged, to have our passports inspected. Here, after waiting a long time, we were sent to the department of Seine-and-Oise, in the *Place Vendôme*, as no one here took cognizance of the passports of foreigners. But the department sent us back; and at length we were rightly directed to the *Bureau central*. It cannot be denied that the clerks in the public offices are very polite; but their business

is

is too multifarious and too unmethodical; nor do they ſeem to have a ſufficient knowledge of the laws. From the reſt of the citizens no knowledge of them can be expected; for in general they take a pleaſure in being ignorant of the republican regulations, unleſs they fill ſome office, or take ſome ſhare in the government. Beſides, the laws may be violated with impunity; and we even ſoon found it unneceſſary to have our paſſports inſpected in every capital of department through which we travelled, although enjoined by law. It is even ſaid, paſſports may be purchaſed without difficulty; and it appeared to me, that the republican inſpectors knew well how to diſtinguiſh in ſuch caſes between the well and the ill dreſſed. But this had more effect at Paris than in the departments.

All perſons of faſhion were inimical to the republican regulations and the intereſts of the republic. Young ladies of faſhion were partial to the Engliſh. The appellation of *citoyen*, though required in all official tranſactions, was never uſed in company; and the word *citoyenne* was a groſs affront. There was ſtill a gradation of ranks, only the catalogue did not begin with princes of the blood; and on Sundays the promenades and theatres were void of well-dreſſed people, becauſe on that day every artiſan could reſort there.

As

At this time one object alone could elevate the minds of the French; I mean their victories, of which every one ſpoke with enthuſiaſm; and the moſt decided royaliſt did juſtice to the bravery of his countrymen. As formerly in Pruſſia, we naturally expected to hear an aged peaſant relate his tale of battles at Prague, at Zorndorf, and at Leuthen, ſo here every youth was half anticipated in his pompous ſtory of Lodi, Arcola, Weiſſenburg, and the Vendée. Bonaparte was the admired hero that excited the admiration of the French; but they did him the honour to maintain, that in his heart he was no true republican.

Diſcontent with the republic prevailed among moſt claſſes. All thoſe who had fixed incomes were in a bad ſituation, and many branches of induſtry totally deſtroyed. This diſcontent was particularly great among literary men. In the beginning it was very natural they ſhould take a principal part in a revolution founded on ſuch attractive principles. Theſe men, however, were the firſt to draw back; perhaps they were the firſt who grew wiſer by experience, and dived into future events. A popular repreſentation alſo ſoon deſerts the boaſted principles of reaſon; under which no man ſhould give up his will to another, even during twelve months. But, in fact, every republican was playing a game of chance, whether he might not arrive at a ſitu-

a ſituation to influence the government. But does the road to the beſt form of government, the ſplendid theory they purſue, lie over hedges and ditches, and through bogs and moraſſes, like what Engliſhmen call ſteeple-hunting? Or is it to be attained by indirect approaches, and by building ſlowly ſtrong and uſeful bridges?

In France, men of new and upſtart fortunes are objects of general hatred. The means by which they have acquired their wealth are often not the beſt; and they are not unfrequently perſons of bad education, and deſtitute of all ſcience. They ſpend their money in a ſordid manner, without the leaſt taſte; deſpiſe every one who has not money, and are themſelves deſpiſed and hated. In every turbulent republic, the boldeſt and moſt ſhameleſs is the moſt likely to make his fortune, and the richeſt (except under a ſyſtem of terror) to be the firſt perſon in the ſtate. But even in a tranquil republic the richeſt man, and conſequently the merchant, is the firſt perſon in the ſtate, and contributes to form an ariſtocracy, which, perhaps, becomes more oppreſſive than the pride of nobility; and it almoſt ſeems more rare for an acute mind to conſiſt with mercantile purſuits than to be combined with ſixteen quarterings of nobility.

Amid the high degree of luxury to which the French nation are more ſtrongly inclined than any

any other nation, and in which they ſtill excel them (however ſmall the means they poſſeſs of indulging it), and the want of all fixed moral principles, the government muſt vibrate between the extravagance and venality of the principal men in the ſtate, and terroriſm. Where both would end if France were left to herſelf can ſcarcely be conjectured. There is a conteſt of opinions in that country, which is carried on, not by means of principles, but by force, as in a battle; and the contending armies reſemble ſoldiers headed by their generals: the reſult cannot with any probability be foreſeen. In that country, accident may do every thing; and it depends on an inſcrutable fatality, where the rolling rocks will ſtop.

The ſecret propenſity of the human heart, when we are unhappy ourſelves not to wiſh others happy, is, perhaps, the cauſe of the eagerneſs with which the French ſeek to revolutionize other countries. How often have I not been aſked, when we ſhould begin to drive out our princes? But I always replied, "as ſoon as Robeſpierre ſhall be forgotten."

Several moral men endeavoured by means of Theophilanthropy, which ſprung up juſt at this time, to reſtore France to morality and religion. La Reveillère, the beſt and the weakeſt of the directors, principally contributed to its repute;

but the effects of it were not yet apparent. As long as it was new, beautiful hymns were ſung; and as long as the orators ſaid pretty things, their temples were crowded. They even began to be deſirous of making proſelytes, of which I could name an inſtance. In this reſpect all religions are alike; nor is it poſſible to foretel what Theophilanthropy may one day become. But, according to the general levity of the French, it was at firſt ſpoken of as charming, then ridiculous, and at length a bore, till thus it was ſoon exploded. La Reveillère's fall we may hope will bury this religion in oblivion.

London, as a city, is far ſuperior to Paris. The narrow dirty ſtreets, the high projecting houſes, the gable ends of which ſeem almoſt to touch, a dirty pavement without cauſeways, where paſſengers are expoſed to be entangled between the wheels of coaches, and the ſtill more dangerous cabriolets, render Paris extremely unpleaſant. In bad weather the boulevards and walks, that divide the *city* of Paris from the ſuburbs, are muddy; and on the South, where they are moſt beautiful, they are but little frequented. In London, it is true, are many narrow irregular ſtreets; but theſe are in the city, which is only a ſmall part of the metropolis; the greater part is well paved, clean, and furniſhed with broad cauſeways; and the ſtreets, being ſpacious and ſtrait, give it a gay and

and ſmiling appearance. I very much prefer, as a walk, the parks in and about London, to the boulevards of Paris.

In London, moſt of the houſes are built of brick; and, in the neweſt and beſt ſtreets, theſe bricks are faced with ſtone-coloured ſtucco, which ſoon becomes grey. Hence they do not afford a very gay appearance, though on the whole more beautiful than the generality of houſes in Paris. There, indeed, the ornamental houſes are handſomer than thoſe in London; but the interiour admits of no compariſon; for many of the houſes at Paris, that have a very fine appearance without, are very ill fitted-up within, and even though really clean appear very dirty. In public houſes want of cleanlineſs prevails; as alſo, in all houſes, except thoſe of perſons of property, and, even there, in the porter's-room, which immediately ſtrikes the eye on entering. But what neatneſs and elegance enliven the houſes of the Engliſh! How pleaſing, how comfortable, and how cheerful, are their apartments! They employ, indeed, much good taſte in the choice of their furniture, in which the French are far inferiour to them: in this, however, the Engliſh excel all other nations, as they are inferiour to all in the taſteleſs plans of their ſocial converſations.

The French diſfigure their buildings from two motives wholly foreign to the rules of taſte, which

the moſt zealous republican can ſcarcely eſteem a beauty. I allude to the ſtaffs with the enſigns of liberty, erected on every national edifice, and the inſcriptions of *unity*, *indiviſibility of the republic*, *liberty*, *equality*, *fraternity*, *or death*; which laſt is generally ſo much defaced, that it can ſcarcely be read. The French, who would be the Grecians of modern times, ſhould know, that the antient Grecians were leſs attached to republican forms than to forms of beauty.

Paris is adorned with many fine ſquares, particularly the *Place de la Revolution*, and the *Place Vendôme*. In the latter is the vacant pedeſtal of Louis XIV. which ſpoils its appearance; the former is adorned in the diſtance with a ſtatue of liberty, which appears of bronze till the eye approaches it, when the brown covering is perceived to be cracking off from the plaſter; a very ſignificant ſymbol. The other ſquares are inſignificant. London is adorned with a vaſt number of *ſquares*, ſo called from their regular form, and decorated with a circular or oval incloſure, planted with roſe-trees and other ſhrubs, which give to the whole a moſt charming and intereſting appearance.

At a diſtance from London, the moſt ſtriking object is St. Paul's church; at a diſtance from Paris, the Pantheon: the latter of which is adorned with a very beautiful cupola, and is ſuperiour in point

point of architecture, although not yet finiſhed. At a diſtance, its ſituation being on an eminence, appears beautiful; but on approaching it, this magnificent building is encumbered with a vicinity of narrow wretched ſtreets. In this reſpect, the ſituation of St. Paul's ſurpaſſes it, and the view of the cupola is beyond all expectation grand and majeſtic; but Weſtminſter Abbey, with its numerous monuments, moſtly deſtitute of taſte, by no means ſatisfies the expectation.

London, however, has nothing to compare with the banks of the Seine from the Louvre to the extremity of Paris, where the river quits it. The Louvre ſtrikes the eye by its great extent, and on the oppoſite bank is the Mint, which is a handſome building. Adjacent to the Louvre is the edifice called the Thuilleries, which alſo makes a ſtrong impreſſion on the ſpectator; and the garden belonging to it, though in the old French taſte, is a pleaſant promenade, leading by a wooden turning bridge to the beautiful *Place de la Revolution.* Beyond this are the majeſtic walks of the Elyſian fields, and adjoining to them the wood of Boulogne; through which village, the road immediately leads by a bridge acroſs the Seine to St. Cloud. Oppoſite the Place de la Revolution is the fine hall of the Council of Five Hundred, nor is it far to the magnificent Hotel of the Invalids, adjacent to which is the *Champ de Mars.*

On the other hand, the banks of the Thames are ſo encumbered with houſes, that it is difficult to approach the water; ſo that, to obtain a view of the Adelphi, and of Somerſet Place, which adorn its banks, it is neceſſary to croſs the river, the oppoſite ſide of which reſembles a wretched village. A view of the bridges can only be ſeen between the balluſters of the other bridges, by which, London loſes a great advantage it poſſeſſes over Paris, namely, a harbour full of ſhips extending as far as London bridge. Hyde-park, and Kenſington-gardens, are, indeed, very extenſive; but London itſelf is wanting in all that is attractive to the eye; for, as a whole, it is monotonous and dull; the palace of Kenſington is extremely indifferent, and that of St. James's little better than a priſon.

London is alſo very ill lighted with ſmall lamps in mean lamp-irons, and furniſhed with almoſt uſeleſs refractors, which but encreaſe the obſcurity; whereas at Paris, large, handſome, reverberating lamps hang over the middle of the ſtreets, and afford ſo good a light, that a newſpaper may be read with eaſe.

Paris has thirteen theatres, London at moſt ſix, among which that in Drury-lane, and the Opera-houſe in the Hay-market, alone, deſerve notice as buildings. The Opera-houſe at Paris, the Odéon, now burnt down, and the theatre of Feydeau, perhaps,

perhaps, deſerve the preference; and the mode of lighting them within is more judicious, and more convenient, than that employed in London; where an inſupportable exhalation riſes from the pit of the Opera-houſe, and I often wondered the people in the gallery were not ſuffocated. The *Italian* ſingers there may, perhaps, be ſuperiour to the *French* performers at the opera of Paris, and at the *Théatre des Italiens*; but I had been too much accuſtomed to the ſilver tones of Creſcentini, to be pleaſed with them. The decorations in London are equal to thoſe in Paris, and the ſcenes are changed with more rapidity and addreſs. In this reſpect, Harlequin Wood-cutter, a pantomime performed at Drury-lane, and many ſmall pieces at the Royal Circus, deſerve attention; but this advantage is counterbalanced by the want of true taſte in the Engliſh pantomimes and ballets, eſpecially when theſe ill-planned and often vulgar pieces are compared with thoſe of the ſame claſs at Paris. Nor can the dancers on the Engliſh ſtage, even at the Opera-houſe, be compared with thoſe of the opera at Paris, where Veſtris, Clotilde, and Milière, perform; and where taſte, grace, and beauty, exceed, perhaps, the performances of any other capital. The French players are alſo unrivalled in the performance of little witty pieces, and comic-operas, *(operette)* as are the Engliſh in ſerious, ſarcaſto-comic, and

tragic parts, in which laſt, the ſublime Mrs. Siddons excels the whole troop of female performers in the Caſtle of Montval, as much as the view of the cupola of St. Paul's exceeds the expectation of the traveller.

The country round Paris is, without compariſon, more beautiful than that round London. How charming is the view of a part of the city from the Botanic garden! which is even exceeded by that of all Paris, from the pleaſant hill of Montmartre. The continuation of this hill, with its numerous vineyards, to the neighbourhood of Charenton, preſents an agreeable variety to the eye; and the banks of the Seine up to the ſpot where it receives the Marne, and to the majeſtic bridge over the latter, are equally pleaſing. But ſtill more charming is the ſpot, where, having paſſed the Elyſian fields, it forms a curve toward the bridge over the Sevre, watering the foot of a charming hill, on which is the park of Meudon. Here it makes a ſharp turn, and flows to the park of St. Cloud, amid the ſhady walks and thick foliage of which Peace ſeems to dwell, while the ſolitary caſtle gives as it were a ſoft elegiac murmur of ſympathy. The extreme flatneſs of the country round London renders it naturally dull, and between Bagſhot and Hounſlow horrible: nothing, indeed, but art could have given it any attractions. Of the neighbourhood of London, the

the country about Chelſea is the pleaſanteſt on one ſide; and at a farther diſtance, on the other ſide, on the banks of the river below the metropolis, are Greenwich-park and hoſpital for decayed ſeamen, a magnificent building, the proſpect of which is an ornament to the neighbouring country, which it greatly contributes to render extremely pleaſant. The view at Richmond is remarkably fine; but the ſpectator muſt be placed on the hill in the park, or in the Star-tavern, to trace all the windings of the river, which often conceals itſelf amid a crowd of houſes and gardens, meadows, fields, and foliage. It affords but a ſingle view, and reſembles a ſolitary bright thought in an otherwiſe inſignificant work. I love not an epigrammatic country view.

Thoſe who are attached to works of art will find more food for this taſte in Paris than in London. There are, indeed, a great many in the latter; but, being principally private property, they cannot be ſeen without numerous letters of recommendation but ill adapted to the manners and cuſtoms of the Engliſh. Since the plundering of Italy, the national Muſeum of Paris is unique in its kind; and, by an excellent regulation, was open to all viſitors except the inhabitants of Paris: for at that time, the arrangement not being completed, too great a crowd of viſitors might have cauſed much damage; whereas ſtrangers, perhaps,

perhaps, might never again have an opportunity of ſeeing them. Beautiful as the arrangement may be, it is a reproach to the French to leave ſome of the beſt maſter-pieces from Italy in the greateſt diſorder. But few pieces were placed when we ſaw them; and the St. Jerom of Correggio lay upon the floor. If ever Vandaliſm was the delirium of this nation, it is now but converted from a raging into a ſlow fever.

To a learned man Paris is preferable, not only for its public inſtitutions, but in regard to the manners and conduct of its men of learning. I ſhall here only ſpeak of the ſciences to which I particularly directed my attention, Natural Hiſtory, Chemiſtry, and Botany. With the politeneſs of the naturaliſts both in London and Paris, I have great reaſon to be highly ſatisfied and pleaſed. But men of various talents, and extenſive ſcience, have no need to be parſimonious of knowledge; and are themſelves too eager to acquire more, to grudge exchanging theirs againſt that of a ſtranger. Sir Joſeph Banks alone would render ſome ſtay in London important to naturaliſts; his collection of plants and library being conſtantly open to their reſearches. This worthy and learned man, ſingly, compenſates the great ſcarcity of ſimilar ſources of knowledge in London. But in Paris, we alſo found Juſſieu, Deſfontaines, Fourcroy, Bronguiart, and Beſſon, all extremely

extremely polite and obliging. The Britiſh muſeum contains, amid a vaſt quantity of inſignificant trifles, a few important ſpecimens; but in the preſent ſtate of ſcience it is no longer inſtructive. On certain days it is ſhewn to thoſe who have previouſly procured tickets. The Leverian muſeum may be ſeen for a trifle, and the collection there of ſtuffed birds, and viviparous animals, exceeds every thing of the kind I have ſeen. It is well arranged, and to each ſpecimen is affixed the Linnæan name. The muſeum of natural hiſtory in the botanic garden at Paris is far more intereſting than the Britiſh muſeum, and contains a great number of ſpecimens, and very extraordinary productions. London poſſeſſes nothing that can be compared with it, and the Leverian muſeum exceeds it only in two branches of natural hiſtory; the arrangement, however, of that at Paris is not very good: the names of the birds and viviparous animals are taken from Buffon, very many natural productions have no names at all, and the mode of placing them requires great improvement. The magazines of this muſeum are full of unarranged treaſures, which require both money and time to be properly placed; mean while it is much to be lamented, that in their preſent ſituation many of them are going to decay. M. Le Sage's excellent muſeum of mineralogy,

neralogy, which the government have purchaſed * and placed at the Mint, excels in arrangement every public muſeum I know: for here, every individual ſpecimen can be ſeen; whereas elſewhere, half the objects of curioſity are concealed on high ſhelves and lofty preſſes, where they are condemned to perpetual obſcurity. I take no notice of the numerous private muſeums at Paris, where acceſs is far more eaſy than to thoſe of London, which are ſmaller and leſs numerous.

The royal garden at Kew poſſeſſes a treaſure of exotics, particularly from the Cape, and New Holland; and a variety of ſhrubs, Rhododendra, and ſimilar plants, in an abundance, and of a ſize not elſewhere found. They are extremely well preſerved in green-houſes; and Mr. Aiton, the gardener, whoſe father publiſhed the Hortus Kewenſis, is a very clever, zealous, active man. The Engliſh are particularly fond of beautiful heaths from the Cape, for which reaſon, theſe, and many other remarkable plants are found in the hand of the nurſery-men, of whom I will only name Kennedy and Lee, of Hammerſmith. The garden at Kew being the King's private property, its utility is conſiderably reſtrained; but

* The author is here miſtaken. It was collected for Government by M. Le Sage, who had a ſalary for that purpoſe and lectured on mineralogy. T.

here

here curious and ſingular productions alone are ſought for, and there is no proper botanic garden in London *. To every botaniſt the botanic garden at Paris is an extremely important inſtitution, the collection of plants growing in the open air is conſiderable, and extremely well arranged, having the Linnean names affixed; but theſe are wanting to the trees and ſhrubs. The greenhouſe plants are ſtill more numerous, many of them extremely rare and curious. But the greenhouſes, being too narrow, and every thing crowded together, naturally produce weak and ſickly plants. It is to be lamented above all that, of this excellent ſpot too much has been ſacrificed to the ornamental walks. Another excellent collection is ſeen in the garden of a Mr. Cels, who deals in plants, and has much improved their cultivation. All this is undoubtedly more inſtructive in the ſame branch than in London; but this ariſes from the attention of the learned men of Paris, and not from the government, who pretend to do every thing and do nothing. The beautiful menagerie, however, at the Tower, which is ſingular in its kind, far exceeds the ſmall collection at the botanic garden of Paris.

* It is ſingular, the author ſhould not have viſited the botanic garden at Chelſea. T.

I thought

I thought it not ſuperfluous to draw this ſhort comparative ſketch of the two moſt important cities in Europe, more particularly as I felt that my judgement was impartial: in both capitals I was received in a manner with which I was extremely pleaſed, and which has great claims on my gratitude. Nor did the difference of their political ſituation more powerfully influence me, or give me more diſguſt in this point of view, than the difference uſually found between one nation and another, among each of whom I have lived with pleaſure.

But I muſt ſay a few words of Verſailles, a town, the very name of which has almoſt ceaſed to be pronounced by the people. This beautiful place, with all its broad well-paved ſtreets and magnificent buildings, lies forlorn in mournful ſilence; while the confined, and by no means pleaſing country that ſurrounds it, encreaſes the melancholy impreſſions cauſed by viewing its empty deſerted palaces. At that time, the palace, the gardens, the park, and the great and little Trianon, were kept in pretty good order, and many paintings, and other works of art, ſtill remained in the apartments, though moſt of the furniture was removed. Many works of art, particularly paintings, had alſo been brought in from the adjacent country-houſes of emigrants, a plan having

once been formed to employ the palace of Verſailles as a muſeum for the productions of art. Verſailles has ſo often been deſcribed, that it would be ſuperfluous to ſay more. There is ſomething grand in the view of the palace from the garden; but, it is only a view that dazzles, without affecting the heart.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

From Paris through Orleans, and Limoges, to the Banks of the Dordogne.

FROM Paris we ſet off for Orleans. Mount Parnaſſus, and the plains of Montrouge, conſiſt of lime-ſtone, and furniſh part of the ſtone uſed in Paris for building. The quarries, however, are ſubterraneous, and the ſtones are brought up through ſhafts ſunk for that purpoſe. In the neighbourhood of great cities, this plan is worthy imitation; for, otherwiſe, a great ſurface of land is loſt, as is particularly ſtriking near Liſbon. All the hills on one ſide of Paris, from Charenton, acroſs the Seine to Meudon, St. Cloud, &c. are limeſtone; but on the oppoſite ſide the hills which extend from Montmartre, Belville, &c. onward, conſiſt of gypſum. This lime-ſtone extends as far as Verſailles, where it forms the woody hills that encloſe the valley in which the town is ſituated. Similar hills of lime-ſtone accompanied us from Paris to the village of Longjumeau, beyond which ſand-ſtone is found conſiderably below the ſurface. Arable-land is met with every where, the mountains are covered with wood, and the hills that are expoſed to the ſun are laid out in vineyards. Beyond the

the village of Arpajon toward Etampes, the hills riſe higher, and become more naked and ſtony. Etampes is a ſmall miſerable town, now very dead, ſurrounded by bare hills, but, like almoſt every French town, however ſmall, has its promenade. An elevated plain covered with very low hills now continues to the neighbourhood of Orleans; conſiſting chiefly of arable land, without any conſiderable vineyards. Near Orleans, the road paſſes through a great foreſt, called the Foreſt of Orleans; part of which, however, is cut away for ſome diſtance on each ſide of the high road, which is in general well paved from Paris to Orleans, but in ſome parts is not kept up with ſufficient care, as is particularly requiſite to prevent ſuch roads from becoming very unpleaſant. At length we deſcended from this elevated plain, to the banks of the Loire and the city of Orleans.

This city ſtands cloſe to the foot of the declivity, up which the ſuburb riſes. On the other ſide is the river, and over it a handſome bridge, from which the view of this broad ſtream, covered with boats, watering a great city, and a range of vine-covered hills, is uncommonly charming. Orleans is an open town of conſiderable ſize, adorned with neat buildings; but, like Paris, full of narrow ill-paved ſtreets. The windows are moſtly furniſhed with iron bars, a cuſtom which alſo partly prevails in the ſmall neighbouring villages. It has loſt much by

the Revolution, having been principally ſupported by the provincial tribunals. Every thing now is dead, and its chief traffic is in corn, wine, and brandy. After paſſing the Loire and the country-houſes belonging to Orleans, the face of the country is much altered; for here begins a barren ſandy plain, which ſoon becomes a deſert ſwampy heath, and continues as far as a ſmall miſerable village, called La ferté Lowendahl*. Here we collected ſeveral remarkable plants, and among others ſome heaths of the ſouth of Europe, which were originally deſcribed from ſpecimens brought from this place, as for inſtance *erica ſcoparia*. This plain belonged to the antient barren province of Sologne. Beyond La ferté this ſandy plain ſtill continues, though it ſomewhat improves, and part of it is highly cultivated. Along the roads are planted italian poplars, garden cheſnuts, and plane-trees, and many ſingle houſes and manſions are ſeen, among which is the family-ſeat of the celebrated La Mothe Piquet, who had the command of a ſquadron, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf much in the American war. He is ſtill remembered in a lively manner, having been much beloved, though a very vehement and ſingular man. The inns in this part of France have a very uninviting appearance, as have the apartments; but the tra-

* Called alſo, La ferté Nabert.

veller

veller meets with good beds and a good ſupper, particularly of fowl, at very moderate prices. In the towns every thing was dearer and worſe than in the villages; but in general throughout France we found the landlords' charges extremely moderate.

Near Vierzon the plain terminates in a declivity, which is adorned by groves and vineyards, like that near Orleans. Vierzon is a ſmall but cheerful town, ſeated at the confluence of the Yevre with the ſandy river Cher, in a deep valley where the air is remarkably warm. We were preſent at the celebration of Nôtre Dame, which rendered the place very gay. Every body was at the public walks, and in their beſt dreſſes, an attention which is not ſo much practiſed in the North of France. But the external marks of religion gradually become more and more perceptible, and two political parties ariſe, conſiſting of catholics and proteſtants.

Immediately beyond Vierzon are ſand-ſtone hills, at the foot of which riſes a chalybeate ſtream. Soon after follow lime-ſtone hills toward the village of Vâtan; and here the face of the country grows very bare. As far as the eye can reach nothing is ſeen but undulating hills covered with corn-fields, but deſtitute of trees or houſes. Nearer to Chateauroux, theſe hills are uncultivated, and ſerve as ſheep-walks, great numbers of thoſe animals being bred in this country, which

forms a part of the ancient province of Berry. The ſcarcity of wood is very great, and ſtraw is often uſed in kitchens; for which reaſon, in winter the ſtubble that remains in the fields is cut. Here, as well as in many other parts of France, women are ſeen cultivating the ground. Chateauroux, which is a manufacturing town of moderate ſize, lies in a flat valley on the Indre. Like all manufacturing towns, it ſuffered much by the Revolution, from which it may eaſily be conjectured how far the inhabitants are favourable to it.

The lime-ſtone hills end at a village called Le Lotier; after which follows a ſandy plain covered with heath as in Sologne, but ſoon after high lime-ſtone hills again riſe, with deep and frequently pleaſant valleys. Argenton lies in one of theſe beautiful valleys, ſurrounded by vineyards on the Creuſe. It is a ſmall, dirty, mean town, but gay and lively, as are in general moſt ſmall places in France, in an infinitely greater degree than large towns. The gaiety of Argenton was at this time encreaſed by the return of the young men, in conſequence of the ſigning of the peace. It was an affecting and a pleaſing ſcene to witneſs the happineſs of ſo many joyful citizens, who returned to take poſſeſſion of their paternal lands; or of their half-faded brides, whoſe expectant hopes the war had too long deferred. In no country were the young men ſo generally torn from their homes,

without

without regard to their condition, ſituation, or occupation. But the hopes of all theſe worthy youths are now again fruſtrated and deceived.

Theſe lime-ſtone hills again grew flat near the village of Le Fay, and are ſucceeded by a ſandy plain covered with heath, ſhortly after which riſe the mountains of the Limouſin. High mountain-valleys, mountains crowded together, with broad rounded ridges, immediately indicate another claſs, generally called primary mountains. Their ſides conſiſt of ſtrata of granite, but the upper parts are of granite in maſſes and rocks. In proportion to the unfruitfulneſs of the ſoil, is the care beſtowed in moſt places on its cultivation. Corn-fields are ſeen on the declivities, and often to a conſiderable height. Great part of the country is planted with cheſnut-trees, the fruit of which conſtitutes a large proportion of the food of the inhabitants; the ſmall and often very bad ones being ſimply boiled in large kettles, and then thrown out upon the table to the hungry labourers, who devour them like cattle. The villagers look extremely miſerable and ſickly, which probably ariſes from their bad nouriſhment. A traveller might almoſt imagine the inhabitants were ſtupid, and I almoſt fancied myſelf among the boors of Weſtphalia; but if I addreſſed a girl, to whom beauty gave ſomewhat more confidence, her charming ſimplicity, and the quickneſs and ſprightlineſs of

her anſwers, ſoon convinced me I was not in the neighbourhood of Paderborn, excepting that the country people here have ſimilar pictures of the Virgin Mary. In this part a jargon is ſpoken very different from the French; and which prevails with various modifications to the borders of Spain. From hence alſo wooden ſhoes are uſed, being worn even by the better ſort of people, particularly the ladies, for whom they are fitted with ornaments of fur.

The mountains continue beyond the large village of Morterolle, the ſmall town of Beſſines, ſituated in a deep, narrow, rocky valley, and the ſmall village of Chanteloube, as far as Limoges. Beyond Chanteloube and near Maiſon-rouge, a ſingle houſe, is the higheſt part of theſe mountains, from which may be ſeen very clearly their whole range, eſpecially toward Auvergne. Near Limoges they again ſink. This town is conſiderable, but conſiſts chiefly of old indifferent houſes; the ſtreets are narrow, crooked, and dirty, and it is ſurrounded by mountains. In a deep valley cloſe under the town flows the Vienne, which is here a ſmall rivulet, and to which a pleaſant promenade leads. Limoges is celebrated for its great cattle-market; the ſmall horſes uſed for light cavalry are bought there, and it has a few manufactures. It is an extremely unpleaſant place, the country unfruitful, and the mountains render the climate raw and diſagreable.

Immediately

Immediately after quitting Limoges the granite-mountains again begin, and riſe to a conſiderable height. At Pierre Buffiere, the country becomes beautiful and romantic. This ſmall dirty town is ſituated on a mountain, the declivity of which toward the north is very rapid, and is ſurrounded by a valley, where the wild Brianſe takes its riſe amid rocks. Here we had occaſion again to repeat an obſervation we had often made, that ſmall country-towns are now much more lively and in a better ſituation than the great manufacturing towns, where complaints, diſappointment, and diſcontent are general.

The high range of granite mountains continues beyond the villages of Magnat and Maſſere to Uzerches, a ſmall, poor, and miſerable town. Beyond Maſſere, at the ſummit of a mountain, is found a kind of trap-porphyry, which at firſt ſight might be taken for Baſalt. We every where ſaw nothing but naked arid ſummits, with ſingle corn-fields and woods of cheſnuts. At Uzerches, the mountains are higher, and the country becomes extremely romantic. This ſmall town is ſituated on a mountain, which is ſurrounded by a deep valley. Toward the South flows the Vezere, a beautiful river in a hollow between ſteep rocky precipices, ſo that we looked down upon it from the edge of the mountain almoſt perpendicularly between the houſes. But the proſpect

ſoon changed: for beyond Uzerches we came to a moſt cheerleſs country, over deſert mountains covered with heath and ſcanty woods. Near Donzenac, another dirty little town, the country again aſſumes a different appearance; a handſome road, the direction of which is extremely well contrived, leads through cheerful cheſnut-woods along ſteep declivities, where the eye looks down on an exceedingly well-cultivated valley, in which, for the firſt time, we ſaw the proud pine, that beautiful tree of the South of Europe. The ſides of the mountain are formed into terraces, and covered with meadows artificially watered. The induſtry of the inhabitants is every where apparent.

Paſſing over ſome flatter mountains, we came to the town of Brives, ſituated in a ſmall valley on the Correze, over which is a handſome bridge. Brives is a conſiderable place, and very populous and cheerful. The ſurrounding country produces wine and nut-oil, abounds in wood, and the town has ſome manufactures. It is adorned by many neat houſes, and is inconteſtably them oſt lively town in the Limouſin.

On the other ſide of the Correze the mountains change. A high ſandſtone mountain, with rocks breaking through, but adorned with woods above and vineyards below, ſucceeds to the granite-mountains and announces the termination of the whole range. On the ſummit of this mountain ſtands

the

the old ruined caſtle of Noailles ; after which follow lime-ſtone hills, which continue to the banks of the Dordogne.

We had hitherto travelled through countries which had a very bad name, owing to the great number of robberies committed there, particularly the ſand-ſtone mountain beyond Brives, the caſtle of Noailles, and the deſert mountains of Uzerches. Robberies were at that time the order of the day; the principal objects of plunder being the paper and money of the government, though purſes and watches were not neglected. The manner of robbing was Engliſh, travellers being ſeldom intentionally murdered. The cauſe of this may eaſily be aſſigned : a number of young men had returned from the armies, many of whom were the ſons of perſons above the common people, and who were now deſtitute of all means of ſubſiſtence. Theſe young men, having been forced into the army againſt their will, were full of hatred to the government, of whom they endeavoured to be revenged. Such men, like the better claſs of Engliſh highwaymen, ſeldom murder; and beſides in all French accounts of robberies, we muſt expect ſome exaggeration. According to all we could learn, however, there was leſs danger in theſe parts, even in the worſt of times, than uſually prevails in many parts of Germany; in which no one now thinks of robbery

robbery and murder. The ſpeeches in the Council of Five Hundred itſelf contributed to theſe exaggerations, moſt of the members being, at leaſt at that time, very bad orators, and in the ſpeeches which they read continually catching at florid deſcriptions, and elevated fragments of eloquence. Thus Villiers ſpoke of a journey through France as of a military enterpriſe. In general they ſought the models of their ſpeeches in the Britiſh parliament, as they had borrowed the plan of furniſhing their houſes from that iſland. With theſe exaggerations concurred a timidity of a peculiar kind, in which this nation exceeds all others, and the cauſe of which is, that they fear more from various misfortunes than the Germans. Very refined nations are only truly brave during ſome exaltation of the public mind, and then they are extraordinarily courageous. To them it is a ſublime elevation to deſpiſe life, while to thoſe who are habitually brave it is a trifle.

The roads in this country are extremely fine, although in general throughout France they cannot be called bad, nor are they any where inferior to thoſe of England, which in ſome parts perhaps excel them. In the Weſt of England are very bad poſt-roads. In France, the ſtate of the poſt itſelf, that is of travelling, is extremely good; in no reſpect worſe, but rather better than in England, if we except the excellent eſtabliſhment of mail-coaches,

coaches, to which there is nothing ſimilar in France. There, indeed, the poſt does not travel on horſeback; but the courier has a ſmall light chaiſe, in which a ſtranger may alſo travel. At this time the couriers were very frequently attacked by robbers. But a German who loves his native ſoil cannot ſpeak of the conveniences for travelling in other countries, as compared with his own, without concern; for he may eaſily imagine himſelf in the ſituation of a foreigner, who muſt take his countrymen for barbarians, when he ſees how wretched the roads are in many parts, and the poſt often creeping along, in open carriages, in the raw climate of Germany; and even theſe open, jolting, heavy vehicles paid for as extra-poſt. To this may be added the numerous impoſitions of the poſtillions, and the rudeneſs of the ſervants of the poſt, in which quality my countrymen exceed all other nations, even the Engliſh. In Germany, thoſe who travel extra-poſt may expect ſometimes to wait half the day on their horſes; in England alſo they may ſometimes though rarely be detained; but in France, an excellent rule prevails of not taking out the horſes till thoſe which are to replace them be brought out.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

From the Banks of the Dordogne to the Banks of the Garonne.

IN a narrow vale between high, bare, lime-ſtone mountains, that ſeem crowded together, flows the Dordogne, which ſometimes covers the ſoil with ratchil. On the north bank is the ſmall and cheerful town of Souillac, which has viſibly increaſed; and there are many houſes recently built both in the town and on the bank of the river. There is alſo a ferry over this rapid ſtream. Beyond the village of Lanſac, on the ſouth ſide of the river, riſe lime-ſtone hills, which are very ſteep, but flat at top, ſo as to form a plain on which is the village of Peyrac, which is well built and appears to be increaſing. At the extremity of this plain is Pont-de-Rodez, a ſmall village, where the lime-ſtone hills are covered with vines, and a great number of plants belonging to the warmer parts of Europe. Among others, the declivities are full of box-trees. On the ſummit of the mountains beyond Pont-de-Rodez a ſudden view burſts upon the eye. To the left are the high mountains in the ſouthern part of Auvergne, and the whole chain of the Cantal mountains are ſeen very near. At a greater diſtance appears the Mont-d'or, and farther on the

the chain of mountains called Puy-de-Dome. In front, at ſo great a diſtance that they appear like a ſtreak of blue clouds, are ſeen the Pyrenees, from the pointed mountains of Rouſſillon to the round ſummits with which they terminate above Bayonne. In the fore-ground, the ſpectator beholds around him the hills of Quercy, which are crowded together and adorned with vineyards and ſolitary cheſnut-trees. The wide extent of proſpect which the eye here commands, and the two principal ranges of mountains in France that are ſeen on either ſide, give a ſublimity to the thought, and the mind is no leſs charmed with the beauty than elevated with the grandeur of the ſcene.

The country formerly called Quercy is warm, owing to its deep narrow valleys, lying between naked or vine-covered lime-ſtone hills. The inhabitants here begin to have a Spaniſh phyſiognomy, black eyes, and dark hair; beſides which, the common people are very yellow and lean. They have the character of being revengeful and ſuperſtitious; nor is there reaſon to doubt the latter, if we conſider their attachment to Catholiciſm which may be ſeen every where.

Near Cahors the mountains become generally lower, but the valleys are deeper, and the hills cloſer and more crowded. In a vale between ſuch mountains ſtands Cahors on the banks of the Lot.

One

One part of it ſeems to lean againſt the ſteep ſide of a mountain; the other is ſituated on a ſmall plain, watered by the Lot's meandering ſtream to a conſiderable diſtance. This beautifully-cultivated plain, with its corn-fields, gardens, and fruit-trees (particularly the almond), amid which the river winds along, forms a charming contraſt to the high, ſteep, vine-covered mountains. Cahors is a conſiderable place, but very irregularly built, with narrow ſtreets, though here and there is a neat houſe. The cathedral church is diſtinguiſhed by a large cupola, and muſt have been, in part, an antient roman work; but it has been ſo often repaired, and has received ſo many alterations and additions, that the antique part is now difficult to be diſcovered. The remains alſo of a roman amphitheatre and of an aqueduct are ſtill ſeen. The lands round the town are very fertile, and Cahors is reckoned one of the beſt places in France for good living. The Quercy pork, hams, and ſauſages are much celebrated, principally owing to the abundance of cheſnut-maſt produced there; the garden-fruits are alſo excellent. Cahors wine has gained a great reputation every where. It is produced by dwarf or ground-vines on ſteep mountains, where cultivation is very difficult. The ſoil conſiſts of a coarſe, flaty, whitiſh-grey lime-ſtone. As long as the wine is new it is very indifferent, but conſtantly improves as

it grows old, bears carriage to a great diſtance without injury, and holds a high rank among the red wines of France. The price of a bottle of excellent wine coſts upon the ſpot three livres. It is ſent from Bordeaux to foreign parts. Cahors at this time appeared very dead; which is not ſurpriſing, as trade in general, even that in wine, has ſuffered ſo conſiderably by the Revolution, though this branch, perhaps, has loſt leſs than others. Cahors was always very much attached to the catholic religion.

In Quercy the cultivation of maize, which may be ſometimes met with in warm valleys in the midland parts of France, is very common; and the bread made of it, which is here very good (being of a yellowiſh white, but too dry and ſweet), conſtitutes a part of the daily food of the peaſants. In France the general name of this kind of corn is *bled d'Eſpagne*, probably becauſe the cultivation of it was derived from that country.

The valleys in the neighbourhood of Cahors abound in rare and beautiful plants. Its *Flora* may be conſidered as altogether belonging to the ſouth of Europe. We diſcovered a hitherto undeſcribed ſpecies of *Antirrhinum*; entirely confined to the South of Europe, and which is there found in beautiful diverſity.

On

On aſcending the ſteep mountains beyond Cahors the proſpect changes; the face of the country becoming flatter, the ranges of hills wider aſunder, and incloſing broader vales. Toward Cauſſade the country is uncommonly fertile and charming. Cauſſade is a ſmall village with a large open ſquare ſurrounded by neat buildings, and appears gay and lively. Beyond Cauſſade the ranges of hills open on all ſides and entirely diſperſe, diſcovering to the eye an immenſe and apparently interminable plain, extending beyond Toulouſe as far as the Pyrenees. On a ſmall eminence that riſes amid this very fruitful plain, the ſoil of which is a mixture of ſand and clay, is the town of Montauban. Here the traveller every where beholds rich corn-fields, roads planted with trees, with various ſigns of good cultivation and of a ſoft climate. Montauban is a conſiderable place, ſeated at the confluence of the Teſcou and the Tarn. On the latter is a handſome quay, and a pleaſant promenade along the banks, beſides which, the antient walls of the town are ſo uſed. The ſurrounding country has an extraordinarily cheerful and pleaſing appearance, the fertile and tranquil plain forming a pleaſing contraſt with the pointed Pyrenees, which may always be ſeen if the weather is at all clear. Over the Tarn is a handſome bridge, connecting the ſuburb with the

the town. Although moſt of the ſtreets are narrow and ill paved, the part of the town round the ſquare is regular and well built; and the cathedral church is a large and ſtriking edifice, though not in the beſt taſte. Montauban is a lively town: its woollen manufactory, particularly in coarſe cloths, ſeems very briſk; and, notwithſtanding all the diſturbances it has ſuffered, is ſtill very populous. The manners of this place are thoſe of the South of Europe. The manufacturers work on the ground-floor, with the houſe-door open even in the winter. The guitar is often heard with plaintive elegiac Spaniſh airs. The jargon of the people more and more approximates to Spaniſh, and the eyes and hair of the inhabitants almoſt univerſally reſemble that nation.

Montauban having been conſtantly in a ſtate of ſiege, we were obliged to have our paſſports examined, and counterſigned by the commandant, who lived in a ſmall mean houſe in a ſuburb on the other ſide of the Tarn, was a good-natured friendly man, and expedited us without ceremony or delay. The ſimplicity of his houſe and mode of life had a republican air which I was ſurprized to find here for the firſt time; but in his apartment hung a beautiful engraving of the maſſacre of the national guard of Montauban; a ſpecies of duplicity which might make the townſmen his enemies.

The revolution did nothing more than give the reins to all the paſſions of mankind. Montauban has from the oldeſt times ſuffered many diſturbances on account of religion. The town was originally wholly proteſtant, and defended itſelf with extraordinary bravery againſt Louis XIII. who beſieged it, but was at length obliged to abandon the attempt. It afterwards ſubmitted with the reſt of the proteſtant towns; but, on account of the number of Proteſtants, it ſuffered very much at the time of the dragooning-ſyſtem. The ſituation of Proteſtants in the South of France, where the number was very great, is well known to have continued ever ſince that period very oppreſſive; and the greateſt favour the government could beſtow on them was graciouſly to forget them; in conſequence of which, however, the inhabitants remained expoſed to the oppreſſions of their catholic neighbours. Under Louis XVI. a great many alleviations were granted them; but very ſtrict laws are requiſite to repreſs the ſpirit of religious party, ſo as to prevent it from oppreſſing perſons of a different opinion; and theſe laws did not exiſt. Thus a deep inveterate hatred was only ſtifled by a briſk trade independent of party-ſpirit. The revolution gave the Proteſtants full liberty to exerciſe their revenge; and the patriots, as they were then called, ſhowed themſelves by ridiculing the catholic religion and

its

its ceremonies. This mockery ſoon increaſed into cruelty; which, alas! to the ſhame of its defenders, found protection amid the principles of theoretic liberty! A long ſeries of oppreſſion renders mankind depraved; and ſuch was the ſtate of a conſiderable number of the Proteſtants. To theſe oppreſſions are generally attributed the cruelties that diſgraced the beginning of the french revolution; whereas, on the contrary, that of the Engliſh in the preceding century afforded, during ſeveral years, no inſtance of the kind. In this point of view, the hiſtory of the revolution in the South of France, in Languedoc, Quercy, and Gaſcony, ſhould be conſidered, the conteſt between the two religions being the principal ſource of all the diſturbances; for, though it be not a pure religious intereſt, the people boldly refer to this cauſe actions that would otherwiſe ſhock their moral feelings. The proteſtant patriots firſt exerciſed their vengeance, which broke out with full liberty under the reign of terror; and it was to be expected that the oppoſite party would ſeize every opportunity of taking a ſignal revenge; an opportunity for which was offered by the maſſacre of the national guard, and afterwards by the ſocieties of Jeſus and the Sun, both which were here eſtabliſhed. The miſſion of Fréron repreſſed the malecontents; but ſcarcely had Rewbel and his

party in the Directory fallen, ere the diſturbances in Toulouſe and Gaſcony were renewed.

The proteſtant party went over but too eaſily to another, which has brought many calamities on France; a party of fanatics in irreligion and dogmatical infidelity. Many, who are diſpleaſed that others ſhould know more than themſelves, would dignify this party with the name of philoſophers, to render true philoſophy odious. But, while they thus let looſe their rage againſt philoſophy, they ſhould remember that they are equally abſurd with thoſe french fanatics, who imagine all religions bad, becauſe ſome have given occaſion to abuſes.

A peculiar circumſtance procured us the confidence of the malecontents and Catholics in this country. A lady, formerly a nun, who had no paſſport, and, as ſoon after appeared, no money, thought herſelf happy to eſcape obſervation by travelling as one of our party. We were continually warned againſt the enragés, the republicans, and the Proteſtants, words which had here preciſely the ſame ſenſe, and the one was uſed to explain the other. Thus we were very often told, "they are enragés, for they are Proteſtants." Throughout our journey, only twice was our ſervant detained on account of a paſſport, the latter of which occaſions took place in Gaſcony, where he

he enquired for the church, to fetch the nun, who had told us, "quelle vouloit payer une viſite au bon Dieu." And wherefore did we obtain the confidence of this nun? Becauſe, by mere chance, we ordered on the evening of a faſt-day a ſupper conſiſtent with the rules of the church.

By the conteſt of theſe two parties may be explained another circumſtance, which at firſt ſight appears very ſingular, namely, why thoſe towns where the greateſt diſturbances have taken place, often ſuffered the leaſt. For there a conſiderable party, who had eſpouſed the revolution with vehemence and activity, were continually kept in a ſtate of ferment by the immediate threats of their neighbours; whereas, in all places where this oppoſition was wanting, general dejection, diſcontent, and melancholy prevailed.

The beautiful plain of Montauban extends beyond Montèche to the banks of the Garonne. Montèche is a ſmall town, where the mode of cultivation, and the architecture of the ſquare, which is ſurrounded with arcades, have quite a Spaniſh appearance. There is a pleaſant wood between Montauban and Montèche, which was very dangerous at the time of the companies of Jeſus. But we now boldly collected, without the leaſt moleſtation, on this charming plain, a number of rare plants peculiar to the South of Europe.

CHAP. V.

Gaſcony.—The Pyrenees.

A LEAGUE from Montèche we came to a ferry where we paſſed the Garonne, (the hither bank of which is flat, but the oppoſite high,) and after traverſing a hilly country entered the ancient Gaſcony. All the hills conſiſt of limeſtone, and are fertile and well cultivated; much land has alſo been recently cleared. The villages and towns lie on the ſides and tops of hills in a very picturesque manner; a plan which is very generally practiſed and extremely neceſſary in the hot climates of the ſouth of Europe, where a low ſituation would cauſe many endemic complaints. Hence, in both the Indies, the Portugueze and Spaniards built their towns in healthy ſituations wherever they had a choice, whereas, the Dutch and moſt of the northern nations fooliſhly purſued their domeſtic cuſtoms; and built their towns in the loweſt valleys and hollows they could find. Here are alſo a number of ſingle houſes and farms. The roofs are much flatter than in moſt northern countries; but in the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees they are again pointed. The face of the country would be very beautiful were it but more woody. The Gaſcons

are ſtill true to their general character, being as gay, chatty, and friendly, and as proud and paſſionate as ever; and combining the pride of Spain with the vivacity of France. In the other provinces of France, the common people are rarely heard to ſing, at leaſt much more rarely than before the revolution; but here ſongs reſound from every valley. It is no detriment to a republic to have various parties, and here theſe are powerful and vehement. It is far worſe when a ſmall number of bold intriguers and factionaries govern a whole nation, as among the Turks in Algiers, or the dependents of the triumvirs on the 18th of Fructidor.

In one part of Gaſcony the young women are uncommonly beautiful and charming, being handſomer than any I had hitherto ſeen in France. They are tall and full-grown, have a fair ſkin, an elegant form, and uncommonly fine eyes; which with a noble and animated manner are particularly adapted to make an impreſſion on a ſtranger. In Bigorre their beauty diminiſhes, but in the country about Bayonne they appear ſtill more beautiful and charming.

We now came to Beaumont, a market-town, the beautiful ſituation of which well deſerves that name. At this time however it was notorious on account of its enragés. Here alſo the enquiry above mentioned relative to our paſſport took place. From Beaumont our road lay through a

wood to Mauveſin, another market-town, beyond which the mountains riſe higher, and the Pyrenees appear nearer and more majeſtic. On the declivity of a hill in a very naked country is Auch the chief city of Gaſcony; it is ſeated on the Gers, which however is a mere brook. Though the unevenneſs of the ground admits of no regular plan of building, ſome of the ſtreets are ſtraight, broad, well paved, and full of neat buildings. The cathedral church deſerves to be ſeen on account of its magnitude and ſtyle of architecture, although the latter is much mixed; but its painted windows, whoſe uncommonly bright and beautiful colours may be conſidered among the firſt of the kind, are well worthy of attention; nor is the drawing bad, although inferior to the colouring. The picture of the Archbiſhop François Guillaume de Clermont Lodeve, was painted in the beginning of the ſixteenth century.

The country round Auch conſiſts of rather high limeſtone-hills, with narrow valleys on which much wine is grown; and in the vineyards are many fig-trees. This town is not very lively, which ariſes in a conſiderable degree from its unfavourable ſituation among arid hills. We heard ſo much of the republican vehemence of the departmental adminiſtration at Auch, that we thought it moſt prudent to get our paſſports ſigned, and found the gentlemen we applied to uncommonly polite to ſtrangers, although we had

had no reaſon to doubt the truth of the general report we had heard. It is certain that the French are extremely amiable whenever their paſſions are not awakened.

The limeſtone mountains continue as far as La Mirande, a ſmall ill-built but cheerful town, ſituated on the declivity of a hill in a valley opening from north to ſouth, toward the Pyrenees, to the foot of which the ſoil is highly cultivated, and huſbandry apparently purſued with great attention. The country grew conſtantly more beautiful as we approached thoſe mountains. The ſmall town of Mielan is ſituated beſide a cheerful hill, behind which the mountains riſe ſomewhat higher, but on the other ſide ſpread into the beautiful valley of Bellecomtat. We then climbed a ſecond range of hills, on the declivity of which is Rabaſteins, now a ſmall place but once a flouriſhing town, till it was deſtroyed in the religious wars. The ruins of old edifices ſtill remain, but it is painful to reflect on the hiſtory of theſe events, which ſerve but to ſhow the evils ariſing from falſe religion; melancholy reflections in this charming country.

Here indeed the view is extremely delightful; exhibiting a cheerful and finely cultivated country, with numerous towns, villages, and detached houſes, hills clothed with hanging woods, open cheerful valleys and excellent roads, together with the near view of the Pyrenees, the majeſtic

jeſtic ſummits that raiſe their heads above all the reſt in Bigorre, the ſharp peaks, almoſt reſembling needles ſhooting into the air, in Foix and Rouſſillon, and a cheerful ſmiling country, over which the genius of ſublimity ſeems to hover.

We entered the vale of Tarbes at Rabaſteins. Acroſs this vale, which however, rather reſembles a wide-extended plain, runs a ſtraight road as even as a floor, and planted on each ſide with trees. Near the road are meadows carefully watered by art, and fields and vineyards give variety to the view. The vines twine round the trees to a certain height, from which the branches hang in feſtoons; neat houſes are ſeen half-concealed in groves of Italian poplars, and in front appears the city of Tarbes with its elegant towers; when ſuddenly and unexpectedly behind them ariſe the Pyrenees, in the midſt of which is the Pic-du-midi, ſituated in Bigorre, at only a mile and a half diſtance, being 9000 feet above the level of the ſea, while the other lofty ſummits of this chain of mountains ſeem to crowd around it. There are perhaps few chains of mountains, where ſo perfect a valley can be found in the moſt charming of climates, and ſo near the foot of ſo lofty a mountain. The Alps are, throughout their whole extent, deſtitute of ſuch beauties. Their loftieſt ſummits riſe in the midſt

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of the whole chain, and are long before announced and introduced by mountains far inferiour in height to the Pic-du-midi.

We were near Rabaſteins, when the ſun roſe and illumined the ſnowy ſummits, which, ruddy with the glow of morning, roſe high above the general maſs of darkneſs. Preſently the mountains with their ſteep ſides and vaſt fiſſures, their heights and valleys, were expoſed in full day before us. One of the moſt beautiful parts of our view was that from the bridge over the Adour, at the entrance of Tarbes, directly oppoſite to which is the Pic-du-midi. Here the diſtance from the general maſs diminiſhed, and it ſeemed within reach of our hands.

Tarbes is a very neat pleaſant town, with an excellent ſquare, well-paved, ſtraight, clean ſtreets, and neat buildings. The houſes are heavy and covered with ſlate. The town appeared gay and lively, afforded every thing needful for living comfortably, and is ſituated on the great road to the watering places of Bagneres and Bareges. Tarbes is the chief town of Bigorre, the inhabitants of which province have ſomewhat a Spaniſh appearance in their dreſs and manners, the men wearing large cloaks and flat caps called *barrettes*, and the women, a kind of white veil round their heads called *capulet*. Their ſongs alſo have the ſame unpleaſant cry as the Spaniſh. The women

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are not ſo pretty as thoſe of Gaſcony, or of the Baſque country. But here and in Béarn they are ſeldom ſeen idle, and even knit or do ſome other work as they walk. In this part of France houſes alſo begin to be ſeen here and there without windows; an unpleaſant cuſtom of the ſouthern parts of Europe, which expoſes the inhabitants to the weather, or obliges them to ſit in the dark.

As the Pyrenees lie eaſt and weſt, ſo in general does each ſingle mountain of that chain, when this circumſtance is not concealed by the thickneſs or roundneſs of the maſs. Beſide moſt of the mountains run inferiour oblique ridges, in the ſame direction with their valleys, which almoſt always lie north and ſouth. Small lateral valleys frequently open into theſe large ones. The baſis of the whole range is granite, which becomes apparent in the lower mountains, and particularly in the eaſtern part of the chain. It ſeems to be covered with the ſlate, of which moſt of the mountains that are of any conſiderable height conſiſt. Next, follows the aboriginal lime-ſtone, of which the principal mountains conſiſt; and laſtly, lime-ſtone not unfrequently covers the higheſt ſummits with petrifications.

Tarbes lies almoſt directly oppoſite to the higheſt part of the Pyrenees, and along the Adour extends the beautiful valley of Campan, ſtretching

ing up the heights as far as the ſmall town of Bagneres, five leagues from Tarbes, above which riſes the Pic-du-midi, being in front ſteep and inacceſſible, though behind is a winding path, ſo eaſy, that the company from Bareges often make this an excurſion of pleaſure. The elevation of the peak has been more accurately meaſured, by Meſſrs. Reboul and Vidal, than any mountain of equal height. They found it 1506 toiſes, or 9036 feet above the ſea, conſequently ſo high that, were it ſituated among the Swiſs Alps, it would be reckoned among the ſecond claſs of mountains, and would extend far into the frozen region. The Pyrenees, however, being ſituated in a warmer climate, are much eaſier to climb than the Swiſs Alps, on account of the ſnow and ice, although in general ſteeper, rougher, and more abrupt. From Tarbes we came to Bagneres de Bigorre, a ſmall but neat town celebrated for its baths; and thence, through Campan and round the Pic-du-midi, to Bareges, a market-town of about ſixty houſes, in the valley of Baſtanes, a ſmall wild melancholy oblique valley. Bareges is alſo viſited on account of its mineral waters. From that place the principal valley of Bareges ſtretches to the ſouthward, upwards, along the Gave, to Gavarnie, a ſmall market-town juſt at the foot of the Marboré, one peak of which called *Montperdu* is

is the higheſt of the Pyrenees, being 1763 toiſes, or 10,578 feet above the level of the ſea, but has not yet been completely climbed. At the foot of this mountain the Gave falls 1266 feet, forming the higheſt cataract in Europe, and 300 feet higher than the fall of Staubbach, in Switzerland.

Thoſe who are deſirous of becoming more intimately acquainted with the Pyrenees ſhould ſtudy *Ramond de Carbonieres'* account of them, which is tranſlated into German, and the neweſt treatiſes in the *Journal des Mines*. The author's brother lives at Tarbes, and he had opportunities of paying long and frequent viſits to theſe mountains. This indeed is highly neceſſary in examining into mountains, as the difficulties that occur at every ſtep are too great to be at once vanquiſhed; and not every viſit is crowned with ſucceſs. Of this Switzerland affords an example. Although no country is ſo much viſited by travellers, yet, in regard to natural hiſtory, very, very much yet remains to be done. We have another excellent deſcription of the Pyrenees by *Pazumot*.

The road from Tarbes to Pau paſſes over low hills, conſiſting of rounded flints, covered at top with heath, but, toward the valley of Pau, with fine trees. The road is pleaſant, and new ſummits of mountains are continually coming forward into view. The city of Pau is ſituated

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in a valley nearly in the ſame direction as that of Tarbes, and, in like manner, opening toward the Pyrenees, along the Gave, a ſmall river, which, however, ſometimes ſwells in an extraordinary manner. The town is of conſiderable ſize, and a clear, broad, well-paved ſtreet, with neat houſes, extends through its whole length. At the weſtern extremity is the antient caſtle in which Henri IV. was born. It is ſtill kept up, though it now rather reſembles a priſon than a caſtle. Its ſituation is extremely beautiful, upon the Gave, the banks of which are here deep and perpendicular, and commands a view of the cheerful country round Pau, with its vine-covered hills and woods; and very near are the high ſummits of the Pyrenees, among which riſes the Pic-du-midi in the valley of Oſſan. Over the Gave is a bridge leading to a park with numerous walks, from which the traveller paſſes into a charming cheſnut-grove. The country round Pau has, perhaps, more variety than that round Tarbes, although the latter, on account of the great contraſt, gives an impreſſion of ſublimity. For a conſtant reſidence Pau, perhaps, might be preferred, becauſe the changes are greater, and the walks more beautiful.

The hills at Pau conſiſt of ratchil, which the Gave has probably torn from the higher mountains and there depoſited. The white wine of Pau, which becomes particularly good at the village

lage of Jurançon, is much celebrated, and in fact deſerves its reputation on account of its ſweetneſs. Much maize is grown here, and makes the *pain bis* (brown bread) of the common people. The gardens here and in Bigorre are often bordered with ſpaniſh reeds *(arundo donax)*. Flax is a great article of cultivation at Béarn, and the women are every where employed in ſowing, knitting, &c. Pau, however, appears very dead, which may ariſe from the removal of the nobility. Without the gate the palace of the archbiſhop of Pau ſtill remains. During the revolution the beautiful diſtricts of Bigorre and Béarn have, on the whole, enjoyed much more tranquillity than other countries ſituated nearer the ſource of the diſturbances*.

* As the word *ratchill* frequently occurs, and is little known, it is proper to refer the reader to Kirwan's geolog. Eſſ. VII. c. I. § 2; where he ſays, "fragments of ſtone they *(miners)* call *ratchill*:" alſo to Boon's mineralog. Dict. publiſhed about 1740, from which Mr. Kirwan probably took the word.

The etymology of the german word *Geſchiebe*, ſee p. 7 of this volume, is from the collective *ge* (qu. ex aggere) and *ſchieben*, to *ſhove* or *puſh forward* by ſome ſpecies of force: and Krünitz, in his voluminous Encyclopædia, now publiſhing at Berlin, ſays, *geſchiebe* are found puſhed forward, eſpecially above or under *dammerde*, or mould, by external force as inundation. In the preſent chapter they are ſpoken of as puſhed forward by the force of the river Gave. T.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Orthes.—Bayonne.—Entrance into Spain.

ON leaving Pau, and turning to the Weſtward to Bayonne, we were conſtantly departing from the Pyrenees, the height of which continually diminiſhed. We paſſed over hills conſiſting of ratchil; then over higher lime-ſtone hills, and through a highly-cultivated cheerful country, to the village of Artix; and thence, through a country equally well cultivated but ſomewhat more woody, to the town of Orthes, ſituated on an eminence, near which, on the hill above the town, are the remains of an antient caſtle. The ſtreets indeed are irregular and narrow; but on the whole this little town is not ill-built, has many neat houſes, and, like all other ſmall towns, is now more lively than thoſe of greater extent. Here we had an opportunity of convincing ourſelves of a very ſingular fact, which we had at Paris heard related of Toulouſe; that the women perform maſs. The landlady of the houſe where we lived aſked our female companion, the nun, her advice on this affair. The young women, who are always more devout than men, would not venture to hear maſs performed by a conſtitutional prieſt; and to avoid this ſin, as they ſuppoſed it,

fell into a greater according to their own religion. It was repreſented to our landlady, that the rules of the catholic religion prohibited women from reading maſs; and that a maſs ſo performed was no better than if read by a conſtitutional prieſt. But I am convinced ſhe would not liſten to it, as ſhe doubtleſs took a great pleaſure in the employment. It may naturally be ſuppoſed this is done very privately. From this inſtance an idea may be formed of the temper of a great part of the people in the South of France, and of the diſcontent which the order of the Directory, at that time in force, compelling the people to keep the republican faſt-days, muſt cauſe. In regard to religion, the French government have been guilty of the groſſeſt inconſiſtencies.

The hills continue to a ſmall diſtance beyond Orthes, where they diſperſe toward the Gave, along which the road paſſes to Peyrehourade, a ſmall extremely ill-built town, reſembling thoſe of Portugal, and near Port de Lannes, a large village, where we were ferried over the Adour, which here unites with the Gave. Some ſand-ſtone hills ſtill continue along the Adour, from which we deſcended into the plain of Bayonne. Here the Pyrenees again approach, but are much lower, and, toward the ſea, end in ſingle rounded ſummits.

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The country along the coaſt near Bayonne, where the heaths *(landes)* begin, that extend throughout the department *(Department des Landes)* as far as Bordeaux, may afford a kind of foretaſte of the heaths of Portugal; and the traveller might imagine himſelf in the vicinity of Braga. The woods conſiſt of cork-trees, which are here loftier and more beautiful than the generality of thoſe in Portugal, and of a particular kind of pines *(Pinus maritima Gerard.)*, of which great numbers are ſeen in Portugal. A greater part is covered with various kinds of heaths peculiar to the South of Europe, and eſpecially to the heaths of Portugal (beſides the *Erica vulgaris*, and great quantities of *Erica cillaris*, *ſcoparia*, *cinerea*, *vagans)*. The ſage-leaved ciſtus is likewiſe found in great abundance and of a large ſize; alſo gromwell *(Lithoſpermum fruticoſum)*, and various other plants. All theſe give the country an exotic appearance, and render it pleaſing at firſt ſight. The ſea is ſkirted with many downs, which produce here and there excellent wine, particularly in the neighbourhood of *Cape Breton*. It gave us great pleaſure to find there the clove-gilliflower *(Dianthus caryophyllus)* growing wild, and in its higheſt flower. The climate near Bayonne is very warm, and in ſummer very hot, as the plants of the ſurrounding country alſo ſhow. The laurel

likewiſe grows wild in the hedges, among which the paſſion-flower grows quite wild.

Theſe *landes*, or heaths, of Bordeaux are covered with ratchil, which the Garonne and the Adour bring with them from the Pyrenees. Were not theſe mountains ſo near, the country would in all probability be very marſhy.

Bayonne is a pleaſant cheerful little town, ſituated about a league from the ſea. The Adour divides the ſuburb from the citadel; and through the town itſelf flows the ſmall rivulet called the Nives. A wooden drawbridge, which ſuffers veſſels to paſs, connects the ſuburb with the town, but was at this time in ſo bad a ſtate that a loaded cart could not paſs it. A ſmall toll is collected from every paſſenger for repairs. The ſtyle of building at Bayonne is principally Spaniſh, with balconies at every window, and arcades before the houſes. From the *Place de la Liberté*, which is ſurrounded by very neat houſes, and appears very gay, a gate leads to a pleaſant promenade on the Adour. In general, Bayonne appeared a lively place. The river was full of ſhips; there were ſome frigates, which, however, were obliged to take in their guns and ſtores on their way, as they could not otherwiſe get out to ſea; and ſeveral ſhips were building there. The mouth of the harbour is narrow and dangerous; and, with the moſt favourable wind, the ſea is frequently ſo boiſterous

boiſterous that the bar cannot be paſſed. The bay of Biſcay, in a corner of which Bayonne is ſituated, is well known to be one of the moſt dangerous ſeas in Europe; and a conſtant motion of the waters from the north-weſt, which becomes perceptible on quitting the channel, drives the waves with great vehemence into this gulf.

The common people of Bayonne generally ſpeak the old biſcayan or baſque language, which, I have been aſſured, is ſo different from the french and ſpaniſh, that neither of thoſe nations can underſtand each other. Many of the words, when I deſired to hear ſomething of the language, ſeemed to ſhow it to be ſoft and different from all others, although ſome expreſſions are originally latin. It is very different from the erſe, welſh, or the bas-breton, nor has it ſcarcely any of the guttural ſounds uſed in each of thoſe languages. The inhabitants of the Pyrenees are much celebrated for their agility and ſtrength, and make excellent light troops, eſpecially to ſerve in mountainous countries. They are generally called *miquelets*; but in the laſt war they were officially called cantabres. Their uniform is brown, with green facings and collars. At Bayonne, and in the neighbouring country, the young women are very beautiful, combining a tall ſlender ſhape with great ſymmetry of features, a perfectly fair complexion, and black fiery

eyes. On the whole, it may be ſaid, that England produces a greater *number* of handſome women, but that this part of France, a part of Spain, and the north part of Italy, produce women of greater beauty.

At Bayonne travellers are obliged to have their paſſports counterſigned by the municipality and by the ſpaniſh conſul, provided they have been ſigned by the ſpaniſh miniſter at Paris. Of this laſt formality the mayor very politely himſelf took charge.

The road to San Juan de Luz runs along mountains that are the forerunners of the Pyrenees, and covered with heath and quickſet *(ulex europæus)*. The latter grows here to an extraordinary height, and, with the yellow flowers that cover it has a beautiful appearance. San Juan de Luz is a ſmall dead town. The ſea forms a bay there and a bad harbour, which has often been improved by art, but the impetuoſity of the ſea always ruined the works. Beyond the village of Orogne the mountains become high and ſteep, at the place where the Bidaſſoa forms the border between France and Spain. The ſmall iſland where the peace of the Pyrenees was concluded is not yet forgotten. A number of tamarinds *(tamarix gallica)* adorn the banks of this river, or rather brook, for its breadth and depth are inconſiderable.

Our

Our entrance into Biſcay was attended with no difficulty or delay; our paſſports were ſcarcely looked at, nor was our baggage examined. In ſhort, the effects of the political connexion between France and Spain, and of the freedom of Guipuſcoa, were very perceptible. A few ruined houſes, on the road between Orogne and Irun, afforded a melancholy monument of what had recently happened. There are two houſes and a bridge on the frontiers, which are now a rough wild deſert.

We did not quit without ſome regret the territories of a republic, which at this time, owing to the peace of Campo Formio, had riſen into conſequence, and kept a great part of Europe in awe. Nor is there any truth in the aſſertion, that it was then either dangerous or unpleaſant to travel there. The roads were good, except in the neighbourhood of Bayonne, where the war had deſtroyed them. The inns too were good, and very reaſonable; and we travelled amid a race of polite and complaiſant men. I have often performed botanical excurſions entirely alone to a conſiderable diſtance, and in a country where I was a total ſtranger: but, on the other hand, it is equally far from true that the inhabitants have ſeen any thing more than the name and the tree of liberty. Every where the people were diſcontented with the government, which only main-

tained its power through fear, and the dread of all revolutions, which the nation muſt naturally feel. Except at Paris, it did not appear that the inhabitants wiſhed for the return of all the emigrants; and this was very natural. In ſhort, every violent republican ſhould be ſent to France, to cure him of this contagious diſorder; for there they would ſoon confeſs, that a mild monarchy renders a country far happier than a republic.

France, conſidered in a general view, has many natural beauties; high mountains, beautiful rivers, and excellent valleys. The native of Low-germany miſſes the delicious meadows and beautiful verdure of his native country; a High-german, the lofty and darkſome foreſts that ſkirt the horizon; nor did we any where ſee beautiful natural foreſts, though we traverſed the whole country through its longeſt diameter. The oaks are not ſo fine as ours; and the beech, whoſe interwoven branches and cheerful verdure are ſo charming in ſpring, is ſeldom found. At Paris and Verſailles the elm is moſtly planted; and in the midland parts the garden-cheſnut, which may certainly be claſſed among the moſt beautiful kinds of trees. In the ſouth of France, beſides the trees that are planted and nut and other fruit-trees, the oak is the only tree met with; which, however, grows in a great many, but often ſlight, varieties. The ſea-pine is found in the neighbourhood

bourhood of ſandy ſhores, but our pine is uncommon even in the north of France; and the larch and the red and white firs are only ſeen on the higheſt mountains. Pines are only found growing ſingle, but hills covered with thickets are common throughout the country. In the midland and ſouthern parts are few willows planted; a tree which gives a peculiar character to the views in Germany. In the ſouth there is a peculiar ſort of willow, which has not yet been properly deſcribed *(ſalix nigra)*. From this deſcription, the reader may judge of the impreſſion views in France are likely to make. The country-houſes are frequently very handſome, eſpecially in the midland parts, but ſituated between fields, or in the villages themſelves, and generally ſurrounded with Italian poplars and walks. The Engliſh country-houſes, when at a diſtance from the high-road, but ſo as to be diſtinctly ſeen, with an extenſive lawn before them, and a ſhady park behind or on one ſide, are far more pleaſantly and more taſtily ſituated than thoſe in France, where the ſmall country-towns are dirty, ill-paved, and ill-built; whereas the contrary prevails in England, for moſt of them are gay and ſmiling. The conſtant repetition, however, of the ſame kind of beauty very much fatigues thoſe who travel much in England; and hence the Engliſh are ſo much

much charmed with the wild uncultivated views in Wales. But German foreſts exceed all that can be ſeen of this kind in the ſouth of Europe; and it is but to be lamented they are agreeable only during two or three months in the year.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Biſcay.

ON quitting France we entered Guipuſcoa, which forms a part of the province of Biſcay. This province is diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by the great liberty they enjoy, the ſmall taxes they pay, and by being leſs ſubjected to various oppreſſive monopolies. The traveller, therefore, muſt ſcarcely conſider himſelf yet arrived in Spain, nor expect to find the conveniencies here afforded in other parts of the kingdom.

The high-road to Madrid, which, though narrow, is very good, paſſes between high mountains crowded together. The valleys are very well cultivated, and produce maize and turnips. The ſides of the mountains are adorned with detached cheſnut-trees and low oaks. All the mountains are lime-ſtone; which, however, is very often black and ſlaty, and even varied with clay-ſlate. Hence few rocks are ſeen in a maſs, though the ſtony ſubſtance of the mountains appears on the ſummits bare and broken, and the ſides are frequently covered with ſmall ſtones. The heights, ſeldom admitting of cultivation, are naked and barren, though ſometimes a ſpot is ſeen, at a conſiderable elevation on the ſteep ſide of

of a mountain, encloſed and cultivated with extraordinary care.

It would be doing great injuſtice to the Biſcayans to conſider them as the ſame race of men with the reſt of the Spaniards, from whom they differ in ſhowing a far greater animation of manner and greater cleanlineſs of dreſs. There is very little difference between them and their neighbours the French, except that the young women are not extremely beautiful, and in general of a common make. They generally wear a handkerchief round their hair, like the portugueſe women, whom they reſemble in their gaiety and politeneſs, as well as in the broken ſpaniſh they ſpeak. In the neighbourhood of France, however, the baſque tongue is chiefly ſpoken.

The firſt town we came to on this road was Hernani, where the houſes are good, conſidering, it is only a ſmall inland town; but almoſt all of them have no glaſs windows, the light coming through the doors that open into the balcony, which are furniſhed with a couple of ſmall flaps; a mode of building which is very cuſtomary from this place throughout the whole peninſula. The apartments are hung with ſacred pictures, eſpecially engravings from celebrated paintings of the Virgin Mary, generally inſcribed *un verdadero retrato de* (a true picture of) Nueſtra

Nueſtra Señora de Burgos, de Zaragoza, de Montſerrat, &c. The Spaniards are more partial to pictures than the Portugueſe; and their churches have a more elegant appearance than thoſe in France. The clocks hang very low in front of the church or of the tower; another practice which is peculiar to and cuſtomary in this peninſula. Perhaps they are hung ſo low that they may more certainly twang in the ears of the faithful; for, indeed, they make a moſt inſufferable noiſe. Hernani is a lively place; many fruit trees are ſeen round the town, and great quantities of fruit are ſold in the ſtreets.

Beyond Hernani we came to a fine valley, where the road conſtantly accompanies the Oria, a ſmall but beautiful ſtream, as far as the little town of Toloſa. Various villages, detached houſes, neat churches, and a well-cultivated ſoil between theſe crouded mountains, afford a cheerful proſpect. Here we firſt met with a heath-plant, one of the moſt beautiful of the ſouth of Europe, the *erica arborea*. This plant grows from three to ſix feet high; the delicate narrow leaves and the numerous, ſmall, and campanular flowers of a dazzling white, but roſe-coloured on the outſide, with which this ſhrub appeared covered, rendered it one of the moſt beautiful of European plants. We afterwards found great quantities of them in Portugal. The

vegetation

vegetation of Biſcay is, in general, very ſimilar to that in Entre-Dours-e-Minho, as might be expected from the relative ſituation of theſe provinces; whereas the plants of the mountains of Caſtile are wholly different from thoſe of the other provinces of Portugal.

Toloſa is a ſmall town, built like all thoſe of Biſcay, and almoſt univerſally throughout Spain, with a large handſome ſquare. From Toloſa the road conſtantly follows the river between high mountains, beyond the town of Villa-franca. The mode of cultivation is excellent; but it muſt be obſerved, that the ground becomes more elevated in proportion as it recedes from the ſea; the mountains alſo become barer and leſs maize is grown. From Villa-franca, we paſſed through the valley of that name to Villa-real, a ſmall place, where, however, are two churches. In Spain, the churches are a great ornament to the towns, ſo as to give them at a diſtance a very conſiderable appearance. In front of the church-door is generally a covered walk, uſed as ſuch by devotees and others in bad weather. Their religion is the pride and pleaſure of Spaniards, and therefore it is rendered as convenient and agreeable as poſſible.

Beyond Villa-real, the road paſſes over a high ſteep mountain to Bergara, and is with great art brought along the ſteep ſide of the mountain.

Bergara

Bergara is a ſmall town incloſed on all ſides by high mountains. In this place during the laſt war, a body of Spaniards was attacked by the French, who had climbed up the mountain, and took moſt of them priſoners.

Through this valley, which is watered by the Deva, and between high mountains, we came to Mondragon, a ſmall but cheerful well-built town.

On the road from Villa-franca to Mondragon, and at that place, are many founderies and ſmelting works, where the red ore is ſmelted. The mines, which are chiefly in the lime-ſtone and ſlate mountains at Mondragon, prove very productive, and yield good iron, as might be expected from the nature of the ore.

The valley of Mondragon continues as far as Salinas de Lecy, a ſalt-mine, where it is bounded by a high ſteep ridge of mountains. At the foot of theſe mountains appear clay-ſlate, ſandſtone, and ſandſtone-ſlate *; the ſummit alone being covered with black and red marble. The ſudden appearance of the ſandſtone announces, to an attentive obſerver, a change in the range of mountains; nor will he in this idea be at all deceived. At Salinas de Lecy we were ſtill among

* Thonſchiefer, ſandſtein und ſandſteinſchieffer.

high,

high, ſteep, crowded mountains, which on the other ſide grew flatter, the vallies expanded, and we came to the plain of Victoria.

This range of mountains forms the frontiers between the provinces of Alava and Guipuſcoa, and divides the waters that flow into the Mediterranean-ſea, from thoſe that flow into the bay of Biſcay. Northward, all the brooks fall into the ſmall rivers, ſouthward into the Ebro.

The vegetation on the plain toward Victoria, which, however, lies conſiderably high, forming a true mountain-plain, is very different from the vegetation of the mountains. Lavender is common here, as alſo other plants of Caſtile. A very marked difference, both natural and political, diſtinguiſhes Guipuſcoa from Alava.

Victoria, the capital of Alava, is a large and populous but ill-built dirty town, with many ſmall miſerable houſes; but has a large handſome ſquare adorned with conſiderable houſes, and uſed as the market-place. I have already obſerved, that in Spain even ſmall inſignificant places have a good public ſquare, which certainly gives them a gay and cheerful appearance; a cuſtom, which perhaps originated from the fondneſs of the Spaniards for bull-fights. The province of Alava enjoys fewer immunities than that of Guipuſcoa, and on entering it the baggage of travellers is examined,

examined, although here, as every where elſe, this inconvenience may be bought off. On the other hand every thing aſſumes a ſpaniſh appearance; brown cloaks and brown caps made of undyed ſpaniſh wool conceal the ſmall, haggard, yellow, countenances of the inhabitants, which are often disfigured with long beards, and give a mean idea of the condition of the country. In the laſt war with France Victoria was for a long time the head-quarters of the french army, which probably conducted itſelf here better than in other conquered countries, as we perceived no traces of hatred toward that nation.

Beyond Victoria the country becomes quite open and flat. Detached chains of lime-ſtone hills interſect the plain. About a league from Victoria we came to the laſt good inn on this road, called venta de Gaetano. Throughout all Biſcay the inns reſemble thoſe in the ſmall towns of France: we had good beds and a good ſupper, although the apartments were not neat, and generally ſituated over the ſtables; ſo that the bells of the mules diſturb the ſleep of the traveller. This bad cuſtom prevails throughout the peninſula, and is complained of by almoſt every foreigner. Bourgoing, in his laſt work, ſpeaks at large of the mode of travelling in this country. I ſhall only obſerve, therefore, that the cuſtom

of using no bridles occurs even in part of the south of France, where it is more dangerous than in this country, not always docile, but unruly mules being there frequently employed.

On the road to Miranda del Ebro stands a column, which marks the division of Alava and Old Castile.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Old Caſtile.

THROUGH the barren tracts of Old Caſtile, no man perhaps could travel with pleaſure but a lover of botany; a ſcience which renders travelling eminently intereſting and pleaſing. A ſmall diſtance does not make much difference in the inhabitants, and works of art are rare and ſolitary, whereas plants flower almoſt every where along the road, eſpecially in theſe fine climates; their varieties are uncommonly great, and in a very ſhort ſpace changes and differences are ſeen that no where elſe occur. To a botaniſt, the diſcovery of a plant, not before ſeen in a wild ſtate, gives extraordinary pleaſure; and the ſight of thoſe he knew before, recalls many ſimilitudes and recollections, which equally enable him to enjoy both the preſent and the paſt. The charms that belong to Old Caſtile, conſiſt alone of theſe treaſures, which had hitherto been but ſlightly examined. Nor could we add much to theſe inveſtigations, being there in winter, which, in this country, is by no means mild. We diſcovered, however, without trouble, a conſiderable number, from which we could judge of the riches of the country. From hence an extremely ſweet-

ſmelling thyme (*thymus maſtichina*) becomes an agreeable companion to the traveller throughout Spain.

Immediately after entering Old Caſtile, we came to Miranda del Ebro, a ſmall miſerable town on the hither bank of the Ebro, over which is a handſome bridge. Here alſo we were obliged to pay for avoiding the examination of our baggage: Old Caſtile enjoying leſs liberty than Alava. The cuſtom-houſe-officers, however, are deſerving of ſome praiſe, becauſe they are ſo much cheaper, though not leſs venal, than thoſe of England.

To this place in the laſt war the French penetrated; but their farther progreſs was ſtopped by the peace, though they had in various places paſſed the Ebro, which being in ſeveral parts but ſhallow, could not ſtop them. Nor would it have been eaſy to have reſiſted their advancing to the frontiers of New Caſtile, the interjacent country being entirely open except the mountain of Pancorvo.

Immediately beyond the Ebro, extending eaſt and weſt, is a range of mountains of moderate height, but ſteep, and full of fractured limeſtone rocks. Except a few thickets of juniper and box no trees or ſhrubs are ſeen upon theſe mountains; which, however, produce many rare plants and even thoſe indigenous to the lower

Alps; as for inſtance the *arenaria triflora*, * Cavan. the *draba aizoides ſaxifraga cuneifolia*, &c. In a narrow valley amid theſe mountains is Pancorvo, a miſerable town with a ſmall fortreſs up the mountain, which was put in a ſtate of defence in the laſt war, as it was intended to eſtabliſh a poſt there. After paſſing this mountain the country becomes flatter; detached ranges of low gypſum-hills run diſperſing acroſs the plain. The gypſum is very beautiful, white, and ſoftly ſtriated, eſpecially at Cubo. Bribieſca was the firſt town we came to, and afforded an idea of the ſmall places in this peninſula: Miſerable houſes, ſtreets, and pavements, which ſcarcely deſerved the name, with dirty ill-clothed inhabitants, are no great marks of national opulence. The kitchen is every where placed as in the houſes of german peaſants in the back part of the ground-floor, and is the uſual reſidence of the family, eſpecially in winter. The inns, as may be ſuppoſed, are bad; the bed-chambers are over the ſtables, and the furniture conſiſts of a wooden table and very few wooden chairs, with a lamp affixed to the wall. The proviſions alſo are bad; food, however, there is at the inns in Biſcay, whereas, on approaching Madrid, and in Eſtremadura, we were obliged to purchaſe every thing ourſelves, or bring our victuals with us. The towns and villages in Old Caſtile are, how-

* Sandwort.

ever, built close, and have a kind of gate used in Alemtejo in Portugal.

The gypsum hills continue to the plain of Burgos, till they are broken by high lime-stone mountains, near a wretched village called Quintanapalla. Before we came to Burgos we saw a wood of evergreen oaks *(quercus Bellote)*, and another species called, by Lamark, *quercus Lusitanica*, though rare in Portugal, but by Cavanilles *quercus valentina*, the first of which species bears an esculent fruit, called in spanish *Bellotas*, but the latter is barren.

The city of Burgos forms a semicircle round a mountain, on which is a castle; and, with its numerous steeples, affords at a distance a pleasing view, which is farther improved by several large houses, and particularly the bishop's palace, situated without the town. The city is of considerable size, but old and not very lively: the streets are narrow, the houses high, as in all old cities; but a handsome paved walk along the Arlanza, enlivens a part of the town. I will not here speak of the churches of Burgos, among which, the cathedral is worth seeing, or of some fine pictures they contain; Bourgoing having spoken of them at large. Few countries are richer in fine pictures than Spain, which has even produced many great masters, who are unknown in

in other countries; the Eſcurial, the other royal reſidences, and the principal churches in large towns, are full of maſter-pieces of every ſchool; and even in private houſes paintings are not unfrequently ſeen, that might adorn diſtinguiſhed galleries: but Twiſs, Townſend, and Bourgoing have deſcribed them ſo circumſtantially, that it will be uſeleſs to expatiate on them further. It is a ſtriking fact, that Portugal differs ſo much from Spain in this reſpect, that the traveller neither meets with fine paintings, nor a taſte for them among the inhabitants.

Beyond Burgos we found a great chaſm in the excellent high road which began to aſcend the mountains that divide New and Old Caſtile. We now came to an extremely barren and melancholy tract of country: a plain covered with ratchil, interſected by detached low hills with light thin woods, but numerous low buſhes; upon which hills ſmall miſerable villages lay at a conſiderable diſtance from each other, and ſurrounded by a few vineyards and corn-fields. The ſoil indeed is only moderate; but with good cultivation, which is here wholly wanting, might be rendered far more productive. A great part of Old Caſtile conſiſts of a ſimilar tract of country, extending on one ſide to Aragon, and on the other through Leon as far as the frontiers of Portugal.

The ſoil of Old Caſtile is in general cold. Between Bribieſca and Burgos ſnow lay on the ground; at Burgos it ſnowed and rained together; and at Aranda it froze hard, though the winter (that of 1797–8) was otherwiſe mild. This aroſe from the whole tract of country being in fact a high mountain-level. The traveller is continually going up hill from the ſea to the frontiers of Guipuſcoa, where he aſcends the high mountain of Salinas de Lecy, which, beyond Victoria, only ſomewhat flattens, without any conſiderable dip or deſcent. From Victoria onward the road on the whole declines, though almoſt imperceptibly. I would, therefore, deſcribe Old Caſtile as a terrace formed by the mountains of Biſcay, or by the Pyrenees, of which theſe are a branch. In ſummer this high mountain-plain is deſtitute of water, and burnt up with heat.

In this country no other means are employed to oppoſe the ſeverity of the weather and the bleak winds, which on theſe high open plains are very boiſterous, than a large chafing diſh (braſero), which is uſually placed beneath the table. Stoves and chimnies are never ſeen in common houſes. Let the reader for a moment imagine himſelf in an apartment at an inn, where the wind has free paſſage at every corner, and where the want of glaſs windows obli-

ges

ges him either to remain in the dark, or to expoſe himſelf to the inclemency of the weather.

The two chief towns on this plain are, firſt, Lerma, which is a congeries of monaſteries, five in number, and ſurrounded with a few miſerable houſes, together with an old caſtle; and, ſecondly, Aranda-del-Duero, a ſmall miſerable town on that river. Beſides theſe we ſaw four wretched villages within a diſtance of fourteen miles and a half from Burgos to Aranda. In this country almoſt all the trees are evergreen oaks *(quercus bellote)*. The buſhes conſiſt of a kind of ciſtus *(ciſtus laurifolius)*, which I never ſaw but in Old Caſtile. I was alſo ſurprized to find the bear-berry *(arbutus uva urſi)* as on the heaths of Lunenburg*.

Old and New Caſtile are divided by a high chain of mountains extending directly from Weſt to Eaſt. They begin, ſoon after paſſing Aranda, with a low chain like an avant-coureur. At firſt we paſſed over lime-ſtone hills; then climbed up mountains conſiſting of a ſolid rocky ſand-ſtone as far as Ourubia, a ſmall village, erroneouſly called in the *Guide des couriers* La Outoubia. Beyond Ourubia we arrived at the middle of this

* It has alſo lately been found in the highlands of Scotland; but formerly was thought not to be a native of Great Britain. T.

firſt

firſt chain of mountains, where we found micaceous ſlate or rather ſlaty granite; and on the ſummit a ſand-breccia. The other ſide of the mountain flattens much, being covered with ſmall oaks (*quercus brevipedunculata*, in ſpaniſh *roble*), and diſperſes in the valley where Bozeguillas is ſituated. In this village we firſt met with an inn where no food could be obtained, but what we brought with us, or purchaſed in the market. This inconvenience, however, was compenſated by the kindneſs and good nature of the people. Travellers often imagine the common people of Spain a very proud race that will not anſwer when they are ſpoken to; but I can aſſure my countrymen, that according to this deſcription they muſt ſeek for Spaniards in lower Saxony.

From this village to a ſingle houſe called *la venta de Juancilla*, we found flat mountains of micaceous ſlate partly covered with thickets of oak.

This *venta*, for ſo every inn in Spain is called, is of the ſize and external appearance of thoſe in Biſcay, while the interior reſembles thoſe of Caſtile. From this place we entered on an excellent road by the ſide of a valley, riſing up the high mountains, which conſiſt of granite, partly in ſtrata, and partly in a maſs. On this ſide, the mountain is entirely naked, and all the plants

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we had hitherto found now forſook us; the laurel-leafed ciſtus in particular took its final leave of us. The ſummit of the mountain is here called *el puerto de Somoſierra*, or the paſs of the mountain-top; puerto ſignifying mountain-paſs in ſpaniſh, as porto does in portugueze and porte in french*.

This paſs divides Old and New Caſtile. On the other ſide, cloſe to the ſummit, is a miſerable village called alſo Somoſierra. This country muſt be very pleaſant in ſummer, the flat declivity of the mountain being adorned with ſmall woods of cheſnut and oak, which, however, do not intercept the proſpect of a high pointed mountain to the right. It being now January every thing was covered with ſnow of a conſiderable depth, and only pleaſed us through the contraſt with the green lands where the ſnow had melted, and of which from this eminence we had an extenſive proſpect. We had ſcarcely left the ſummits and come to the low detached mountains, when we ſaw no more ſnow, the graſs was green and full of bulbous plants (particularly the *aſphodelus ramoſus)*, which, from this place, became a great ornament to the fields. Over this flat mountain we came to Buytrago, a ſmall town,

* Sierra in ſpaniſh and Serra in portugueze ſignify a range of mountains. T.

immedi-

immediately in front of which a mountain-ſtream winds along a deep rocky bed, while, on the other ſide, the town with its towers and ſteeples leans romantically againſt a ſteep aſcent in a receſs among the mountains.

The mountains round Buytrago and the Somoſierra in general are rich in minerals. We even found granites and cryſtals of *Titancryſtals*; and we afterwards ſaw in the collection of the ſaxon embaſſador, Baron Forell, many curious ſpecimens from this mountain.

Beyond Buytrago lies the laſt bramch of theſe mountains, being a range of high ſharp granite peaks. The outermoſt peak toward the eaſt, under which the road paſſes, is called *el pico de miel*, or honey-peak. This branch of mountains is, however, much lower than that of Somoſierra, as the abſence of ſnow ſhowed. On the ſouth ſide, the view of theſe mountains is very ſtriking, as they conſiſt of broken granite rocks heaped together, bearing here and there ſingle ever-green oaks. On the top of the peak is a monaſtery, and to the left an extenſive proſpect to a hilly plain, where nothing impedes the view but the extreme diſtance of the horizon. Deſcending from theſe mountains, their declivities grow more and more flat. Approaching the village of San Aguſtino appears ſand-ſtone covered with lime-ſtone, the harbinger of a plain; and on deſcend-

ing

ing this laſt hill we came to the plain of Madrid, which is covered with rounded flints. On the ſouth ſide of this mountain the vegetation is wholly changed. The olive tree grows in great abundance; the thickets on the hills conſiſt of the kermes-oak *(quercus coccifera)*, and inſtead of the laurel-leafed ciſtus appears the *ciſtus ladaniferus* *.

The high range of mountains that divides the two Caſtiles is not a branch of the Pyrenees, unleſs we are diſpoſed to play upon words. It breaks off to the eaſtward, has a different direction and form, and conſiſts of granite. Theſe mountains are of the ſame claſs with the mountains that are proper to the peninſula, and at length connect with the Serra-de-Eſtrella, running parallel with the Sierra de Toledo, de Guadelupe, &c., Sierra nevada and the Alpu jarra; being one of the great pillars that ſupport the peninſula.

* The rock-roſe, a genus of the monogynia order, and polyandria claſs. There are thirty-ſeven ſpecies, moſt of them natives of the ſouthern parts of Europe, but hardy enough to bear the open air in this country. They are beautiful evergreen ſhrubs, generally very branchy quite from the bottom, and forming diffuſed heads. They are very ornamental in gardens, not only as evergreens, making a fine variety, at all ſeaſons, with their leaves of different figures, ſizes, and ſhades of green and white; but alſo as firſt-rate flowering ſhrubs, being very profuſe in moſt elegant flowers of white, purple, and yellow colours. Theſe flowers only laſt one day; but there is a continual ſucceſſion of new ones during a month or ſix weeks on the ſame plant, and, when there are different ſpecies, they will exhibit a conſtant bloom during near three months. Gum labdanum is found on a ſpecies of ciſtus which grows naturally in the Levant, which is therefore called *ladaniferus*. T.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Madrid.

MADRID and the royal reſidences *(ſitios)* of Aranjuez, San Ildefonſo, and the Eſcurial, have been ſo recently and accurately deſcribed by other writers, that it would be needleſs to repeat what they have ſaid; I ſhall therefore only add a few remarks on ſuch objects as I ſaw in a different points of view, or communicate the general impreſſion which this city and the ſurrounding country made upon my mind.

Madrid, which in the court language is only called a *villa* or market-town, is a handſome place, and all the ſtreets are well paved, being alſo furniſhed with broad footways for paſſengers; they are uncommonly clean, and thoſe in the beſt part of the town adorned with handſome buildings. The entrance through the gate of Alcala much ſurprizes the traveller, who there enters on a long and extraordinarily wide ſtreet, called *la calle de Alcala*, which is well paved, adorned with handſome buildings, and at the beginning perfectly ſtraight. To the left near the gate is the garden of *Buen Retiro*, then the Prado, a promenade adorned with handſome rows of trees and a great number of

of fountains, interſects the way. It extends as far as the gate of Aranjuez, and is adorned with handſome gardens and buildings, among which is the palace of the duke of Medina Celi. All the gates are ſimple and handſome; but the middle part of the town ſhews an antient origin, having narrow and irregular ſtreets. Here is the Plaza mayor, a noble ſquare, ſurrounded with arcades, and only defaced by a number of ſhops, being employed as a market-place. The farther part of the town reſembles the middle of it; but is adorned with ſeveral palaces of the nobility, and the new royal palace, which is very magnificent. This part of the town ends in a ſteep declivity; in conſequence of which the proſpect even in ſome of the ſtreets is beautiful and ſtriking. In front appear the frontier-mountains of Caſtile, with the Eſcurial and the country ſurrounding it; and in the bottom flows the river Manzanares, which indeed is but a brook, but is adorned with handome bridges, and elm and poplar walks. The great number of church towers gives the city a handſome appearance at a diſtance, and even when near they are no unpleaſing object; for though the architecture may not be very taſty, yet the churches are neatly built, as they are every where throughout the peninſula. The lofty ſpires of the german churches, and the ſtunted towers of the Engliſh, are here equally unknown,

unknown, and with this the traveller of taſte is well pleaſed; for, though they might have a good effect among ruins, they ill accord with new-built modern ſtreets.

The interior of the houſes, even of thoſe of conſiderable ſize, by no means agrees with the external appearance of the town. The entrances are narrow and awkward, and the apartments crowded together without order. Charles III. who changed Madrid from a filthy wretched village to a charming capital, could not force his reforms into the interior of the houſes, where filth and dirt ſtill prevail. We even found it ſo in one of the firſt inns, called the Croſs of Malta. The common people, who fill the ſtreets, accord with this deſcription. They are dreſſed entirely in brown cloth made of the brown wool of the country, wear a brown cap, and often brown ſpatterdaſhes; but their ſhoes are leather, thoſe of wood being unknown throughout Spain. Brown is a very general colour; and even the military wear ſhort brown coats. In other reſpects, the men, even to the loweſt claſſes, are dreſſed like the Germans and the French. However, the better kind of artiſans wear a hair-net called *redeſilla* or *coſia*, and a jacket with a vaſt number of ſmall buttons; but perſons of condition generally wear, as with us Germans, a white cloak, and ſword, and ſeldom uſe boots. The women, generally ſpeaking, ad-

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here more closely to the true spanish dress than the men; for of the latter, the first people dress exactly as throughout the rest of Europe, except in some trifles; but in other respects, the spanish dress extends to persons of considerably high rank, and to persons, who, according to our german customs, dress almost in the same style as the first class of society. The black silk *mantilla* or veil, which ends, before, in a crape, and covers the face, sometimes entirely, sometimes in part, a short and generally black petticoat, like the veil, adorned with fringe or Vandykes, which, like that, does not entirely conceal the figure, constitute the peculiarity of this dress among persons of easy circumstances. Their shoes were at this time worn with high pointed heels; but the upper-leather, according to a fashion borrowed from the rest of Europe, was of a different colour. Their hollow but black and fiery eyes, their slender and somewhat too meagre shape, the absence of a fresh and ruddy bloom, the yellow hue which assumes its place, and their legs, which are often bare up to the calves, give them altogether an unpleasant, but at the same time a licentious look.

The inhabitants of Spain are not so fond of promenades as the French (who have one in every small place), but more than the Portuguese. Every large town has its *alameda* or promenade,

ſo called from the *alamo* or poplar, with which they were originally planted. The poplar has in all ages been a favourite tree of the poets, by whom it has been much celebrated, perhaps becauſe no tree of equal beauty grows ſo eaſily and rapidly in this climate. The poplars along the banks of the Manzanares are well known to the readers of old ſpaniſh poetry. The *Prado* is now the uſual promenade, where in the morning perſons of high rank are ſeen both on foot and on horſeback; but after the *ſieſta*, or afternoon-nap, the whole is filled with ſplendid equipages, which, according to a cuſtom peculiar to Spain, daily perform the ſame dull round, following each other during an hour or two, up one mall and down another, in a ſlow and tedious proceſſion, without ſeeing any one but foot paſſengers of inferior condition, or the other coaches which happen to be in the oppoſite rank, and forming the moſt irkſome amuſement that poſſibly can be imagined: nor did I, after the firſt time I had experienced it, ever conſent to endure it again. Sometimes a few coaches are ſeen without the gate, between the rows of trees on the road to Aranjuez. But who could be the bold adventurer, who firſt braved the laws of etiquette by taking his pleaſure without the gate!

Madrid appears a very dead place except at the time of the promenade in the Prado, or in the morning,

morning, at ſome part where a celebrated maſs is to be read. A great city, ſituated on a brook in an ungrateful country, where manufactures only flouriſh by means of extraordinary exertion and encouragement, and where the court reſides but a few weeks in the year, is great but by force, and that force is every where perceived. At Madrid there is a great ſcarcity of amuſements, which are therefore ſupplied by devotion, and its ſiſter paſſion love. In Spain, the ſtage is very poor; and at both the theatres at Madrid, in general, bad pieces are performed by miſerable players. One, however, of the actreſſes, who was not a bad performer, at this time ſhone in heroic parts. In this reſpect the Spaniards are even inferior to the Portugueze, and have nothing to compare with the excellent opera at Liſbon. Spaniards ſeldom invite company to dinner, and more rarely, if ever, to ſupper. They confine themſelves to tertullas, where tea is given, and that great quantity of ſweetmeats devoured, at which Bourgoing expreſſed ſo much ſurprize. But that writer is miſtaken in applauding the temperance of the lower orders, and aſſerting, that no man but a foreigner is ever ſeen drunk at Madrid. I have ſeen many Spaniards drunk; and the walloon ſoldiers may in ſome meaſure be excuſed for this vice, when, inſtead of the ſour wine of Germany

and Italy, they can purchaſe the fiery La Mancha for a trifle.

The climate of Madrid is in general very agreeable, the air being warm, and rain uncommon; for the frontier mountains of Caſtile ſeem to keep off the clouds, which I frequently ſaw, when the wind was north, reſting upon, and hiding their ſummits, before they deſcended to the adjacent country. In ſummer the air is burning hot, no ſea-breezes lending their aid to cool it, and in winter uncommonly cold; I have often ſeen the Manzanares covered with ice. This extreme cold, in ſo ſoutherly a latitude, undoubtedly ariſes from the high ſituation of the town, as the conſtantly low ſtate of the barometer and the continual deſcent to approach the banks of the Tagus, which from Aranjuez to Liſbon has alſo a conſiderable fall, ſufficiently prove. New Caſtile is a terrace or mountain-level formed by the caſtilian mountains, as Old Caſtile is by thoſe of Biſcay. Notwithſtanding this great degree of cold, we only found, even in the houſes of the great, a *braſero* or pan of charcoal. They are alſo very fond of ſmoking *ſigarros* (a leaf of tobacco rolled up), which, among the common people, are paſſed from mouth to mouth; and they ſometimes ſmoke fine cut tobacco in rolls of paper. The Engliſh having captured during

during the preſent war great quantities of *ſigarros*; they are now become more common than formerly in Germany.

The country round Madrid is not particularly pleaſant, the plain being naked and open, full of bare hills, deſtitute of trees, except the olive, which is not much adapted to enliven any proſpect. Near the town ſome of the roads are planted with trees, of which, however, there is much want in the gardens round it. Aſcending the Manzanares, we ſoon came to a wood of evergreen oaks, extending as far as the Prado, a royal pleaſure-houſe, which the late king frequently viſited. This is unqueſtionably the pleaſanteſt ſpot cloſe to Madrid, which the ſteep and lofty mountains here approach, forming a fine contraſt with the plain. Some ſhade alſo is found, and the park is enriched and adorned with numerous herds of deer; but the hunting ſeat makes no great appearance.

The high mountains principally conſiſt of naked fractured rocks, adorned only toward their baſes with ſingle evergreen oaks. Their elevation is conſiderable, and the higeſt peaks muſt be eight thouſand feet above the level of the ſea, for ſnow is found on them during the greater part of the year. This wild mountain is the abode of numerous wild beaſts, and lynxes are here by no means uncommon. One of theſe animals, which

was ſhot there, may now be ſeen in the collection of Count Hoffmannſegg. Toward the north-weſt, the mountains riſe conſiderably, and form the *Puerto de Guadarrama*, from which, travellers often call the whole range of mountains *Guadarrama*.

At the foot and on the declivity of this mountain is San Lorenzo, or the Eſcurial, in an open country, which conſtantly deſcends toward Madrid; but lying conſiderably high, the climate is very cold, nor is any thing more common than thoſe ſtorms which rage on plains that are adjacent to high mountains. The immenſe pile of ſtone that forms at once the palace and monaſtery, which is great without taſte, and may ſerve as a ſample of the temper Spain received from Philip II. is inhabited by the royal family from September to December; a ſeaſon almoſt entirely employed in the practices of devotion. On the northern declivity of the Guadarrama is the royal *ſitio* of San Ildefonſo, or la Granja, built and laid out by Philip V. in the taſte of Verſailles. The high mountains along the northern declivity of a high range of mountains, renders this palace peculiarly adapted for a ſummer reſidence; the royal family ſtay there from May to September. The third palace of Aranjuez lies in a very different country ſouth-weſt of Madrid, in a beautiful valley on the Tagus, among gypſum-mountains,

tains, and excells both the former in ſituation. Here the royal family ſpend the winter and the ſpring. As theſe palaces have often been deſcribed, it is unneceſſary to ſpeak of them more at large.

The plain round Madrid conſiſts of gypſum and clay-hills covered with granite-ratchill brought down from the frontier-mountains of Caſtile. Theſe fragments are known on account of the avanturines, which are not uncommon here. They conſiſt of a reddiſh granite interſperſed with fine gold-coloured mica, which is very beautiful when poliſhed. About a league to the ſouthward of Madrid, near the village of Vallecas, a clayey ſtone of a peculiar kind is found in a hill. While in the earth, and when recently taken out, it is of a whitiſh grey, breaks earthy, is fragile, very ſoft, and feels ſomewhat greaſy; but after drying, becomes almoſt perfectly white, extremely difficult to break, and ſo light, that it reſembles mountain-cork. It is found in large ſtrata, and uſed for building, for which it is particularly adapted by its ſolidity and lightneſs.

With regard to mineralogy, the ſaxon ambaſſador, baron Forell, is extremely uſeful both to Spain and to ſcience. He is a man of great mineralogical knowledge, poſſeſſes an excellent collection of ſpaniſh minerals, and is ſtill endeavouring further to explore the great mineralogi-

cal treaſures of that country. He has prevailed on a very clever German, Mr. Herrgen, formerly belonging to the auſtrian embaſſy, to tranſlate into ſpaniſh Wiedemann's mineralogical pocket-book, which that gentleman has performed in a manner that does him honour. His connection with Don Clavijo, the ſuperintendant of the royal muſeum of natural hiſtory, ſtill farther aſſiſts his exertions to advance this branch of ſcience. Don Clavijo is an amiable old man, though perhaps too far advanced in years to make himſelf acquainted with new ſyſtems of natural hiſtory, eſpecially of mineralogy. He is known to the Germans by having accidentally afforded materials for Göthe's tragedy of the ſame name. But, though Don Clavijo knows that he has appeared on the german ſtage, he does not underſtand the language of that country, where he is leſs known for the ſervices he has rendered to ſpaniſh literature. His tranſlation of Buffon's natural hiſtory is a maſter-piece of the kind; for no other tranſlation has ſo nearly attained the ſtrength of the original. No language, however, is ſo well adapted as the ſpaniſh to expreſs the pomp and energy of that work. Don Clavijo is perfect maſter of the ſpaniſh language, though a native of the Canary-Iſlands; and ſhews in every thing that ſurrounds him a fine and delicate taſte. Hence he was extremely well qualified to ſuppreſs that tendency

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to bombaſt, to which this beautiful language naturally leads. His notes alſo on this work are valuable, and ſhew the accurate obſervation and literary knowledge of the author.

The royal muſeum is ſituated in a handſome building in the calle de Alcala; but another very handſome building is to be erected for it in the Prado, ſo that in this reſpect it will hereafter be one of the moſt ſplendid muſeums in Europe. It contains very excellent ſpecimens, eſpecially in mineralogy, ſome very fine and uncommonly large grains of gold-ſand, a very large ſpecimen of hornſilver, and pure ſilver, all from South America; a very large piece of emerald ſet in the ore by art, which would otherwiſe be invaluable: in ſhort, this collection, even if we only conſider the articles of magnificence, is a truly royal collection. There is alſo a foſſil ſkeleton of ſome unknown animal, which, however, is put together with art. We were much ſtruck with an undoubted ſpecimen of a very regular column of baſalt, from Catalonia; that mineral being very uncommon in Spain. There is, however, no regular gradation, nor can this muſeum be deemed rich in variety; it alſo wants a better arrangement, and, excepting the above-mentioned ſpecimens of ſhow, is inferior to that of Paris, though far more intereſting than the Britiſh Muſeum.

The

The botanic garden is very pleaſantly ſituated in the Prado; but though pretty large, is in the greateſt diſorder. The plants that grow in the open air are extremely confuſed, have no labels, and, upon cloſe examination, moſt of them are common. Beſides, there are ſo many of each ſort, that the whole number cannot be great. Having procured the catalogue of them of Señor Ortega, the ſuperintendant, I enquired for many of thoſe ſet down, but always in vain. In the green-houſes, which, when compared with the whole of this eſtabliſhment, are very ſmall, and contain but an inconſiderable number of plants, are certainly many new ſpecies, the ſeeds of which have been ſent from America, but fewer than might be expected. The climate of Madrid is unfavourable to a botanic garden, being too cold in winter, and too hot and dry in ſummer. The chief ſuperintendant is Don Caſimir Gomez Ortega, an aſtoniſhingly corpulent, chatty, complaiſant man; who may perhaps be very learned, but knows nothing of plants. His *Deſcriptiones novorum aut rariorum ſtirpium horti regii Madr.* a number of which appears every decade, is written by his ſon-in-law Ruiz. His Carta de un vecino de Lima, on the new genera of Cavanilles, ſhows that he can be envious and malicious. He had the ſuperintendence of the expedition ſent by the

king to Peru and Chili, to make diſcoveries in natural hiſtory; and I doubt not, if leſs was accompliſhed than might have been, it was his fault. His ſon-in-law, Ruiz, and a Mr. Pavon, a worthy ſenſible man, are writing a deſcription of the plants there collected; but they were ſent out, as Pavon himſelf confeſſed, at a time when they poſſeſſed little botanical knowledge. A man like Ortega, who has acquired in the country were he lives the reputation of being deeply ſkilled in a branch of ſcience of which he is ignorant, is always a very dangerous perſon, and repreſſes inſtead of advancing true knowledge. The ſecond ſuperintendant, Barnades, is too much occupied with the practice of medicine to be much ſkilled in botany, in a country where it is difficult to procure acceſs to foreign works.

Of the ſpaniſh botaniſts, Cavanilles is undoubtedly the firſt; and what botaniſt has not heard of his fame? He is from Valencia, as are his friend Muñoz, that excellent hiſtorian, and the late Bayer. He was tutor to the duke of Yefantado, with whom he continued a long time in Paris, where he acquired his knowledge. At this time he lived in a comfortable ſtyle (which indeed is neceſſary to accompliſh any object of importance) in the duke's palace. He is not only a learned botaniſt, but a man of genius, poſſeſſes an acute underſtanding, is a worthy amiable man, and

and a pleaſant companion. We were indebted to him for a great number of attentions. It is unfortunate, however, that he cannot diveſt himſelf of the two great faults of ſpaniſh writers; for he is fond of diſputation, ſo that every remark which oppoſes a paſſage in his writings, gives birth to a polemical reply, and his ſpaniſh works, particularly his excellent deſcription of the kingdom of Valencia, are written in a bombaſtic ſtyle, by which he ſhows himſelf to be a true ſpaniard.

The government pay great attention to the arts and ſciences, in a manner which does them great honour. But this virtue is accompanied with the error of paying but little attention to men themſelves, who are the ſoul of every eſtabliſhment and regulation. Hence the choice of perſons for ſuch offices is generally ill made, from cauſes that may eaſily be gueſſed. In a country, where learned men are ſo rare as in Spain; where few of them write books, and perhaps ſtill fewer read them, no literary reputation can be acquired, and therefore the only means by which places can be obtained, are good connections. Men of great learning are but little known, as may eaſily be imagined; and I had ſome difficulty to convince a man of good underſtanding, that my reſpect for Cavanilles was real, and not mere politeneſs: for, in general, Spaniards pay attention only to external ſhow, and not to eſſentials, as may be perceived

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in every public work, as their roads and canals. In England, every thing is ſo egotiſtical that it benefits no one; and in Spain, ſo inſignificant that nothing can be completed. In France alone is general utility conſulted in public inſtitutions. When will a peaceful government reſtore that unhappy country to its rights!

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

New-Caſtile.

THE high plain of Madrid extends through a conſiderable part of New-Caſtile, inclining downwards toward the Tagus; the face of the country being conſtantly very open and naked, we ſaw wide-extended corn-fields, though by no means well cultivated; for many buſhes of broom *(geniſta ſphærocarpa* and *monoſperma)* and of *Daphne gnidium** are ſeen, not only on fallow land, but on cultivated fields. The broom often grows ſix feet high, and even more, conſiſting of long rod-formed branches without thorns and almoſt without leaves. The vetch-like flowers of the one kind (the *ſphærocarpa)* are yellow, growing in ſmall cluſters, and thoſe of the other (the *monoſperma)* pure white with an elegant red calyx, and very beautiful. The latter kind flowers in February, March, and April, the former ſomewhat later. I have deſcribed this plant the more at length, becauſe New-Caſtile and Eſtremadura are full of it, and in the Prado it covers the ground as far as the park extends. It has alſo a very great effect on the general proſpect, nor can

* This genus *(Daphne)* is the ſpurge-laurel; *Daphne gnidium* is the flax-leaved Daphne. T.

a juſt

a juſt notion be formed of a ſpaniſh view without having an idea of it. This is alſo the caſe with the *Daphne gnidium*. This plant, which ſome think is the Caſſia of the antients, grows to the height of four or five feet, being ſlender, thick of leaves, with white flowers in cluſters, which appear toward Autumn and are followed by ſmall red berries. Beſides theſe fields, the wide-extended paſtures are covered with many bulbous plants, as, for inſtance, the *Aſphodelus ramoſus* *, &c. ſo that theſe plants alone, which abound more or leſs, or appear ſometimes ſingle, give a peculiar character to the views of Spain. In theſe fields, according to a beautiful fable of the antients, the ſhades of the dead wandered †. There are few foreſts in New-Caſtile, except here and there a ſmall wood of evergreen oaks. The villages lie far apart, but are large and well built, being often ſurrounded with olive-trees and vineyards, which are here ſituated on plains.

The road from Madrid to Badajoz paſſes through Naval Carnero, a market-town where ſome dragoons were ſtationed, and thence to Santa Olalla, a large and very well-built village, the inhabitants of which appeared opulent. From

* The aſphodel or king's ſpear. T.

† — αιψα δ' ικοντο κατ' ασφοδελον λειμωνα
Ενθα τε ναιουσι ψυχαι, ειδωλα καμοντων. Odyſſ. Ω. 13. 14.

this

this place to Talavera de la Regna the country is pleaſant, and the road paſſes between vineyards and olive-trees, or over green paſtures covered with bulbous plants; and to the right is the lofty Puerto del Rico, which is a continuation of the mountain of the Eſcurial. Talavera, is very pleaſantly ſituated on the Tagus, being a large populous place, though moſtly full of ſmall houſes, like all manufacturing towns. Here are manufactories of ſilks and of gold and ſilver cloth, which are in a flouriſhing condition. The promenade on the Tagus is very pleaſant, as is the road beyond this town, which on this ſide is concealed by a wood of olives, and ſurrounded by vineyards. On the left the Tagus traverſes a pleaſant valley, and its banks are adorned with woods of pines. The ſpring had at this time covered every thing with bloſſoms; the beautiful *Fumaria ſpicata* * flowered in the fields, and the humble *Antirrhinum amethyſtinum* Lam. † in the vineyards. The road then aſcended to an open plain, which extended on the right to the foot of the high ſteep broken mountains of *Sierra del Pico* and the *Montana de Griegos*. On the left alſo we now diſcovered the mountains, in the valleys of which the Tagus concealed itſelf, namely, the *Sierra de Toledo* and of *Guadalupe*. At an inn called *la venta de ſelave-*

* Fumitory.

† The name of this genus is ſnap-dragon or calves-ſnout. T.

negas,

negas, in a wood of evergreen oaks, the *montaña de Griegos* appears very near, forming a majeſtic contraſt to the plain from which it ſuddenly riſes. The mountain is very wild and bare, and I was aſſured, that lynxes, bears, and wolves, as might be expected, abound there. This mountain appeared to me higher than the Guadarrama, behind the Eſcurial.

We now came to a number of places in ſucceſſion, all belonging to the duke of Alba, *viz.* Torre alba, Oropeſa, with a caſtle of the duke and a collection of monaſteries, La Gartera, and Calzada de Oropeſa, a well-built village. All theſe places are ſituated along and upon a range of hills, are ſurrounded with olive trees, and form a contraſt with the rough hills over againſt them. We then came to low uncultivated hills uſed as ſheep-walks. At the village of Nabalmoral the country becomes more woody, and announces the province of Eſtremadura.

Hitherto the whole plain is clayey, and covered with ratchil brought down from the neighbouring mountains. To a mineralogiſt this ratchil is very intereſting; and we ſaw regular pieces of a kind of porphyry-ſlate formed like baſalt, a beautiful pitchſtone with Chalcedony in green marl, previous to our arrival at Nabalmoral, &c. At Oropeſa we remarked at firſt lime-ſtone hills; but

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theſe chains of hills became granite toward Eſtremadura. Here conſiderable tracts of land lie uncultivated, and ſerve for ſheep-walks; and where the land is cultivated, but little care is beſtowed upon it. The ſoil is excellent, and the ratchil lies in ſingle pieces, and not ſo thick as to prevent the land from being fertile, to which there can be no other natural obſtacle than the want of water in ſummer. New Caſtile, however, produces much corn; nor can it be ſaid that the villages have an appearance of poverty: they ſeem tolerably thriving, unleſs indeed we compare them with the neatneſs of thoſe in England. With many parts of Germany the compariſon will alſo hold. But this tract of country might be much more populous; for the villages are ſo wide aſunder, that the traveller often imagines himſelf in a deſert, whereas the hills of Oropeſa appear ſo pleaſant around it, becauſe there, one village follows another.

In the inns near Madrid the traveller ſtill finds nothing but a room with wretched furniture, few beds, and ſtill fewer as he proceeds. Theſe beds are, however, extremely good. Bread and wine he muſt purchaſe: beſides theſe, nothing but rice and mutton can be procured. The traveller therefore ſhould provide himſelf with hams, which he may purchaſe in the towns, or with rabbits, which

which are offered him in great abundance on the road, though more plentifully in Eſtremadura than here. The common wine is often excellent, even in the villages. No country poſſeſſes wines ſo ſtrong, and yet ſo ſweet; of which, however, extremely little is exported, or even known in foreign countries. The inhabitants of New Caſtile are inactive, and for that very reaſon curious and inquiſitive; by which they recommend themſelves to ſtrangers who know little of ſpaniſh. Men who ſought for plants and inſects, which they deſcribed and drew, were, in this country, ſomewhat ſingular and remarkable; and we were ſoon ſurrounded by a crowd of people, who examined us, officiouſly offered us a great quantity of flowers, of which they told us the names and powers, agreeing with the greateſt botaniſts in one reſpect, namely, that they differed and diſputed relative to both. On a botanical excurſion near Oropeſa, a peaſant accoſted me, and aſked many queſtions relative of my country. I praiſed it as far ſuperior to Spain; to which he had nothing to reply, but a repeated complaint I had often heard in this country, that he could find no work; till at length he bethought himſelf to aſk me, whether olive-trees grew there. I anſwered too haſtily in the negative; upon which he burſt into a hearty laugh, that any man could

love ſuch a country! With this he continually upbraided me, and aſked me in ſport, whether oil was cheap and good there; and when a third perſon came in, renewed the converſation, praiſing Germany, and ironically adding, *es una tierra mui bonita, toda eſta cubierta de olivos*, it is a fine country entirely covered with olive-trees.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Eſtremadura.

THE frontier mountains of Caſtile run chiefly eaſt and weſt, forming the *Guadarrama*, the *Sierra del pico*, the *montaña de Griegos*, and the *Sierra de Gata*, by which it unites with the Portugueze *Serra de Eſtrella*. To this the range of mountains we now approached runs parallel, forming the bank of the Tagus, the *montañas de Toledo*, the *Sierra de Guadalupe*, the *Puerto del miravete*, and then proceeds to Alcantara, where it enters Portugal.

Low hills, the forerunners of this high range of mountains, conceal them ſo much, that we could only now and then perceive them through the openings. At length we came to Almaraz, a ſmall market-town ſituated on the ſame plain. Beyond it the road wound among the hills, which continually approached, crowded together, and roſe till we ſuddenly came to the bridge over the Tagus. Here the view is very fine. In a deep bed filled with rocks the Tagus ruſhes along; a bridge ſupported by two bold and lofty arches ſtretches over it; and on the other ſide appear a few ſmall houſes, which form the Venta da Almaraz. Every thing around is wild and romantic;

the hills are every where covered with ciſtus ladaniferus; and on the other ſide the river, appears the lofty *Puerto del miravete*; ſo that the whole view affords a ſingular and characteriſtic appearance. In the evening the ciſtus yields a very balſamic ſmell, which was very pleaſant to us till we grew tired of it, and of the wild ſcenes where it grows.

Theſe ventas uſually conſiſt of the inn itſelf, and another ſmall houſe, where wine and other proviſions are ſold; as though it were improper that proviſions ſhould be found in an inn. The Venta de Almaraz, however, was newly built, and better than the generality of ventas.

Beyond this houſe the *Puerto de miravete* immediately riſes, being a very high ſteep mountain, which the road aſcends in a zig-zag. The mountain is covered with buſhes, and we ſaw various heaths, particularly the wild ſtrawberry-tree (*Arbutus Unedo*), in great abundance, among which was ſaffron in flower (*doronicum plantagineum*), the daiſy (*bellis ſylveſtrs* Cyrill.), and many others. On the declivity is a ſmall miſerable village, and on the ſummit a ſmall houſe garriſoned with ſoldiers. What a proſpect! On one ſide a bare naked range of mountains every where covered with ciſtus; at a diſtance up the Tagus ſummits ſtill covered with ſnow; on the other a black foreſt of evergreen oaks impenetrable to the eye,

and

and beyond it at an immenſe diſtance the caſtle of Truxillo on an eminence. This was the firſt of theſe ſolitary deſert ſpots we meet with; but after we paſſed the Tagus they often occurred, though without theſe extenſive oak-foreſts. I have already frequently mentioned the evergreen oak; but it requires a ſhort deſcription to give a full idea of the peculiar character of a ſpaniſh view, which depends on them ſo much. This tree ſeldom grows high, generally about the ſize of a moderate pear-tree; the ſtem is thick, and covered with a thin fiſſated bark, with a head formed by ſhort branches crowded together. The leaves are not deciduous, and are of the ſize of thoſe of the pear-tree, being of a dark green above, whitiſh below, and curled upwards. The trees generally ſtand at a diſtance from each other, ſo that their tops do not touch, and they are wholly deſtitute of the fine effect of long waving interwoven branches. The ſhort thick ſtems often afford an appearance of great age, the curled leaves have a very thirſty appearance, and the wind often expoſes their lower ſides, which look dried up. Here a gentle breeze can ſcarcely be perceived, whereas in our woods it creates a general ruſtling. The ſoil is parched and bare, and there is ſcarcely enough ſhade to render even a german ſummer tolerable, much leſs that of Spain. Here too reign ſilence and ſolitude, which accord

well with ſome ſtates of the mind; but the darkneſs of our woods, and the murmur of thick interwoven branches, lead it into that melancholy, which muſt here ſpring from the ſpectator. Nothing conceals the gay ſpaniſh ſky, which, however, in ſolitary deſerted ſpots affords ſome ſatisfaction and repoſe.

The wood continues to a ſmall wretched place called Jorayciego; and in one part are ruins of an old caſtle. Before arriving there we came to a true portugueze heath, conſiſting of roſemary, erica auſtralis, &c. This miſerable village retains the veſtiges of antient gates like thoſe of the villages in Old Caſtile; and many circumſtances ſhow, that this country was not formerly ſo deſolate as it now appears. We had ſcarcely quitted it before we entered another large foreſt, which continues till within a ſpaniſh league and a half of Truxillo, and where there is ſome danger of robbers.

Before we arrived at Almaraz, we found along the hill to the northward of the Tagus, ſlaty granite; on which, nearer the venta, a clay-ſlate mixed with much mica reſts. But here we found toward the Puerto a great change in the kinds of ſtone, ſuch as clay-ſlate with mica, ſandſtone-ſlate, green marl, and between theſe, ſtrata of carbonates, and traces of phoſphates, of lime-ſtone, which is alſo found in ſtrata in theſe mountains farther

farther to the weſtward. Higher up the Puerto the ſandſtone is leſs ſlaty, and the ſummit is covered with ratchil. On the other ſide, toward Jorayciego, the clay-ſlate and ſand-ſlate continue to the neighbourhood of Truxillo, the country round which is entirely granite.

Truxillo is a town of moderate ſize, on a flat naked eminence, among diſperſed granite-rocks. The ſtreets are narrow, ill-paved, and dirty; the houſes generally ſmall, and the caſtle, which is pretty large, is falling to decay. Some old houſes, however, ſhew that this town was formerly in a much more flouriſhing ſtate.

This country is ill-cultivated, the cauſe of which will ſoon appear. Immediately after quitting Talavera we found many wandering flocks of ſheep, which come down from the frontier mountains of Caſtile and paſs the winter here, where it is the fineſt ſeaſon of the year. Round Truxillo the country was full of them, as alſo farther on along the banks of the Guadiana. Theſe ill-looking animals, whoſe fine and coſtly wool forms a dirty cruſt full of cracks round their bodies, are thickly ſpread over the open wide-extended fields, fill the air with their bleatings, and convert the country into a vaſt common, where they leave nothing but a few poiſonous bulbous plants, the broom and the gnidium. It is utterly falſe that fragrant plants abound here,

that

that may be the cauſe of their fine wool; which entirely ariſes from their race, and profuſe ſweating. On this ſubject the reader may refer to Bourgoing's travels. In this naked country no habitations are ſeen; but a few huts made of earth, in which the ſhepherds live, and which are announced at a diſtance by the barking of the great dogs that never leave them. The ſhepherds, however, are not thoſe of Virgil and Theocritus. A dark ſun-burnt countenance, a ſheep-ſkin thrown over their ſhoulders, and an old ruſty gun in their hand, rather excite the idea of a robber than of a warbler of love ſongs. They generally ſell rabbits to travellers, as they kill a great many on theſe commons.

Acroſs rocky hills and bare ſheep-walks, we came to the mountains of Santa Cruz, which do not riſe very high above the plain, but are ſteep, and belong to a range of hills, which, in detached parts, where all connection often fails, approach the Guadiana. The range of mountains of Santa Cruz is full of pointed rocks, and therefore at a diſtance had nearly the appearance of mountains of baſalt. It conſiſts of granite, which here and there on the declivities changes to mica-ſlate. The north ſide of this mountain, eſpecially in this part of the country, afforded a very charming view. Two ſmall villages are ſituated cloſe to each other along the declivity, and ſurrounded

rounded with gardens and fields extending high up the mountain. We were ſurpriſed with the beauty of the almond trees in bloom among the fiſſures of the rocks. Cultivation ſeemed to have fled before the deſolating ſheep, and taken refuge on the mountains. Yet it appeared but as an iſland amid an ocean of deſert, and the ſouth ſide of the mountain was naked and burnt up.

From this part to the banks of the Guadiana, the ground grows flatter. In the neighbourhood of Meajadas, a market-town, which, however, appears in a thriving ſtate, cultivation ſeems more improved, and ſome of the fields are ſown with flax; but beyond Meajadas the country again becomes very forlorn and deſerted, eſpecially round a ſingle inn, called la Venta del deſpoblado. It ſtands in the middle of an extenſive foreſt of evergreen oaks, which in ſome parts are rendered almoſt impaſſable by the thickneſs and cloſeneſs of the ciſtus. This part of the country is reckoned the moſt dangerous in regard to robberies, from Madrid to Badajoz; which the lonelineſs of the place, the thickneſs and extent of the wood, the bad police prevalent in Spain, and the character of the inhabitants, render but too probable. At Meajadas, two men whom we had ſeen in the houſes at Puerto de Santa Cruz, were mentioned to us as robbers; but though it was well known who they were, and we were warned of them, they

they were ſuffered to go at large; which would not have happened in Portugal. We did not, however, fear them, as we were armed; and even ſometimes ſeparated conſiderably in ſearch of plants. We often met alſo French ſailors who had been brought to Liſbon by Engliſh privateers, and were now ſent home. As they travelled in large parties they rendered the country very lively, and were extremely happy when they happened to meet any one who ſpoke french and came from France. From theſe men we had nothing to fear, though one of them, who ſpoke better ſpaniſh than french, ſeemed to have an inclination to plunder me as I was alone ſeeking for minerals, which our company coming up prevented. Theſe frenchmen gave us new occaſion to remark the national hatred of the ſpaniards toward that country, of which we had already ſeen many examples ſince we had entered Caſtile, where every foreigner is taken for a frenchman. But on explaining that we were germans, and making a few religious ſigns, we often obtained apartments and beds, which had at firſt been denied us. This nation indeed have ſufficient reaſon to hate them; for, out of their own country, they are even far worſe republicans than at home. In Spain, democracy more generally prevails among the nobility and the higher orders, than among the common people.

At

At Meajadas we ſaw ſand-ſlate and clay-ſtate; but round about the venta del deſpoblado began the ratchil, which, at a village called San Pedro, formed rocks of a kind of breccia. Theſe rocks extend along the Guadiana as far as Merida, from which we purſued the courſe of the river through plains or between gentle hills as far as Badajoz, excepting rather a high granite-mountain on the ſouth ſide of the Guadiana, near Merida. Soon after, follow hills of a kind of ſand-breccia, and at length a ſandy plain as far as that city.

How beautiful would the banks of the Guadiana be, were they but well cultivated! But the deſtructive ravages of the ſheep converted every thing into a naked common, which is at firſt not unpleaſant, but at length fatigues the eye. Merida is ſituated very near the banks of the Guadiana, being an open town of moderate ſize, full of ſmall miſerable houſes like Truxillo, and like that place ſhows traces of having once been more thriving. The ruins here render this place remarkable; the remains of a Roman aqueduct are ſtill ſeen, and of a wall deſcribing a circle in the open fields; part of both are ſtill in good preſervation, and they greatly enliven this open and chearful country. At Merida we paſſed the Guadiana over a handſome ſtone bridge. Over a few open paſtures at the foot of the laſt granite-mountain, we came to a market-town called Lobon;

bon; which, with its ruined caſtle, is ſituated on ſome hills at a ſmall diſtance from the river, and concealed amid olive-trees. The Guadiana winds along fertile but uncultivated plains. At this time ſpring rendered the whole proſpect charming, and the Mandragora (atropa mandragora) flowered along the road. Here alſo began a beautiful iris, which is ſtill more common about Badajoz and Elvas. L'Ecluſe was acquainted with, and deſcribed this plant two hundred years ago; but found it only at Badajoz; after which period it remained long unobſerved, till Poiret diſcovered it anew in Barbary, and called it *iris alata*.

Between Merida and Badajoz, on the plain which borders on the Guadiana, is another ſmall town full of ſmall wretched houſes, and called in the maps Talavera la real, but in the *Guide des couriers* Talavera del arroyo, but by the inhabitants Talaruela, a name far more appropriate than either of the former.

Badajoz is a conſiderable town, being the capital of Eſtremadura, and a frontier-fortreſs toward Portugal. The ſtreets are clean, in part ſtraight and well-paved; but there are few large houſes. The town is, however, adorned with ſome handſome churches and towers. The Guadiana flows cloſe to it; and a handſome ſtone bridge, which, as the inſcription ſtates, was built by Philip II. leads

leads to a *tête-de-pont* and ſome empty outworks. All around is flat. The town itſelf ſtands on a very gentle ſrie, which on one ſide is covered with olive-trees, and on the other ſide of the Guadiana are ſome fortified hills. Badajoz was at this time weakly garriſoned; a proof that the ſpaniſh court had no ſerious intentions againſt Portugal; nor had any ſteps been taken, but to ſend M. de Witte, a ſwiſs, as commandant of the place, apparently with an intention of his doing ſomething. The ſpaniſh military, however, conſider Badagoz as a place of baniſhment, being itſelf very dead, diſtant from other towns, on the frontiers of a nation they hate and deſpiſe, and in ſummer an unwholeſome ſituation.

But let not the traveller expect to find in this capital of Eſtremadura better inns than in any large village. In the beſt, or as the governor expreſſed himſelf, the leaſt bad, every thing muſt be ſent out for as in the ſmalleſt village; as nothing was to found in the houſe.

The road from Madrid to Bajadoz is one of the beſt I ever ſaw; more magnificent than the Engliſh high-roads, and better than moſt of the french. It has only a few ſmall holes. The principal cauſe of this advantage was the congreſs between the king of Spain and the prince of Braſil at this place. Notwithſtanding this excellent road, very few carriages are ſeen in this

neighbourhood; only in Biſcay were ſmall carriages uſed, like thoſe in Portugal: in the other provinces every thing is carried on aſſes and mules, which are faſtened together in great numbers, and bear their appointed burthen. Wine is carried from one place to another in goat-ſkins, which give it a particular taſte always perceivable by thoſe who have a delicate palate. The mule driver, or arriero, follows his pack-mules, or mounts the firſt of them, and is always armed, having a gun ſlung in the belt that ſupports the load.

Both the mule and aſs of Spain are particularly handſome, and I have ſeen the latter ſo large and beautiful, as to excite my aſtoniſhment. The exportation of the male aſs is prohibited by law under penalty of death. Regular poſt-houſes are not yet eſtabliſhed *, the mode of travelling being in coaches drawn by ſix or ſeven mules, and going but a ſmall diſtance *per* day. Perſons of ſmall fortune travel on mules, and often wear ſhoes of white undreſſed leather, which have two advantages over ours, namely, they do not ſhow the duſt, and in hot weather are leſs oppreſſive. The inhabitants of this peninſula have alſo a peculiar and very excellent kind of ſtirrups, being a very ſtiff wooden clog open behind. The two

* Excepting on one or two great roads for travellers on horſeback. T.

principal

principal pieces of wood form a ſharp point before, and the two ſides are cloſed by triangular pieces. The opening is ſo wide that the rider cannot be entangled if the animal ſtumble, nor can his foot be cruſhed, or hurt, if he fall on his ſide. It is indeed ſurprizing, that theſe uſeful ſtirrups begin to be leſs eſteemed than the more ornamental ſtirrups imported from abroad. In Spain and Portugal, ſingle travellers are often accompanied by a ſervant, who ſometimes rides on an aſs, but more frequently runs on foot; and I know that theſe runners go eleven or twelve miles in this manner. I have alſo ſeen caleſeros, or chaiſe-drivers, for ſeveral hours running beſide their mules, and continually in a trot. It is indeed ſurprizing what fatigue the ſpaniards and portugueze can bear, how temperately they live, and what heat and cold they can endure; nor muſt we expect to find among the ſouth-europeans any weak effeminate men; for, on the contrary, they are perhaps more enterprizing and more perſevering than the inhabitants of the north, as they would no doubt ſhew, would but their governments permit.

CHAP. XII.

Entrance into Portugal.—Elvas.—The Portugueze Military.

THE portugueze frontier fortreſs of Elvas is but three ſpaniſh leagues from Badajoz, from before the gate of which it is ſeen upon its hill very diſtinctly. A ſmall brook called the Cayo, which may be forded in dry weather, forms the frontier, which is in few places marked by nature, but is therefore more clearly drawn by art. On this ſide, the approach to Portugal appeared uncommonly pleaſing. Inſtead of wide-extended open ſheep-walks, and far-diſperſed villages, the country is adorned with detached houſes here and there, which ſeem to indicate a ſuperior ſtate of cultivation. Before we came to Elvas we ſaw the firſt orange-garden, lying open along the road, though a great quantity of this fruit is grown round Badajoz. The dreſs alſo even of the common people is better; dark brown or black veſts and hats are more uſual than the black ſpaniſh jacket and cap, and the women are more friendly and communicative than thoſe of Caſtile. They wear their hair, like the women of Biſcay, uncovered and only lightly bound with a ribbon, or handkerchief. The politeneſs, and the eaſy, gay,

gay, and friendly manners of the common-people prejudice a ſtranger more in favour of the portugueze than of the ſpaniards; nor is this judgement altered, ſo long as the traveller is only acquainted with the lower claſſes, though he forms an oppoſite judgement as ſoon as he begins to know the higher orders.

Löfling, in his travels, however, gives a directly contrary account of the face of the country. The open fields and cloſe-built villages of Spain, were to him more pleaſing than the heaths of Portugal, which he happened to ſee in autumn, when they were parched up; whereas the ſheep-walks of Spain were covered with flowers of bulbous plants. So much do temporary circumſtances influence the judgement of travellers.

We had ſcarcely paſſed the Cayo, before the ſingular tone of the portugueze language began to ſound in our ears. Moſt of the words are nearly the ſame as ſpaniſh, but the pronunciation is extremely different, that of the portugueze being a full, deep, guttural tone, while that of the ſpaniards is a light blowing liſp; the former conſiſting of long, elegant, high-ſounding words, the latter of ſhort, broken, chattering ſounds. In Badajoz we heard no portugueze, and at Elvas no ſpaniſh; but, whoever has accuſtomed himſelf to various pronunciations of the ſame

language, and has a competent knowledge of the ſpaniſh, may eaſily underſtand portugueze without learning it.

On entering the inn at Elvas, we found the apartments and furniture ſimilar to thoſe of both the Caſtiles, and of Eſtremadura; nay both were perhaps ſtill worſe. The houſes are generally better, and more convenient in Spain; but here we had no occaſion to ſend out for what we wanted, or perhaps ourſelves to fetch every piece of bread or glaſs of wine, as both food and drink are ſupplied in every portugueze inn, provided the traveller is contented with portugueze fare. A dainty perſon might indeed find many things not ſuited to his taſte; but the inconvenience of having theſe trifles to attend to, after a long journey, is inconceivable. We met with good and ready attendance, decent fare, and our pretty and good-natured landlady had that animation of manner, that ſpeaking intelligence of countenance, and that well-bred politeneſs, which are ſo ſtriking in this nation. What a difference between Badajoz and Elvas in this reſpect! I ſhall often have occaſion to ſpeak of the common people in Portugal; and I often look back with pleaſure to the many happy hours I have ſpent with that friendly nation. But the reader will find my judgement of them very different from that of other

other travellers, who either were only acquainted with Liſbon, or never gave themſelves the trouble of learning to ſpeak the language.

Elvas is a city (in portugueze cidade, in ſpaniſh ciudad). Villa, in both languages, ſignifies a market-town, though ſome villas are larger than many cities, as for inſtance, Madrid. Aldea, in both languages, ſignifies a village, though there are market-towns that from their origin retain the name of *aldea*. Spaniards generally call a village *pueblo*; the parallel portugueze word, povo, is only uſed in the north of that country, for in general the inhabitants, in ſpeaking of villages, call them *lugar*, which correſponds with the german word *ort*, a place. The common expreſſion for what the germans call *ort* is in ſpaniſh *poblacion*, or population, in portugueze *povoaçaõ*, which is pronounced *povoaſaong*. Elvas firſt acquired the name of a city in the reign of Dom Manuel, although it is ſaid to be rebuilt by Dom Sancho II. who granted its foral *. It has four pariſh churches, ſix religious houſes, beſides a monaſtery of capuchins without the gate. The town and diſtrict (*termo*), contain twelve thouſand inhabitants. The ſtreets are narrow, irregu-

* Foral, as defined by a portugueze lawyer, ſignifies as leis ou titulos da creaçaõ e das condiçoẽs, com que os povoadores acceitaraõ as terras, the laws or titles of creation, and of the conditions under which the ſettlers accepted the lands.

lar, and ſo full of dirt, that it is difficult to wade through them even in dry weather. The ſpaniſh towns, even Badajoz itſelf, are in general much cleaner and neater. The country is pleaſant; the hill on which the town ſtands is covered with olive-trees, and in the neighbourhood are a number of kitchen-gardens and orchards of oranges. The aqueduct, which is a very fine work, and a portugueze league in length, conſiſts, in the neighbourhood of the hill of Elvas, where it paſſes through a valley, of four rows of arches, one upon another, of a conſiderable height. It is called *os arcos de Amoreira*, becauſe it begins near a mulberry-tree, *amoreira*.

Elvas is governed by a corregedor, a provedor, and a juiz de fora, being the chief town of a corregimento. I will here endeavour to explain theſe terms, as the ſubject is not properly explained in books of geography, or even in ſtatiſtical works. Originally every town and village in Portugal had its particular judge, who pronounced ſentence in the firſt inſtance, and was choſen by the inhabitants. Theſe judges are ſtill found in ſome villages and market-towns in remote parts, as for inſtance, near cape St. Vincent's, &c. and are nearly the ſame as the german dorfſchulzen, or bailiffs. They are called *juizes da terra*, or country juſtices. But by ſmall degrees, as the power of the crown increaſed, and theſe officers perhaps giving

giving occaſions to ſome diſturbances, judges were appointed by the crown, at firſt in the great towns, and then in the ſmall, and even in great villages. Theſe judges were required to have ſtudied at ſome portugueze univerſity, and were called *juizes de fora*. All civil cauſes are in the firſt inſtance brought before them, and in ſmall places they alſo have cognizance of criminal proceſſes; for which, in the larger towns, a *juiz do crime* is ſeparately appointed. Portugal is divided both into provinces and diſtricts, which laſt are commonly called *comarcas*, or *corregimentos*; in the chief town of which is a corregedor, before whom civil and criminal proceſſes are brought in the ſecond inſtance. He has alſo the ſuperintendance of the *juizes de fora*, whom they can ſuſpend from their office. If the corregimento depends originally from the crown, it is called *correiçaõ*; but if from *donatarios*, it is called *ouvidoria*. Thus Braganza is ſtill an ouvidoria, the dukes of Braganza being the original donatarios; and as moſt of the ouvidorias depend on royal houſes, the diſtinction between thoſe two kinds of corregimentos is only attended to in official papers, nor is the word *ouvidor* ever uſed in common language, but corregedor, and in official papers *corregedor ouvidor*. The ſeat of the provedor is alſo in the chief town of the comarca; but he is totally independen of the corregedor, and has not only

the ſuperintendence of the execution of wills, guardianſhips, &c. but of the royal revenues in the diſtrict. Under him alſo in the great towns as to what regards the former, is a *juiz dos orfaõs*, or judge for orphans, from whom appeals lie to the *provedor*. Theſe are the moſt important judicial officers in the capitals of provinces, under whom are a variety of inferior officers, ſuch as *alcaldes*, *vereadores*, *meirinhos*, and *eſcrivaẽs*.

Elvas is the firſt and moſt important fortreſs in the country. The town itſelf is ſtrongly fortified, and defended by two citadels ſituated on neighbouring hills; one called o forte de S. Luzia; the other erected by the Count of *Lippe Büickeburg*, and from him called *o forte de Noſſa Senhora de graça de Lippe*. The prince of Waldeck, who is allowed to be a good judge, declared that the latter fort is a maſter-piece of fortification, and ſuperior to any thing of the kind; nor is a foreigner permitted to enter it unleſs he be in the portugueze ſervice. In the town every thing as far as could be perceived was in good order in the ſpring of 1798; the fort was ſtrongly garriſoned, and new works were carrying on. In Badajoz on the contrary all was empty and forſaken, and it was evident that Portugal was in fear but not Spain. The troops at Elvas, eſpecially the officers, had a truly military appearance; and a pruſſian officer who ſhould ſee them on guard would

would almoſt have taken them for colleagues in ſervice, whereas the ſpaniſh troops at Badajoz he would probably have diſowned.

This improvement in the portugueſe army is entirely the work of the count de Lippe, an extraordinary man who lives in the remembrance of every inhabitant of the country: for who has not heard of *o conde de Lippe* and *o gran conde?* The whole nation held him in unbounded veneration, conſidered him as the creator of their army, and felt, more than can be conceived on this ſide the Pyrenees, that he was a true knight, according to the ancient ſenſe of that phraſe. Having heard a great deal of this nobleman in Portugal, I read with uncommon pleaſure what Zimmerman ſays of him in his work on ſolitude, where he pronounces an excellent judgement on him in his beſt language. The count of Lippe rendered it very difficult for thoſe who followed him to live in Portugal happily and free from mortification. The count of Oeynhauſen conſented to change his religion, but this did not recommend him to the greater part of the nation, who are by no means bigots. The prince of Waldeck, the moſt amiable man Germany could ſend to Portugal, was reported to have gone there to retrieve his finances; for which reaſon the portugueze could not bear him. He had the imprudence to ſerve under the duke of Lafões, which

which though that nobleman was of royal blood coſt him many mortifications. Being unacquainted with Portugal, he hoped to acquire by amiable manners what is there only obtained from the higher ranks as it were by force. He died at Cintra in conſequence of his bravery at Thionville where he loſt an arm, which probably through the reflux of the lymphatic humours brought on a dropſy of the lungs.

The portugueze troops are far from bad, and I know regiments that exerciſe and fire extremely well even when compared with the troops of the various nations I have ſeen reviewed. To me the regiment of *Gomez Freire* at Liſbon appeared to perform their exerciſe better than that of Dillon, which originally conſiſted of emigrants, but afterwards of Engliſh. The ſix regiments which in the laſt war oppoſed the french in Rouſſillon certainly did their duty without blame, and being once ſurprized, though without being in fault, fought bravely. Both the emigrants under the marquis de St. Simon and the ſpaniards unanimouſly agreed in giving them this praiſe. In ſhort the ſoldiers only want ſuch officers and generals as Albuquerque, Pacheco, and Da Cunha, under whom I am convinced they would follow their leaders. Among them are brave and excellent officers; for the times when officers waited at table are ſtill more paſſed and forgotten in Portugal than elſewhere.

But it cannot be denied that the officers are not yet reſpected as they deſerve in a country which has ſo long kept its ground by its military energy. It is true, commandants of fortreſſes who reſide at Liſbon and have at moſt ſeen their forts once in their lives, and generals who are never with their regiments, do not much contribute to this improvement, and ſtill leſs the young french emigrants who are puſhed in every where, and only excite hatred without doing any good. For when a nation is to be reformed or improved it muſt be done by the natives themſelves, foreigners only ſerving as models till they chuſe to imitate them.

The uniform of the portugueze infantry and cavalry is dark blue; that of the huſſars light blue; the marines green; and the ſailors are dreſſed like the Engliſh. But the blue or red cloth breeches of many of the regiments, and the black Mancheſter breeches of the officers, have an unpleaſing appearance. Generals and other officers wear a ſuit of ſcarlet richly embroidered with gold. The cavalry, like that of Spain, ride ſtallions; but their horſes are in better condition. They do not ride ill, but their uniforms ill become them. The ſoldiers are but poorly paid: a private receives two vinteins, or forty rees (about two-pence ſterling); from which ſomething is deducted for clothing. This is extremely miſerable

pay

pay in ſo dear a country as Portugal, particularly at Liſbon. Bread, a ſardine, and bad wine, are the conſtant and daily food of theſe men, who ſeldom or never taſte meat or vegetables. In the year 1798 many young men were preſſed, and many of the regiments increaſed by five hundred men; they were torn from the fields and kidnapped every where, and the government promiſed rewards to the juizes de fora who ſhould ſend them moſt recruits. In conſequence of this, whole troops of conſiderable length were often met travelling like criminals with their hands bound. It was painful to behold theſe unfortunate people, who perhaps could live happily and comfortably at home on the fruit of their labour, now brought by force to ſtarve in the towns. At Liſbon I have often been ſolicited in an evening for charity by men among the guard at the barracks of the regiment of *Gomez Freire*, who had the greateſt claim to my compaſſion. But can any man blame the natives of this country for ſhunning military ſervice under ſuch circumſtances?

The names and number of the portugueze regiments are as follow:

Infantry. Two regiments of Elvas, two of Olivença, two of Braganza, two of Oporto, the regiments of Peniche, Setuval, Caſcaes, Campomayor, Eſtremoz, Penamacor, Serpa, Lagos, Faro, Moura, Caſtello de Vide, Almeida, Chaves, Vianna,

Vianna, Valença; all which are ſo named from the places mentioned, but the following from their commanders, namely, the regiments of Lippe, Freire, and Lancaſtre. The firſt regiment of Braganza and thoſe of Moura and Eſtremoz were at that time in America.

Cavalry. The regiment of Kay, in Liſbon, (do Caes), the regiments of Alcantara, Evora, Elvas, Tavira, Moura, Caſtello branco, Almeida, Miranda, Olivença, Chaves, and Bragança. The regiment of Mecklenburgh alone takes its name, not from a place, but from the reigning duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz. To theſe muſt be added a legion of light-horſe (huſſars).

Artillery. The regiment of Liſbon (da Corte), thoſe of Algarvia, Eſtremoz, and Oporto; to which muſt be added a corps of engineers.

The ſervice of guarding the royal family is performed by the regiments at Liſbon, namely, thoſe of Lippe, and Kay.

In the colonies are the following regiments:

Infantry. Two regiments of Bahia, the regiments of Rio de Janeiro, Maranhaõ, Rio negro Para, Santos, the iſland of Catharina, Olinda, Recife, Macapá, Angola, Moſambique, of which, however, the officers in part reſide in Portugal, and perhaps alſo the privates; two regiments of Goa, and two legions of ſeapoys.

Cavalry.

Cavalry. The regiments of Minas geraes, the volunteers of the captainſhip of St. Paul, the dragoons of Rio grande, the light-horſe of Rio grande.

Artillery. The regiments of Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, and Goa.

To theſe muſt be added the three regiments, which, as mentioned above, are in America.

The duke of Lafoēs is Marechal geral junto a real peſſoa de S. M. or general in chief, and the prince of Waldeck had the ſingular title of Marechal dos exercitos de S. M. or Marſhall of his Majeſty's armies.

It is impoſſible to give the exact number of the troops in the pay of Portugal, as many of the regiments were indefinitely increaſed. This aroſe in great meaſure from the ſquadron the french were fitting out at Toulon, ſuppoſed to be deſtined for *Algarvia*. As ſoon as intelligence was received of their arrival in Egypt, the eagerneſs to recruit the regiments was abated, but did not wholly ceaſe. Each regiment of infantry, however, cannot be eſtimated at more than twelve hundred men: to theſe may be added the country militia, divided according to the diſtricts, each of which has a colonel.

But enough of the portugueze military. The hill on which Elvas ſtands is formed of a granite conſiſting of white quartz, felſpar, and mica, and

and in ſome parts containing ſteatite. On the declivity, this granite is covered with a whitiſh, grey, foliated, lime-ſtone, in which are interſperſed ſulphurous pyrites and fahlerz. The vegetation here is ſimilar to that of Spain. We ſaw every where the beautiful *antirrhinum amethyſtinum*, firſt deſcribed in Lamark's Encyclopædia; and the beautiful *iris alata*, which we had already ſeen near Badajoz.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

From Elvas to Eſtremoz.—Arrayolos.—Montemor o novo.

THE beautiful country round Elvas ſoon deſerts the traveller. Moſt of the towns in Portugal lie like iſlands, not unfrequently like enchanted iſlands, in the midſt of a deſert ſea. Not far from Elvas we climbed a naked, barren mountain, where we ſaw a few ſingle houſes, but no villages. Farther on, toward the *venda do ſenhor jurado* (venda, in portugueze, ſignifies a detached inn), the mountains are covered with ciſtus ladaniferus, and conſiſt of ſlate, with veins of quartz. This ſlate, which is extremely common in Portugal, is often clearly a ſandſtone, and not unfrequently bears traces of its origin from granite, and grains of mica and felſpar; ſometimes it approximates to clay-ſlate, and changes wholly into that ſubſtance. It forms gentle not high hills, which often ſhow ſigns of containing ore.

The ſlate-mountains have always an arid barren appearance; and are uſually, in the ſouthern parts of Portugal, covered with ciſtus ladaniferus, a plant, without being acquainted with which, it is impoſſible to form an adequate idea of the

appearance

appearance of theſe parts. It is about four, and ſometimes ſix, feet high, the leaves have nearly the form of thoſe of the *oleander*, are of a ſhining dark green, and not deciduous in winter; a very ſweet-ſmelling gum covers the young buds and leaves, and diffuſes, particularly in the evening, a very pleaſant fragrance that ſeems to fill the air. Theſe plants do not form a very cloſe buſh; but ſtand ſo cloſe together, that it is difficult to force through them, and thus cramp the growth of every other plant. Hence it is very rare to find any beneath them. The flowers are uncommonly beautiful; but ſcarcely blow before they fall off. Each of the petals is almoſt three inches long by two broad, pure white, and ſome way in on the under ſide have a dark purple-red ſpot, reſembling a drop. The whole plant is alſo uncommonly beautiful; but its uniformity, and the lonely deſerts it forms, render it at length extremely irkſome. It ſerves for nothing but fuel and charcoal; though, were this country populous and induſtrious, the gum perhaps might be employed in various ways.

The venda is a very ſmall and miſerable houſe, in a wretched country, and, indeed, a venda may in general be expected to be ſurrounded by a kind of deſert. Beyond this ſpot we came to a wood of cork-trees, which is ſeldom ſeen in the middle of Spain. Toward Eſtremoz, which is

ſeven leagues * from Elvas, the country becomes more pleaſant, is better cultivated, and bears more olive-trees. The mountains riſe again, and a whiter, or even a blacker, foliaceous limeſtone, which produces a very good marble, is ſeen in rocks in large quantities.

Eſtremoz is a ſmall fortified town, and *praça de armas*, which has therefore a governor, but belongs to the *corregimento of Evora*. The number of inhabitants may amount to ſix thouſand at the utmoſt. It is an ill-built place, but in the middle has a large cheerful ſquare. There is a caſtle on an eminence, and the town has alſo ſome outworks. In other reſpects it has been a conſiderable place, as the number of religious houſes ſhews, there being five in the town, and a ſixth in the neighbourhood. There are a hoſpital and a caſa de miſericordia in almoſt every conſiderable town in Portugal; but generally in ſuch a ſtate that they are of very little uſe. The country, particularly on the ſide toward Liſbon, is very pleaſant, and well cultivated, abounding in orange-gardens and laurels. This continues as long as the ſoil is lime, but we had ſcarcely again aſcended the mountains, which conſiſt of ſlaty granite, when all cultivation ceaſed, and nothing was ſeen

* The portugueſe league is various in different provinces, but always exceeds the ſpaniſh which is three thouſand rods or fathoms.

but

but deſerts covered with ciſtus ladaniferus. Three leagues from Eſtremoz we came to an inn called *A venda do duque*, where however no duke could lodge. Here are tracts grown over with broom, as in Spain, which in general is not common in Portugal. Nor did we perceive any cultivated lands till within a league of Arrayolos *, an open villa with about two thouſand inhabitants, a large monaſtery in which reſide the canons of St. John the Evangeliſt, and a monaſtery of Franciſcans. This place is ſix leagues from Eſtremoz, yet not a village is ſeen throughout that diſtance, nor any but ſingle houſes. The ſoil is ſometimes granite in maſſes, ſometimes flaty granite.

From Arrayolos the road lay through Montemor o novo, which is three leagues farther, over naked mountains, and then through a cultivated vale. After this we aſcended high granite mountains covered firſt with evergreen oaks, and then with myrtles. The myrtle is not here a beautiful ſhrub, for where it covers a large tract of ground its growth is diminutive and ugly. It is only beautiful by the ſide of brooks, where it grows taller, and is extremely charming, when covered with its beautiful white flowers. Here all the myrtles are of the large-leaved kind; the ſmall-leaved we only found on the heaths of Alemtejo, near Azeytaõ.

* Not Arraidos, as in ſome maps.

Toward Montemor o novo the country again becomes more cultivated. This open place, or villa, is very gay and lively, containing above four thouſand inhabitants, four religious houſes, and being very pleaſantly ſituated on fertile granite hills. On this ſide we approached the town by a large and beautiful meadow; to the left we ſaw on a high hill an old ruined caſtle; and on the other ſide, toward Liſbon, many gardens, followed by woods of ever-green oaks; a tree which conſtitutes the riches of the neighbouring country, and affords food to a great number of men. A great number of ſwine are alſo fed there, and afterwards driven to Aldea Gallega, where they are ſhipped for Liſbon. Theſe acorns are preferable to all other for maſt, forty alqueires of theſe being equal to ſixty of thoſe from the cork tree. They are alſo roaſted for the uſe of man, and have by no means an unpleaſant flavour, but are only conſumed by the poor. No attention is beſtowed on the cultivation of this tree, but its propagation is left entirely to nature: a ſtrange neglect of ſo important an object. The wood is reddiſh, ſolid, and good, but is chiefly uſed by cart-wrights; the charcoal is alſo much valued. I have mentioned this tree when ſpeaking of the woods of Spain, where their fruit is likewiſe uſed as maſt, and conſumed by men. I would here remark, that the tree does not at all differ

from

from the *quercus bellote* of *Desfontaines*; but Linneus claſſed it, together with another variety of which the leaves are leſs convex, under *quercus ilex*. In portugueze it is called *azinheira*, and the fruit *bolota*.

The granite mountains continue a league beyond Montemor, and then loſe themſelves in a plain which extends to the banks of the Tagus, and is every where covered with ſand and ratchil.

CHAP. XIV.

Heaths in the province of Alemtejo.—General remarks on that province.

THE province of Alemtejo derives its name from *Alem*, beyond; and *Tejo*, the Tagus. It is to be lamented that the natural frontiers of this province from the river to the range of mountains which divides Algarvia are not the ſame as the political; for ſeveral corregimentos on the ſouth ſide of the Tagus belong to the province of Eſtremadura. I ſhall however frequently, when no ſtatiſtical object intervenes, uſe the name of Alemtejo according to its natural limits, and then I may divide the whole tract into three parts, the high or mountainous, the flat or heathy, and the *ſerra da Arrabida*.

We had now arrived at thoſe great heaths which extend as far as the river, along it upward to *Salvaterra*, and downward to the ſea. To the ſouthward they extend as far as the Algarvian mountains, and to the Eaſtward to Beja and Evora. In the midſt of this plain is the Serra, or high range of mountains above mentioned ending in the cabo Eſpichel above Setuval. Theſe heaths, like that of the Lunenburg heaths, conſiſt of innumerable ſmall hills which give the whole an undulating

dulating appearance. The ſoil in ſome places, particularly near the river and the ſea, is ſo ſandy that we ſunk deep into it; but in others, on the contrary, it is covered with coarſe gravel and ratchil, which render it very ſolid. At ſome depth the ſand gives place to a red ſolid clay containing iron, as appears in the bank of the river. Here and there alſo are ſeen beginnings of Raſeneiſenſtein. Swampy places are very rarely found, for in general the great aridity of the ſoil is the cauſe of the barrenneſs of this extenſive tract of country.

We entered upon theſe heaths in the fineſt part of the year, the beginning of ſpring. The beautiful varieties of heath-plants, and the charming ciſti of the ſouth of Europe, were all in their higheſt bloom, and the mild exhilarating air was full of innumerable perfumes. Were a man ſuddenly tranſported from Germany to ſuch a heath he might perhaps at the firſt view think it extraordinarily beautiful, and would not for a moment compare it with the heaths of Lunenburg, or even of England. The variety of ſhrubs is uncommonly great, and their beauty far excels that of our northern plants; beſides which they are ever-greens, and moſt beautiful in winter. One ſpecies of heath, the *erica auſtralis*, grows to the height of ſix feet or more, and is entirely covered with large pleaſing red flowers; another called *erica umbellata*, is

indeed ſmaller, but the redneſs of the flowers is more lively. Among theſe are the yellow-flowered ciſti, *ciſtus helimifolius*, *laſianthus*, *libanotis* on the yellow ground of which purple ſpots are often found, *ciſtus ſampſucifolius* another with large red roſe-formed flowers, *ciſtus criſpus*, and another ſomewhat more rare with pure white tender flowers and of delicate growth, *ciſtus verticillatus*. We then came to places adorned with the violet-form flowers of the * *lithoſpermum fruticoſum*, mingled with the ſweet-ſmelling *lavandula Stoechas*. Either a buſh of juniper, *juniperus oxycedrus* and *phœnicea*, ſuddenly appears, or roſemary and myrtle, or the creeping-oak, overruns all (*quercus humilis Lam.*) to ſay nothing of a number of beautiful bulbous plants, and other beautiful and very often rare or even unknown plants. In ſhort the plants appeared and diſappeared one after another as in a pageant, affording a moſt charming variety till ſome elevated tract covered with ciſtus ſet bounds to their beauties and formed a uniform waſte.

But notwithſtanding this variety of plants theſe heaths ſoon become irkſome, even where they are moſt beautiful: for without ſome cultivation no country can be pleaſing, unleſs it be ſublime and romantic. How often, amid theſe forlorn and ſolitary waſtes, has a row of bee-hives delighted me!

* Lithoſpermum is gromwell; Lavandula, lavender. T.

Here

Here and there in theſe parts are ſeen woods of pines, eſpecially in the neighbourhood of Liſbon. In the ſouth of Europe two varieties of the pine are very common, the firſt, *pinus pinea*, a very fine tree, the ſtem of which grows high, ſtreight, and ſtiff, and the branches bend upward, ſo as naturally to form a thick, large, round crown. The leaves are longer than in our *pinus ſylveſtris*, and its green colour is much darker. The other variety is the ſea-pine (*pinus maritima* Gerardi) which never grows ſo high as the former, or as our german pine, has ſtraight branches not bending upward, and therefore forms a pyramid like the fig-tree inſtead of a crown. Its leaves are longer and greener than in our pine, and it wants its red bark. But although it does not grow ſo high and handſome, yet this laſt property gives it a preference to ours, the ſmall blueiſh-green leaves and its red bark giving it a dead and melancholy appearance. Both theſe trees are very uſeful; their wood is good, and yields a great deal of roſin, for which reaſon, in conſequence of an order of the preſent active miniſter of marine, they have of late been burnt for tar, which never was done before. The fruit of the pine contains a pleaſant almond-like kernel which is very commonly eaten and uſed in cooking. Another uſe is alſo made of this tree, which however, being injurious to the woods, is prohibited; but the prohibition,

hibition, as uſual, is not attended to. The fiſhermen of Seixal, Coſta, and Trafferia, tear up the roots of the young trees to give a brown colour to their nets.

Four leagues from *Mortemor o novo* we came to a ſmall villiage called *Vendas novas*, where is a hunting ſeat of the prince of Braſil; three leagues farther we met with another very ſmall village, called *Os Pegoēs*, both of which were firſt eſtabliſhed when Philip II. came to Liſbon *; and five leagues farther we reached the bank of the river, where, at a market-town called Aldea Gallega †, it is uſual to embark for Liſbon. We had travelled eleven miles over inceſſant heaths without ſeeing any thing but ſhrubs, pine-woods, and a few fields in the neighbourhood of the ſmall villages. On an eminence a league from Aldea Gallega is a church dedicated to *Noſſa ſenhora da Atalaya* (our lady of the watch-tower), to which the negroes in Liſbon annually make a pilgrimage, and a great concourſe of people go there to ſee this black proceſſion.

I hope my readers will be glad here to find an extract from a treatiſe on the province of Alemtejo, written by Antonio Henriques da Silveira contained in the firſt volume of the *Memorias economicas* of the academy of ſciences at Liſbon.

* Zeileri Itinerar. Hiſp. — Norimb. 1637. p. 279.

† The Gallician village. T.

This

This paper ſhews an accurate knowledge of the country, and throws light on the general ſtate of Portugal; but is written in ſo pedantic a ſtile, and loaded with ſo much verboſity, that an abſtract of it will perhaps be more acceptable than the treatiſe itſelf. It begins with the advantages of cultivation, mentions the emperor of China, who guides the plough himſelf, Ancus Martius and Cincinnatus, and when he comes to ſpeak of the want of population, introduces a ſhort hiſtory of Portugal.

" Alemtejo, ſays he, is the leaſt populous province of Portugal; for though thirty-ſix leagues long, and nearly as broad, it contains only four cities, one hundred and five towns (villas), three hundred and fifty-eight pariſhes, and about three hundred thouſand inhabitants *. The towns are very populous, comparatively more ſo than the reſt of Portugal; but there is a ſcarcity of villages, which generally contribute moſt to cultivation, many of the inhabitants of towns leading idle lives. One cauſe of the thin population of this province ariſes from its having always been the theatre of war between Spain and Portugal. It alſo contains a great number of fortreſſes, maintains ten regiments of infantry, and four of cavalry, which are conſtantly recruited there, and form a fourth part of the military eſtabliſhment of the

* According to the laſt liſts they amount to 339,355.

whole

whole country. Every town and village in the province, except theſe fortreſſes, now contain fewer inhabitants than in the beginning of the laſt century, and in all of them are empty houſes. The troops ſhould alſo be recruited from other provinces.

"The beſt means of improving this province would be that the crown ſhould eſtabliſh ſmall villages of about twenty houſes, or grant permiſſion to private perſons to form ſuch eſtabliſhments, granting them the manorial rights and privileges.

"To this propoſal it is objected, firſt, that there is a ſcarcity of water; but this is by no means univerſal, and might be obviated by ſinking wells, as is already practiſed in many places in this province: ſecondly, that the ſoil is too bad; but wherever it will afford paſture for cattle, corn may be produced, at leaſt rye and even maize, eſpecially on the banks of the rivers: thirdly, that the population is too ſcanty; but the province of Minho is ſo populous that many of its inhabitants annually emigrate into other provinces; how eaſy therefore would it be to employ thoſe men in ſuch eſtabliſhments: fourthly, that the quantity of cultivation would not be increaſed if theſe men were ſettled on lands already cultivated; but if theſe lands were divided into ſmall lots or parcels, the ſoil being nearer their habitations would

be

be better manured and cultivated, and would not be ſuffered to lie fallow two following years, being ſown only once in three years, as is now practiſed, but would be ſown during the two years, and fallowed the third: fifthly, that no one would be willing to embark the capital requiſite for eſtabliſhing ſuch villages; but ſo much money is ſpent in purſuits of luxury and diſtinction that it cannot be doubted that many would be willing thus to employ ſome part of their money in purchaſing the title of lord of a village. To raiſe a company of cavalry coſts eight thouſand cruſades, in conſideration of which the king grants a captain's patent (or commiſſion), and yet when it was known that five companies were to be raiſed in Algarvia no leſs than one hundred and fifty-four candidates offered.

"The lands in Alemtejo are far from being well cultivated. In that province are three kinds of ſoil; fruitful black ſolid fat earth is found in the red clay of Elvas, Campomayor, Olivença, Fronteira, Eſtremoz, Beja, and Serpa; a lighter earth mixed with a little ſand forms the ſoil round Evora and Arrayolos, where the bad kinds of wheat, barley, and rye ſucceed very well, and cork trees and evergreen oaks alſo grow; and a ſandy barren ſoil forms the heaths of *Cantarinho*, *Ponte de Sor*, *Monte Argil*, *Tancos* and *Vendas Novas*, a tract of country about thirty leagues in circumference.

cumference. They were once full of cork-trees, but these have been sold to the charcoal-burners, and thus the woods have been destroyed, excepting at a distance from the rivers. These heaths serve only as pasture for goats, and yet at a depth beneath the surface lies a solid stratum of clay, which might be brought up by the plough, and the soil thereby rendered more fit for cultivation. More pines also should be planted, and defended from goats, though not in the neighbourhood of the roads on account of robbers. Further on are marshy tracts near *Rio frio*, *Relva*, and *Barroco de Alva*, which might be drained. A large tract of land in this province is grown over with cistus, particularly round Aviz, which is usually cut down every eight years and burnt, and the ground sown with corn. This produces at most eight fold, but the chace is thereby destroyed, and the burning often consumes both woods and crops. It is true those who cause these damages are liable to fines, but they are generally too poor for prosecution.

"The rivers in Alemtejo, particularly in winter, are very rapid, and do much damage. The banks therefore ought to be planted with trees to confine them in some measure within their beds.

"The south side of the Serra de Ossa is very fertile but almost entirely uncultivated; the north side

ſide is quite naked, but might be planted with cheſnuts.

" The commons in this province are generally covered with ciſtus*. In ſome parts where it is uſed to heat ovens, as in the neighbourhood of Eſtremoz where the field-bakehouſe for the ſoldiers is ſituated, it muſt be preſerved, and in other parts it ſerves as paſture for cattle. In other parts the commons ought to be divided into lots, but none of theſe lots ſhould be given to the rich, as they would be ſure to have the beſt part.

" The whole province is full of vagabond beggars who beg or ſteal by day, and at night ſleep in the huts of the huſbandmen. At a wedding or chriſtening from eighty to a hundred often appear, and through a miſtaken piety or vanity the rich peaſants feed them, while others who perceive the abſurdity of theſe prejudices likewiſe feed them through fear, leſt they ſhould ſet fire to their corn. Hence theſe vagabonds are very coarſe and rude. The good old laws of Dom Juan III. and Dom Sebaſtian againſt beggars ought therefore to be renewed, and it would be extremely well if thoſe that go about with holy pictures to collect charity, and the pilgrims of St. Jago de Compoſtella were alſo put under ſome reſtrictions †.

* By *mato* in this work is always meant the ciſtus ladaniferus.

† To which however the queen herſelf ſent coſtly preſents.

The

The nobility have too large herds of ſmall cattle as ſheep and goats, for which reaſon they do not have the heaths cultivated, but hire other lands beſides their own which are thus likewiſe deprived of cultivation. Some of theſe, who do not poſſeſs paſture for above eighty ſheep keep above a thouſand, the land of their neighbours ſupplying the deficiency. The law indeed endeavours to prevent theſe robberies by appointing ſworn watchmen; but this only increaſes the evil, as theſe men always have an underſtanding with the offenders, and the poor neighbours cannot obtain juſtice againſt criminals of rank and power. The nobility generally find various means of evading the penalties which the poor are obliged to pay. In the war of 1762 many of the peaſantry who had only two carts were ſtripped of both, whereas from the nobles who had many not one was preſſed.

"The luxury of the peaſantry* is another impediment to the proſperity of this province. The ſpaniards ſell us thin ſilks, which coſt little and do not laſt; but ſatisfy the vanity of thoſe who wiſh often to appear in new dreſſes. The trades-people of Badajoz annually import to the value of more than a hundred thouſand cruſades. A ſumptuary law might prevent this. The farmers* alſo too often

* The German author uſes throughout the work, the ſame word for peaſants and farmers (*bauer*) from which the word *boor* is derived. T.

ten

ten ſend their ſons to univerſities and bring them up to the church.

"The numerous faſt-days are alſo very prejudicial. Permiſſion ought to be given to work after maſs, as the biſhops of Coimbra, Lamego, Portalegre, and Oporto have done, and certainly without committing any crime.

"Many eſtates belong jointly to ſeveral proprietors, one of whom called the *Senhovio or Poſſeirõ* has a right to make all the contracts, and to let the eſtate when and how he pleaſes, and the other proprietors (*quinheiros*) only receive their ſhare whether fixed or contingent. Meanwhile they are bound to pay a fourth part of all neceſſary expenſes in proportion to their ſhares, but not to any diſburſements, the object of which is to improve the eſtate. This regulation is evidently prejudicial. It is an old cuſtom to diſpenſe with ſome part of the taxes in bad years; but with this regulation it does not take place, as the copartners are willing to participate in the profits, but not in the loſſes.

"Hence theſe lands are generally covered with ciſtus (*mato*). In 1773 the whole of this regulation was aboliſhed; but in 1777 this law was reeſtabliſhed on account of the abuſes that aroſe. A law would be extremely uſeful and neceſſary, whereby the joint tenants ſhould be paid off by a fixed ſum or yearly rent."

Thus ſpoke this bold and excellent man; but I muſt be permitted to add a few remarks. Many parts of Alemtejo are ill adapted to growing corn, as for inſtance the heaths along the banks of the Tagus, the ſoil of which is a deep fine ſand. The above-mentioned writer adviſes that the ſtratum of clay which lies beneath it ſhould be brought to the ſurface; though I doubt whether it would produce a good effect, the clay being very hard and mixed with iron, nor would any be left to plant with cork trees, firs, and ſea pines; beſides which, the heaths are ſo well adapted for bees, that Portugal might ſupply foreign countries with wax and honey; but this branch of huſbandry is neglected becauſe the bees deſtroy the grapes.

There are alſo hills covered with ciſtus that are incapable of cultivation, there being too little mould in the ſoil, which conſiſts of a very coarſe ſand. Here too bees might perhaps be advantageous, as might the cultivation of the kermes-oak, were the population more numerous, both on account of the cochineal and of the ſweetneſs of its fruit. On the other hand a quantity of land which is covered with *ciſtus* in the corregimento of Ourique, between Mertola and Serpa, and in other places, clearly ſhows that with good cultivation the ſoil will produce corn, and in this caſe the propoſals of the above-mentioned author ſhould be maturely conſidered.

conſidered. But he forgot two circumſtances; as long as numerous monaſteries oppreſs and drain the country with continual contributions, no improvements can be expected. This every portugueze well knows, and even confeſſes in converſation, though no one dares to print it. The ambitious mind of Pombal was two much governed by little paſſions; or he would have oppoſed the prieſthood with more ſpirit, and the nobility with more manhood. The other impediment ariſes from the badneſs of the roads, a great part of Alemtejo round the Campo de Ourique being wholly deſtitute of carriage-roads; which, where they exiſt, are extremely wretched. The ſmall diſtricts round Beja and toward the Serra de Monchique, where the traveller to his great aſtoniſhment ſuddenly meets with high-roads, are ſo ſmall as ſcarcely to deſerve mentioning. The prince of Braſil, when he met the king of Spain at Elvas, patiently bore the jolting of this wretched high-road into Spain, inſtead of having a royal road made for his royal father-in-law. The upper Alemtejo would export, and conſequently grow, much more corn, if there were but roads for its conveyance. The count of Obidos complained much to us, that through want of roads he had no market for his produce, his eſtate being ſeven leagues from the river; and that the danger of ſailing out of the harbour of Setuval,

and of entering the Tagus, was too great to be incurred.

The high roads toward Spain ſhould therefore be repaired, and another road ſhould be made from Beja to Mertola, of which the roads to Setuval and acroſs the Campo de Ourique to Monchique and Algarvia might be branches. Among the heaths is the Serra de Arrabida, which would ſupply great abundance of ſtone for this purpoſe; an advantage not to be found in the heaths of many other countries.

Throughout Portugal travellers are uncommonly ſafe from robbery, excepting that a part of Alemtejo, particularly on the frontiers of Spain, and eſpecially the high road into that country, had acquired a bad character in this reſpect. The danger however is by no means ſo great as in many parts of Spain.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Liſbon, deſcription of that city.

THE view of Liſbon, if the traveller paſs the river either from Aldea Gallega, Mouta, or Caſilhas, is uncommonly fine; nor do I know any large town that forms ſo majeſtic an appearance. The vaſt expanſe of water, a river in many parts more than two german miles * broad, the great number of ſhips, the wide-extended city adorning an amphitheatre of hills that lie contiguous to the river, together with a crowd of churches, cultivated heights covered with country-houſes, monaſteries, churches, gardens, and olive-trees, are certainly an extraordinary aſſemblage of uncommon beauties. At a great diſtance, where the limits of the town can ſcarcely be diſtinguiſhed, the whole bank of the river ſeeming as it were one city, the majeſtic, pointed, rocky mountains of Cintra form the back ground of the landſcape, after the lofty Serra de Arrabida among the heaths on the ſouth ſide of the river have already ſurpriſed the ſpectator. But as he approaches he at length more diſtinctly perceives the town which

* A german mile is about four and a half Engliſh miles. Fifteen german miles are equal to a degree, or ſixty-nine and a half Engliſh miles. T.

covers the hills to the top, the beautiful Praça do commercio, or Merchant's-ſquare, the new ſtreets, the arſenal, and the corn-market. He perceives the river narrowing toward its mouth, and pouring its waters into the ſea between the hills, which here alſo riſe on the ſouth bank, though elſewhere flat, while large ſhips cover its ſurface. He admires theſe hills, which, on the north ſide, are adorned by the villages of Belem, Ajuda, and its brilliant churches, together with the royal menagerie; and on the ſouth by a market-town called Almada, whoſe church ſtands on the ſummit of the firſt hill. Such is the view of Liſbon; nor can we blame the portugueze when they ſpeak of it as the handſomeſt city in the world; they have a proverb which ſays, *Quẽ naõ tem viſto Liſboa, naõ tem viſto couſa boa.* He that has not ſeen Liſbon, has ſeen nothing that is worth ſeeing. And in fact there exiſts not perhaps elſewhere ſo fine a view.

According to the laſt obſervations * Liſbon is ſituated in 38°. 42′. 58″. 5‴. north latitude, and in 11°. 29′. 15″. weſt longitude from Paris, being nearly in the ſame parallel as Meſſina in Sicily. The portugueſe compute the length of the city at two leagues; and indeed the diſtance from Belem to the eaſtern extremity appeared to me a full

* Vide *Memorias da Academia de Liſboa.* Liſb. 1797. vol. I. p. 305.

german

german mile. This diſtance renders it neceſſary to add that every computation of latitude and longitude is taken from the Praça do commercio in the middle of Liſbon. The breadth of the town is very various, often but ſmall, and ſometimes quite inconſiderable, not exceeding one ſtreet, but never much more than half a league.

The population is here, as throughout Portugal, very difficult to aſcertain. Only the number of houſes is accurately known, and the number of inhabitants muſt be thereby calculated; for that of communicants *(peſſoas de communhaõ)* is very uncertain, as many frauds are practiſed in this reſpect. If enquiry be made in the ſmall towns of the *juizes de fora* or corregedores, they give a round and generally exaggerated number, in order to magnify the conſequence of the place where they live. According to the laſt decennial cenſus in the year 1790 the forty pariſhes of Liſbon contained 38,102 fire-places or hearths; a number which is repeated by Murphy without adding, as he ought, that it includes the ſuburbs of Junqueira and Alcantara, but not the villages of Belem and Campo-grande; though they alſo, particularly the firſt, are connected with the town, being in the termo of Liſbon. The number of perſons however aſſigned by Murphy to each houſe, namely ſix, is certainly too ſmall. If therefore we reckon Belem, a market-town which

completely joins Junqueira, the population may be eſtimated with confidence at above 300,000, excluſive of the military.

Liſbon is quite open on all ſides, having neither walls nor gates, nor even any fortifications, except a ſmall caſtle in the middle of the town, and a number of batteries or ſmall forts on the river. The ground is very hilly, and, according to the portugueze writers, the city ſtands, like ancient Rome, on ſeven hills; an abſurd diviſion, which, however, the moderns are very fond of imitating. I ſhall conſider it as ſtanding on three, and divide my obſervations on the city accordingly.

The firſt hill, or rather mountain, begins at the bridge of Alcantara, forming the proper weſtern limit of the town, and extends to the *rua de San Bento*, or St. Benedict's ſtreet. This hill is unqueſtionably the higheſt, being much celebrated for its ſalubrious air, for which reaſon one of the ſtreets bears the ſpaniſh name of Buenos ayres, inſtead of the portugueze words *Bons ares*. At the weſtern extremity it is but little cultivated, but farther to the eaſtward up to its ſummit, forming alſo to the eaſtward a plain, on which ſtands the new monaſtery. In many parts it is ſo ſteep that it is a labour to walk the ſtreets, and even the lower ſtreet, which runs along the river, riſes and falls conſiderably. During the heavy rains the water ruſhes down the ſtreets with ſuch violence

violence that they are often impaſſable, and at the bottom of the *calzada de eſtrella* ſome *gallegos* * poſt themſelves at theſe times, and convey the paſſengers for a trifle. Inſtances have occurred of men and horſes being carried away by the torrent and almoſt precipitated into the river. This inconvenience however is attended with the advantage of waſhing away the filth, and cleanſing the town. Immediately after the earthquake this hill was more built upon, as the ſhocks were much leſs ſevere there. Foreigners alſo prefer theſe ſituations, both on this account and for the ſalubrity of the air. Hence many handſome houſes are interſperſed in various parts. The ſtreets are irregularly built, ill paved, often narrow, and not unfrequently full of new but ſmall and wretched houſes. Hitherto the hill is but ſcantily covered with them, and we are ſurpriſed to meet, not only with gardens, but conſiderable corn-fields amid the buildings, which, with the dirtineſs of the town, and the badneſs of the police, give it an oriental appearance. On this hill the queen has built a church and convent (dedicated to the heart of Jeſus), to which ſhe is much attached. It is generally called *o conventa novo*, or the new

* Porters; literally Gallicians, becauſe vaſt numbers of the lower claſſes in that province emigrate to all parts of Spain and Portugal, and act in that capacity. T.

convent.

convent. The church is handſome, its excellent and beautifully white limeſtone giving it a very cheerful appearance, though the architecture is in a bad taſte; for it is overloaded with ornament. Not far from this convent, on the other ſide of a ſquare is the proteſtant burying-place, in which are many monuments, particularly that of Fielding, who died here. This cemetery is planted with cypreſſes and judas-trees *(cercis ſiliquaſtrum)*, a combination much uſed for ſuch ſituations in the ſouth of Europe, and originally an oriental cuſtom. In ſpring the laſt-mentioned tree is covered with red * papilionaceous bloſſoms, and forms a beautiful contraſt with the dark hue of the cypreſs. In this country the proud palm or date-tree *(phœnix dactylifera)*, bears its lofty crown high above the houſes. Not far from thence, leaving the houſes behind us, we came to a pleaſant plain, called Campo de Ourique, ſeparated from the neighbouring hills by deep vallies, and uſed at that time as a place of exerciſe by a regiment of emigrants which was lodged there in handſome barracks, having been firſt occupied by Dillon's regiment, and afterwards by that of Montemar. It was alſo uſed as a promenade by the lower and middling claſſes.

* Or rather of a fine purple. T.

The

The ſecond hill is only a continuation of the firſt, from which it is ſeparated by a valley of no great depth. It extends from the *rua de San Bento*, to the valley in which are the three new ſtreets built by Pombal. Excepting a few of the principal ſtreets, the reſt are crooked, narrow, and wholly deſtitute of regularity; the ſmall ſtreets leading to the bank of the river are horridly dirty, the filth being heaped together ſo that the paſſenger muſt be well acquainted with the narrow paths that run among theſe heaps, to be able to walk the ſtreets. At the foot of the eaſtern ſide of this hill the earthquake did great damage, in conſequence of which many handſome new built houſes adorn it, and here, as in many other places, traces of that convulſion appear in ruined churches and monaſteries. On this eaſtern declivity is the opera-houſe and the reſidence of Quintella, the great dealer in diamonds and richeſt merchant of Liſbon. Above the public promenade beyond the Praça de Rocio this hill riſes to a conſiderable height, and is very ſteep toward the next valley. The view from this eminence is uncommonly fine. In the valley beneath appears the beſt part of the town; to the left are olive-gardens interſperſed with country houſes, monaſteries, and churches; oppoſite is the high ſteep hill on which the caſtle ſtands, and to the left the Tagus covered with ſhips. This ſpot

is

is very much uſed in ſuch a manner that it is impoſſible to approach it without diſguſt.

This hill is ſucceeded by an even valley of conſiderable length and breadth, which forms the broadeſt part of the town. This valley was totally deſtroyed by the earthquake of 1755; after which it was entirely rebuilt. It is ſomewhat ſingular that the limits of the effects of that convulſion ſhould be ſo ſtrongly marked; for on the ſteep declivity of the mountain the ſtreets and houſes remained. The prieſts attributed the deſtruction of the play-houſes to the finger of God; but Pombal anſwered, with ſome point, why then did the earthquake ſo ſignally ſpare theſe ſtreets of brothels? On the bank of the river the valley begins with the large and handſome ſquare called *Praça do commercio*, formerly the terrace or parade of the royal palace (*terreiro do paço*), which is ſix hundred and ten feet by five hundred and fifty. The quay and the groups of people where the ſhips and boats are landing and taking in their cargoes, are objects that far excel the quays of London and Paris. The eaſt ſide is formed by a large building with an arcade ending, toward the water, in a pavilion which is uſed as an exchange. Oppoſite to it is a ſimilar building unfiniſhed and without a pavilion. The ends of the three ſtreets which terminate in this ſquare are alſo unfiniſhed, nor does there appear any probability of their being

being completed, as they have been long neglected. In the centre is an equeſtrian ſtatue of Dom Joſeph in bronze, on a pedeſtal of ſtone adorned with various ſymbols. It is well known that Pombal had a figure of himſelf introduced on the pedeſtal, but this was removed after his fall, and replaced by a medallion with two ſhips. The artiſt who made the model was *Joaquim Machado de caſtro*, and the founder *Bartholomeo de coſta*. To me the ſtatue appeared to have but very little merit, both the horſe and rider are ſtiff, the ſymbols in my opinion are ill choſen and ill diſpoſed, and the whole overloaded. Nor muſt the ſpectator compare it with the maſterly workmanſhip of the bronze equeſtrian ſtatue of Philip II, at Buen retiro. The three principal ſtreets which were rebuilt ſince the earthquake lead from this ſquare to that of Rocio. They are ſtraight and broad, provided with cauſeways; and not built as ſeparate houſes, ſeveral of them forming large buildings which make a very handſome appearance; but the upper ſtories ſeem proportionably too ſmall, the windows too narrow, the panes of glaſs too diminutive, and the balconies are an impediment to a beautiful form. In the middle ſtreet *rua Auguſta* live the gold and ſilver-ſmiths, and in the two others the artiſans of other metals, who, as is uſual in the ſouth of Europe, work on the ground floor cloſe to the door, and therefore make a moſt intolerable

intolerable noiſe. The line that divides eaſt and weſt Liſbon, which is an eccleſiaſtical diſtinction, (the former belonging to the biſhoprick of Liſbon, and the latter to the patriarchate *), paſſes through this part of the town. The praça de Rocio (neither recio nor roſcio), is large, and like the praça do commercio unpaved in the middle; but is much more incumbered with filth and puddles. Here is the great palace of the inquiſition. A narrow ſtreet leads from this to another ſmall ſquare uſed as a promenade, and forming a moderate-ſized garden, with ſeveral avenues of various kinds of trees, purpoſely intermingled, and ſome clipped hedges, though the place is very ſmall: nor is it much frequented, the portugueſe not being fond of walking, and this ſpot not very charming. In a narrow ſtreet behind this garden are the portugueze playhouſe and the ſquare uſed for bull-fights. To the eaſt of the praça de Rocio is a large market-place, called *a Figueira*, to the weſtward of the praça de commercio is the fiſh-market, and near it another ſquare, called *a ribeira nova*, which is much more frequented as a promenade than the praça do commercio.

* John V. who vied with Lewis XIV. in luxury, applied to the pope for permiſſion to erect a patriarchate; the patriarch and prebends of the patriarchal church, who have the title of Monſenhores, were to repreſent the pope and his cardinals. Pombal much diminiſhed the revenues of the patriarchate.

The

The third hill begins with an eminence, on which is the caſtle of Liſbon, called *o caſtello dos Mouros*, from which it continues, with ſome interruptions of plains, to the eaſtern extremity of the town. The caſtle is a ſmall fort, and could only ſerve to defend the town againſt a ſudden attack. This part of the town alſo conſiſts of narrow, irregular, ill-paved ſtreets, with a neat houſe here and there. It appears from the ſtyle of building that this is the oldeſt part of Liſbon; the houſes being narrow, but high, containing many ſtories, and bearing gothic ornaments; a mode of building which has been juſtly exploded in a country where earthquakes are ſo frequent. We muſt not look for models of architecture in any part of Liſbon, either among private houſes or public edifices, though many may be called handſome. The interior diſpoſition of the apartments is as bad as in Spain, and the entrance no leſs ſhocking. Even among the churches there is no one particularly diſtinguiſhed, and a conſtant noiſe of little bells and wretched chimes renders them ſtill more unpleaſant.

Following the river to the eaſtward of Liſbon ſmall houſes continue almoſt all the way, and one village ſucceeds to another. To the weſt Belem ſo nearly joins Liſbon that it is difficult to diſcover the ſeparation, and the ſuburb of Alcantara is only divided by a bridge over a ſmall brook which here

here falls into the Tagus. This ſuburb is only ſeparated by an artificial boundary from that of Junqueira *, as is the latter from the town of Belem. A foreigner, however, going to Belem, would not ſuppoſe he had quitted Liſbon. It is a conſiderable market-town where many perſons of property and tradeſpeople of the higer claſſes have houſes. Formerly the royal family reſided there, but the caſtle being burnt they removed to Quelus. A royal caſtle is to be again built there, which at leaſt will ſtand on firm ground, and have an excellent view of the harbour and the ſea; advantages which they perhaps juſtly prefer to mere elegance and taſte in architecture. In Belem is a monaſtery of Hieronymites inſtituted by Dom Manuel, the architecture of which is very ſtriking, for inſtead of endeavouring to preſerve ſymmetry the greateſt pains have been taken to avoid every external appearance of regularity, one pillar being made intentionally different from another, and it is evident that in thoſe times the portugueze only ſought for ſomething new and uncommon. The adjoining church however is in a gothic but grand ſtyle, and gave me no unpleaſant impreſſion. There are beſides in Belem two new-built neat and very handſome churches. Near to one, that of Noſſa Senhora de Ajuda, is the botanic garden

* Junqueira is not a fortification, as Büſching ſays, but an open ſuburb.

and

and muſeum, and farther on a royal garden, (*a quinta da raynha*), with a menagerie at the entrance and ſeveral aviaries. It is opened for a trifling fee to perſons of condition as a promenade; but in itſelf, like the menagerie, is very inſignificant. Beyond Belem is a park of conſiderable ſize belonging to the prince, the trees and buſhes of which are olive-trees and broom (*ſpartium ſphærocarpon*). The chace on the north of the river is confined to the prince, but that on the ſouth is free for the public.

The Tagus waſhes the foundations of the houſes throughout Liſbon. Toward the eaſtern part it is about two leagues broad, or, if the breadth be taken to the end of the reach, three leagues. The oppoſite bank conſiſts of the heaths above deſcribed. To the weſt, and nearly oppoſite to the praça do commercio, it grows narrower, and as far as its mouth is only about a league broad: the oppoſite bank, at the ſame time, riſes, forming ſteep precipices toward the ſtream. The river is often entirely covered with ſhips, and large men of war may lie oppoſite the town, the views in many parts of which are uncommonly fine; the ſpectator beholds at his feet a majeſtic river covered with ſhips, and can often trace its courſe as far as the ſea: the dark heaths are ſeen at a diſtant part of the oppoſite bank, which, as it approaches,

forms gay, populous, and cultivated hills; and the market-town called Almada, with its church on the ſummit of the hill, and the Engliſh hoſpital at the foot of it, give life and intereſt to the picture. It was a majeſtic view to contemplate the city relieved by the river, and the river by the ſhips; but all this ariſes from a circumſtance which renders either walking or riding extremely irkſome, the ſteepneſs of the hills on which the city is built.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

The Country round Lisbon.

THE side of Lisbon toward the country consists entirely of hills, from which are seen only the highest edifices of the town, and the traveller suddenly arrives in the city before he is aware of it. The greater part of the country round Lisbon, particularly on the east and north sides to a considerable distance from the town, are covered with large gardens surrounded with high walls, between which it is insufferably tedious to travel, sometimes for leagues, without seeing any other object, and in continual danger of mistaking the road. This morose oriental moorish taste arises probably from jealousy and passions of a like nature, which seem to desire a fortification rather than a garden. These large gardens are called in Portugueze *quinta*; they are often of considerable extent and laid out rather for use than pleasure, generally containing plantations of orange and olive-trees, and sometimes even corn fields and vineyards. A pretty large garden-house is attached to them, and families are accustomed to spend a part of the summer there. The Portugueze language abounds in words for gardens; besides

quinta, a garden behind a dwelling houſe is called quintal, a garden for any particular object *jardin*, for inſtance *jardin botanico*, and a kitchen-garden, whether open or incloſed with hedges, *horta*. Of theſe there are few on the north ſide of the river, but more on the ſouth. The quintas are often very pleaſant though little art is employed, and frequently no other traces of it appear than a natural or artificial ſtream, bordered with laurel trees which here grow tall and ſlender, to the height of twenty or thirty feet, or poplars and ſimilar trees. Quintas laid out for pleaſure are very rare, and in theſe the new French taſte is imitated. One of the beſt gardens of this kind round Liſbon is that of the Marquis de Abrantes, in a market town called Bemfica. The gardens round Liſbon pleaſe ſtrangers on account of the plants they produce, thoſe which with us are reared with great pains in pots and houſes, grow here wild and high. The ſtately magnolium, the date-palm, the banana-tree, are lofty and covered with flowers, the ſtork-bill from the cape, and various kinds of cereus from America form the hedges, and *Meſembryanthema** hang a long way down the walls, which ſeem covered with a thick texture of flowers.

Beyond the weſtern part of Liſbon the country is not ſo well cultivated, and there are naked and rocky hills. But where theſe are not too ſtony

* Fig-marigold.

they

they are luxuriantly fertile, and render the flora of the capital the richeſt throughout the country. This particularly applies to the hills of baſalt; a ſtone which moulders into a fertile clay, and this being drenched in winter with rain water, produces in the ſpring the moſt beautiful bloſſoms. On a ſmall hill beyond the powder-mill at Alcantara, we found no fewer than ſixteen kinds of trefoil, and ſeven of lotus*. Here grows the ſtately ſcilla† hyacinthoides, the native ſoil of which is not yet known, the Ornithogallum ‡ Arabicum, the Allium§ ſpecioſum, and the iris || juncea. L'Ecluſe who herboriſed there more than 200 years ago celebrates theſe hills for their botanical riches. In the beginning of April the convolvulus tricolor covers theſe fields with its ſky blue flowers, which ſeemed to rival the clear firmament of this happy climate.

The hills form the meadows of Liſbon. Meadows ſuch as the inhabitants of northern climates may ſuppoſe, and covered with graſs, are rarely ſeen here, thick verdure being uncommon in the low and hot countries of the ſouth of Europe. The blades of graſs ſtand ſingle and ſcarce, but on the other hand the ſoil is covered with various kinds of trefoil and ſimilar plants. But our common clover is here very rare.

* Schotenklee. † The ſquill. ‡ Star of Bethlehem.
§ Garlic. || Flower de luce, or flag-flower.

The ſoil round Liſbon conſiſts of lime-ſtone and baſalt; the former lying at top, and being here and there very white, cloſe, and excellent for building, but breaking too coarſe for the ſtatuary. Another ſingular ſpecies of lime-ſtone, which only form a maſs of petrification, appears at a depth in both banks of the river, lying beneath the other ſtrata. The baſalt begins at the bank not far from the ſea, and then proceeds through Quelus toward Bellas; meanwhile a branch of the baſalt mountain extends beyond the city by the aqueduct, and unites with the forementioned chain toward Bellas. From thence the baſalt country extends as far as Cabeça de montachique. It properly forms only one maſs of baſalt, which is here and there covered with lime-ſtone. It is particularly ſtriking that baſalt is only found in thoſe two parts of Portugal, Liſbon and Cape St. Vincent, where the earthquake of 1755 was moſt violent; and this circumſtance is thought to confirm the opinion that baſalt covering great ſtrata of coal furniſhes materials for ſubterraneous fires, and thus gives riſe to earthquakes and volcanoes; but it muſt not be forgotten that Belem, which partly ſtands on a baſalt hill, ſuffered leſs from that earthquake than ſome parts of the town evidently founded upon lime-ſtone; perhaps the baſalt had at ſome former period been forced up from theſe parts by a ſimilar

milar convulſion; and the ſhocks which Liſbon has felt from time to time are attempts of nature to raiſe other ſimilar hills. But it is evident this is one of the innumerable hypotheſes that have been thrown out without proof on this ſubject. Portugal however is rich in warm ſprings, which are doubtleſs the effect of ſubterraneous fires. Such ſprings are found even in Liſbon, though the warmth is very ſlight; alſo, at Caſcaes a few miles from Liſbon.

Cloſe to the north ſide of the town, is that bold and grand work of art, the aqueduct called *os arços*, by which water is brought from ſeveral ſprings ſituated at a diſtance of three leagues and near the village of Bellas*, being in ſome parts conducted under ground. Near the town it paſſes over a deep valley, and the works are planned with great magnificence. It reſts on ſeveral bold arches, the largeſt of which is 230 feet 10 inches French high, and 107 feet 8 inches broad. The view is ſingular when the ſpectator ſtands beneath it, and its pointed arches ſeem changed into a majeſtic vault that re-echos every ſound. The whole length of the aqueduct is 2400 feet. In the middle is a covered arched way, of ſeven or eight feet, where the water flows on each ſide through a tunnel of ſtone. Without this arched

* Not near Cintra, as M. Tileſius in his appendix to The neweſt Picture of Liſbon more than once aſſerts.

way and on each ſide is a path, where two perſons can conveniently walk abreaſt with a parapet, over which they may look down to its baſe. The ſmall towers perhaps diſturb the general effect, but could not be diſpenſed with, for they ſerve as ventilators.

The water enters the town at a place called da Amoreira, where it divides into ſeveral other aqueducts, and ſupplies the fountains (or chafarizes) which are often very ornamental, though in a bad taſte. Here the gallegos draw water in ſmall barrels, and cry it about the ſtreets. The water is very good, containing a portion of oxygenated calcareous earth, its ſources being in limeſtone hills *. The Portugueze being inhabitants of a warm climate, cannot be blamed for loving good water, but the ridiculous accounts of Coſtigan and other travellers on this ſubject are much exaggerated. In ſummer, water is ſold by the glaſs throughout Spain and Portugal, in the public ſquares and promenades; and among both theſe nations an excellent method is uſed, to keep water and other liquors cool in ſummer. Earthen veſſels are made of clay containing lime and iron, ſo as to be very porous, but without glazing. Theſe veſſels which are called *bucaros* or *alcarrazes*, ſuf-

* To thoſe who are contented to read a very bad chemical eſſay on this water, I would recommend a paper by Bandelle, in Vol. I. of the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences at Liſbon.

fer

fer the moiſture to pervade their ſubſtance in the form of a fine dew, which is continually evaporating, and thus producing cold. At firſt they give the water an unpleaſant earthy taſte, which however it ſoon loſes by uſe *.

The trees that grow here on the north ſide of Liſbon, are chiefly olive and orange-trees; but other fruit-trees are more ſcarce, and even almond-trees are not numerous. Cypreſſes, judas-trees, elms, and poplars, appear here and there. Of oaks, beeches, and linden-trees, there are none, and willows are extremely rare. From theſe particulars may be perceived, how different is the character of a Liſbon view from thoſe of Germany. The orange-tree is moſt ſtriking, although near Liſbon it does not grow very high; there are many plantations of it, both in quintas where it ſometimes forms little groves, and in open ſpots. It requires much water, which is ſupplied to plantations by channels, which are filled by water-wheels †. The earth is heaped up at their roots,

* Of this, more will be ſaid in the 2d chapter on Coimbra.

† Probably as in Spain by a perpendicular wheel, bearing a revolving rope of ſmall buckets, which much exceeding the circumference of the wheel on which it hangs, takes the water from any depth. Theſe as they paſs over the wheel pour their contents into a tunnel, which ſupplies the channels. This machine is worked by a horſe, who by means of a ſhaft turns an horizontal cog-wheel, locking into the former. A ſimilar contrivance is uſed in Perſia. T.

and

and the water conducted between these heaps. They are propagated by seed and afterwards grafted. In December and January, the oranges begin to turn red, and at the end of January, and in February, before they are ripe and sweet they are gathered for exportation. Toward the end of March, and in April, they are very good, but delicate persons will not eat them till the beginning of May; at which time they begin to be perfectly sweet and well flavored. They continue throughout June and July till August, and at length become scarce and over-ripe. At the end of April and in May appear the blossoms, the fragrance of which extends far and wide; the quantity of golden fruit amid the dark branches, and relieved still more by the white blossoms, which at the same time adorn them continually, excite new admiration, though the same object daily recurs. One tree frequently bears 1,500 oranges, and examples are not wanting of their bearing 2,000, and sometimes though rarely, 2,500. Those from Lumiar are particularly good, and some knights of Malta have assured me that these, and the oranges from Condeixa near Coimbra, are by no means inferior to those of Malta. I have also found those of Vidigueira in Alemtejo, uncommonly delicate. At Lisbon they are not cheap, but in the provinces excellent oranges may

be

be bought for about half a farthing ſterling each. Oranges are ſold wholeſale on the trees, and there are people who underſtand how to appreciate the number they bear. They are then gathered, carefully packed in cheſts, and ſhipped. The greater part are ſent to England, or conveyed in Engliſh veſſels to other parts, but ſome of the rich merchants who have long dealt in them, aſſured us that they do not yield any great profit, and often leave a loſs. Other acid fruits, as for inſtance lemons, are ſcarce at Liſbon, but more abundant in the colder regions of Portugal.

Beſides the orange groves, ſtrangers are particularly ſtruck with the hedges of American aloes *(agave Americana)* and the indian figs *(cactus opuntia)* in the ſouthern parts of Spain and Portugal; both of which are eaſily planted, forming hedges impenetrable to cattle, but eaſily deſtroyed by men, though difficult to confine within bounds. They will grow alſo on an extremely bad ſandy ſoil. In July and Auguſt, when the aloes are in bloom, theſe high ſtems covered with flowers form a very beautiful object, whereas in Germany, a ſingle aloe in bloom is publickly advertiſed in the newſpapers. It is called in Portugueze pita, but round Liſbon they are only uſed for hedges. The Indian fig, in Portugueze *figo do inferno*, ſo called on account of its prickles, forms a worſe hedge,

hedge, but grows on a worſe ſoil, is very ornamental through its yellow flowers, and bears an eſculent fruit ſold in Liſbon, and by no means unpleaſant. In theſe hedges are found great numbers of pomegranate-trees, of which the beautiful bloſſoms are more eſteemed than the fruit.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Climate of Liſbon.—Proviſions there.

THE climate of Liſbon is very ſalutary and pleaſant to thoſe who are accuſtomed to it. The winter, as to vegetation, is the end of July, the month of Auguſt, and the beginning of September; at which time every thing is parched up, not a green blade of graſs to be ſeen, and the foliage of the evergreens is ſhrivelled up and has a melancholy appearance. The heat continues inceſſantly with the ſky almoſt always ſerene, though it is much relieved by ſea-breezes. In ſummer the north wind prevails in Portugal, but its direction being changed by the mountains of Cintra it becomes a North-weſt, which conſiderably cools the air. In September the evenings are frequently cold, though at noon the air is proportionately too hot. The greateſt heat always accompanies the eaſt wind; and in the ſummer of 1798 Fahrenheit's thermometer roſe to 104° (32° of Reaumur). A heat equal to 96° of Fahrenheit is not uncommon in Portugal; and from comparative obſervations it appears, that the climate is hotter there than in Rio Janeiro in Braſil, though the heat does not continue near ſo long. From Midſummer-

Midſummer-day to the middle of September rain is extremely uncommon, and even in the beginning of that month very ſcanty: the drought often continues much longer. Immediately after the firſt rains follow the autumnal flowers, the meadow-ſaffron (*colchica*, two ſpecies but little known), ſaffron (*crocus ſativus*), the autumnal ſnowdrop (*leucojum autumnale*), the ſweet-ſmelling *ranunculus bullatus*, and many others. Theſe appear in the higher lands round Cintra, where the rains are earlier than in the lower parts round Liſbon. Immediately after the autumnal flowers come the ſpring-plants, owing to which the interval between ſpring and autumn is ſcarcely perceptible. In October the young graſs ſprings up and the new leaves ſhoot out, rendering it the pleaſanteſt month of the year. In November and December fall heavy rains with frequent ſtorms. Days of perpetual ſilent rain are very rare; for in general it comes down in torrents. The brooks round Liſbon, which it was a little while before eaſy to ſtep over, and which wholly diſappear in ſummer, now ruſh like torrents down the hills. This ſwelling of the ſtreams renders travelling difficult at that ſeaſon, and would retard the operations of war as much in winter as the drought in ſummer. In January cold clear weather often prevails, but becomes milder in February, which is generally a very pleaſant month. We paſſed at

Liſbon

Lisbon the greater part of the winter of 1798-9, which in Germany is still remembered with horror for its length and severity. It was certainly cold there also, froze on the mountains before the town, and before sun-rise ice was even found in the fountains of Lisbon, though it was soon thawed by the sun. The cold was frequently sensible, and many tender people had fires in their chimneys, which, however, are only found in the houses of foreigners; nor is even the brasero of the Spaniards common. That the cold is more severe to strangers than might be expected arises from the sea-breezes, and from the sun giving too much warmth at noon, so that the change in the evening and in the shade are more striking. Snow is so extremely rare, that, fourteen years ago, some happening to fall, the common people were so alarmed that they ran into the churches, and thought the end of the world was coming. In the winter of 1798-9 the cold began on new-year's day, as if it had been a week in travelling from Germany, where it began on Christmas-night. It came also with a north-east wind. A short walk in the fine clear air was, however, sufficient to overcome the cold: the weather was in other respects very fine; and I remember with pleasure that, among others, the solstice was a true May-day. I breathed with pleasure the perfume of the narcissuses that covered the hill of Belem. In

February

February the ſun becomes ſtrong, and thus cauſes a great many ſevere catarrhs, called by the Portugueze conſtipaçoēs. The equinox is followed by heavy rains accompanied with ſtorms, as if all nature were falling in ruins. From this time till June is the moſt changeable ſeaſon of the year. The weather is ſometimes rainy and cool, ſometimes dry and hot, till the accuſtomed heat and drought that follow midſummer-day complete the circle. Storms ſcarcely ever happen in the middle of ſummer; they are confined to winter or the equinoxes, but are then violent, and the lightning is ſometimes deſtructive.

I had no opportunity of experiencing an earthquake at Liſbon, though they are not uncommon, and conſtantly threaten the town with the ſame fate it experienced in 1755. They only happen in winter, from October to April; and it is generally remarked, that they accompany the firſt rains that follow a great drought or ſultry weather. The ſhocks are often very ſlight; and I have often heard accounts of ſuch as have reſembled the ſound of a dog galloping over the ground, or the rumbling of a cart through a gateway under a houſe; but in later times they have often been ſo ſtrong as to move tables and chairs.

The genial temperature of the air is very favourable to agriculture, and it depends entirely on the quantity of rain whether the year be fruitful

ful or the contrary. Wheat is commonly ſown in the neighbourhood of Liſbon, but rye is ſcarce and only grown for cattle; barley is alſo ſown, but I never ſaw any oats. The uſual variety of wheat is that with long-pointed calices, named by Haller *triticum ſiculum**, which requires the beſt ſoil. The *trigo anafil* and *Gallego* are inferior varieties. The fallows are ploughed in autumn, *para decruar as terras*, a ſecond time in May, and laſtly at ſeed-time, after the firſt rains in autumn have rendered the earth ſoft. Light earth is dug, but the heavy is ploughed with oxen, which throughout this peninſula attain a ſize, ſtrength, and beauty, I have never ſeen in France, in England, or in Germany. The harveſt is in May, and the corn is threſhed as with us; but in ſome parts is trod out by horſes or oxen, for which purpoſe a floor is made in the fields. Manure is not commonly uſed, or at moſt putrified plants are laid on. Rye is often in ear in February and March, but is cut down before it is ripe generally for fodder. From theſe few particulars may be ſeen how defective is the huſbandry of this country, how little attention is paid to manure, and how unwiſely a ſpecies of corn, which would eaſily grow on indifferent ſoil, and on the heaths of Portugal, I mean oats, is wholly neglected. It is ſaid in excuſe, that in this climate oats are too heating

* Nov. Comment. Soc. Reg. Gotting. vol. V. p. 13.

for horſes, as if horſes alone ate oats. The maize which is grown on the ſouth ſide of the river does not compenſate the want of oats, as it requires more attention and moiſture; but I ſhall have other occaſions to ſpeak more at large of theſe and other objects of portugueze economy. I will only add here, that low carts drawn by oxen are uſed with thick ſmall wheels, cut out of a ſingle piece of wood, which, being never greaſed, make a dreadful noiſe, intended to drive on the oxen. The driver walks before the beaſts, and governs them with a ſtick furniſhed with an iron point. Theſe carts are alſo uſed in Biſcay and Aſturia. The bad roads in the country render this conveyance perhaps neceſſary; but merchandize are carried as in Spain, every where upon mules.

The portugueze live principally on meat and fiſh, but are not fond of vegetables. In Liſbon the bread is generally bad. It is uſually made of wheat-flour, ſometimes of maize, but never of rye. Water-mills are not uſed; but wind-mills are numerous, and, being furniſhed with triangular ſails, form a ſingular appearance on the hills round Liſbon. Potatoes are not at all cultivated, but imported from England and Ireland. However, Spaniſh potatoes (*helianthus tuberoſus*, in portugueze *batatas* vermelhas*), which are far leſs nu-

* *Battatas* are the Spaniſh potato, which is a ſpecies of the convolvulus. *Vermelho* ſignifies *red*. *Helianthus* is the ſun-flower. The common potato is *ſolanum tuberoſum*. T.

tritive,

tritive, are grown here and there. In March young green peas and beans are eaten, but in these warm climates are not so well flavoured as with us, having always a dryness and insipidity. A small kind of beans*, broccoli, and cauliflowers, are very common, also lettuces (*alface*) and succory; but other species of cole are more scarce, and brown-cole is not to be found. The chick-pea (*cicer arietinum*, in spanish *garvanzos*), which constitutes the chief food of the lower classes in that country, and is certainly preferable to dried peas, is but little cultivated near Lisbon. The common people eat lupins (*lupinus albus*, in portugueze *tremoços*) in great quantities. These are sown in fallows, and the pulse are soaked in running water to destroy their bitterness before they are dressed. On days of procession, bull-fights, and similar occasions, they are sold in the market-place, boiled, but cold, to the common people, who eat them out of their pockets. They have a mealy insipid taste, but are very cheap. Rice is also, both in Spain and Portugal, a very common species of food, and much liked by all classes. It is imported in great quantities from Brasil, and sold at a reasonable price, but is not much cultivated in Portugal except in a few places, as, for instance, here and there in the marshy lands of the province of Alemtejo, along the banks of the

* Vicebohnen, or vetch-beans.

Mondego and of the Vouga. Great quantities of gourds (*abobaras*) are conſumed; and from one variety the fibrous internal part is cut out and preſerved with ſugar. Some of the convents prepare this ſweetmeat extremely well.

Butcher's meat is very good; but calves are not allowed to be ſlaughtered in order to preſerve the cattle, ſo that veal is very rare. It may be eaſily imagined, however, that this law contributes as little to its object as other ſimilar reſtrictions, and therefore is not obeyed. The oxen, as I have already ſaid, are, throughout the peninſula, of a ſize and beauty ſeldom ſeen elſewhere. Pork is alſo very good; and the portugueze hams are much eſteemed. The ſwine of this peninſula are of a particular kind, being ſhort-boned, broad-backed, and having thin black hair, which forms no briſtles on the back: in ſhort, they in ſome degree reſemble the chineſe breed, only wanting their pendent belly. The mutton is the worſt kind of meat. Game is rare, except rabbits and red partridges (*tetrao rufus*), which are extremely common, but not ſo tender as ours. It is remarkable that in Portugal no freſh butter is made excepting in a few private houſes in the country, Iriſh and Dutch butter being commonly uſed. Dutch cheeſe is alſo moſt common and cheapeſt; and milk is no where found but in great cities, excepting goat's milk upon ſome of the mountains. There

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is no doubt that, were the breeding of cattle more attended to, it might, owing to the great plenty of paſture, conſtitute a conſiderable part of the riches of Portugal; and though the drought is great during two months, yet in other countries, which are famous for their breed of cattle, deep ſnows not unfrequently continue for months.

Fiſh conſtitute the principal nouriſhment of the common people and the delicacies of the rich. Both conſume great quantities of bacalhao, of which the Engliſh export thither to the value of a million and a quarter of dollars. There are immenſe warehouſes of this fiſh, which on faſt-days ſupply the tables of the rich and poor. In conſequence of the war between England and Spain, great quantities were ſent over-land to that country; but the ſtock-fiſh ſimply cured, which in Germany is the moſt common (*peixepaõ*), is not ſo uſual in Portugal. Another fiſh, which is taken in immenſe quantities on the coaſt of Portugal, is the *Sardinha*, or pilchard (*Sardinia clupea ſprattus*, Linn.*), which is the food and comfort of the poor. It is often alſo given as food to ſwine. Bread, wine, and ſardinhas, form the dinner of the common ſoldiers, labourers, and ſimilar claſſes; and I have often ſeen beggars rub their

* In this name I have followed Brünniche and Vandelli, though I do not believe the ſardine of the ſouth to be the ſame as the ſprat of the north.

children's bread with a ſardinha to give it a taſte. Were this fiſhery properly carried on, it might ſupply the place of bacalhao, and would even ſupply Portugal with fiſh-oil: but of this I ſhall ſay more in another place. The other kinds of fiſh eaten here are the *linguado* or ſole (*pleuronectes ſolea*, alſo called *linguatula*), the *rodovalho* or turbot (*pleuronectes rhombus*), the ſavel or ſhad (*clupea aloſa*), the *ruivo* (*trigla cuculus* *), the *ſafio* or conger (*muræna ophis*), the *peſcada*, a non-deſcript ſpecies of gadus, though leſs eſteemed, the *cavalla* or mackarel (*ſcomber pelamis*), the *peixe eſpada* or ſword-fiſh (*trichiurus enſiformis* † Vandelli), &c. ſome of which are very good ‡.

Among the ſpices uſed for culinary purpoſes I ſhall only mention caſſia from Braſil, which ſupplies the place of cinnamon, and the pichurim-bohne, which is uſed inſtead of nutmegs; the taſte is pleaſant, ſomewhat reſembling that of fennel, but very different from nutmegs. *Pimentaõ*, or cayenne pepper (*capſicum annuum*), is not ſo

* *Ruivo* ſignifies roach; *trigla cuculus* is red gurnard.

† The proper name of the ſword-fiſh is xiphias.

‡ Tileſius, in his appendix to his new Picture of Liſbon, gives a liſt of the fiſh ſold there, great part of which is accurate; but it is inconceivable how the author could take the fiſh called *peſcada* for ſtock-fiſh and haddock (*gadus callarias* and *eglefinus*), which are well known to be ſtrangers to the ſouth of Europe. But this is not the only error in natural hiſtory the above-mentioned author has committed.

common

common in Portugal as in Spain. In ſummer many diſhes are dreſſed with *tomates* or love apples (*ſolanum lycopersicon*), which gives them a pleaſant acid flavour; it alſo makes a good ſallad.

The fruits moſt common are oranges and grapes; melons and water-melons are alſo extremely common in ſummer; but the latter are ſeldom very large, and the former often bad. The figs on the ſouth ſide of the river, eſpecially from Almada, are very good; the dried figs are brought from Algarvia. Plumbs, cherries, and peaches, are ſcarce and bad; apples and pears very good, but dear and ſcarce; they are moſtly brought from Colares, a market-town not far from Cintra. Excellent cheſnuts are roaſted by women at the corners of every ſtreet, and are ſold freſh and hot. They would entice a German to eat if there were not cloſe to them a pot of ſardines frying in ſtinking oil, or if the women (who are called *frigideiras*) did not likewiſe ſtink. Cheſnuts are alſo ſometimes brought from Colares, but moſtly from Portalegre. The dried fruit from the north of Portugal ſold here is very bad. The olives are ſmall, and give a better oil than thoſe of Spain; but they are generally pickled quite ripe, in conſequence of which they have a diſagreeable brown colour, and an unpleaſant diſguſting taſte.

This is a ſhort deſcription of the proviſions of Liſbon. A foreigner will find a very good table at ſome of the inns, unleſs, as often happens, his national taſte be ſo ſtrongly impreſſed that he is determined to find fault with every thing becauſe it is not ſo good as in Old England, Paris, Cadiz, or Hamburg.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Police of Liſbon, and Deſcription of the Portugueze.

THE firſt object that muſt ſtrike every foreigner on entering Liſbon, is the badneſs of the police; the filth of the ſtreets lies every where in heaps, which, in the narrow ſtreets where the rain does not waſh it away, require great ſkill in walking, to avoid ſinking into them. In one of the moſt frequented ſtreets on the river leading to the Ribera nova, there is only a narrow path winding near the houſes; and the reader may form an idea of the number of people who daily uſe it, the gallegos with their very heavy burthens, which a paſſenger cannot avoid; while the carts paſs as near to the houſes as poſſible, that the horſes may not go in the deepeſt part of the mud; and thus all the dirt and filth is blindly ſplaſhed upon the paſſengers, in the worſt manner conceivable. As to the night, the city was formerly lighted, but now this practice has ceaſed; and, as the window-ſhutters are ſhut early, there is no light to diminiſh the darkneſs of theſe dirty, narrow, ill-paved ſtreets. A hoſt of dogs without maſters, and living on the public, wander about like hungry wolves; and, ſtill worſe than theſe, an army of banditti. Our friends often expreſſed their aſtoniſhment

niſhment at our venturing into Portugal in theſe times of war; but I aſſured them it was by no means ſo bold an undertaking, as to go at midnight from Belem to Maravilhas, at the eaſtern extremity of the town. How can a nation among whom are a number of enlightened men, bear ſuch an abomination, which degrades Liſbon even below Conſtantinople?

The government is ſaid annually to appropriate a conſiderable ſum to cleanſing the ſtreets; but how this money is diſpoſed of is beſt known to the intendant of the police of Liſbon and of the whole kingdom, Dom Diogo Ignacio de Pina Manique. Nor muſt the reader be ſurprized if I ſhould relate much evil of Dom Diogo, his unjuſt impriſonments, and the wretched manner in which he feeds the priſoners; but this I will relate in few words, to ſhew that Dom Diogo is by no means beloved, though a traveller ought to be very cautious and moderate in forming his judgement.

The amuſements of the carnival are always governed by the ruling taſte of every nation. Of what then ſhould they conſiſt at Liſbon? Both high and low delight in throwing all kinds of dirt and filth on the paſſengers, who in conformity to cuſtom, and to avoid quarrels, muſt bear it patiently.

The high walls of the quintas in the town, the vacant and deſerted grounds, invite to robbery and murder,

murder, which are ſtill farther favoured by the badneſs of the police. Theſe crimes are always perpetrated with knives, though all pointed knives are prohibited.

Murders generally ariſe from revenge or jealouſy; robbers are generally contented with threats. The ſpring is the moſt dangerous time, and I have known every night marked with ſome murder. The boldneſs of the aſſaſſins is aſtoniſhing. On a faſt-day, in a proceſſion in honour of St. Rochus, a man was murdered in open day in the throng, at five o'clock in the afternoon. In the ſummer of the ſame year a man was robbed at noon, between the walls near the prince of Waldeck's, who was witneſs to the tranſaction. The robbers were even ſo bold as to attack coaches. But the criminals almoſt always eſcaped, the compaſſion of the Portugueze being ſuch, that every one aſſiſts him in his flight. They exclaim Coutadinho! or alas, poor man! and every thing is done to aſſiſt him. The puniſhment of death is entirely done away, and the culprit is ſent to the Indies or Angola; a puniſhment which by no means gives the impreſſion of death, though the climates of both are ſo unwholeſome that deſtruction is certain.

A great part of theſe robbers are negroes, of whom there is a greater number here perhaps than in any other city of Europe, not excepting London. Many of them get their bread as tradeſpeople,

not unfrequently become good and reſpectable citizens, and inſtances occur of their arriving at a high degree of ſkill as artiſans. A larger portion are beggars, thieves, procurers, and procureſſes. Every negro who has ſerved his maſter ſeven years in Europe is free, and then not unfrequently becomes a beggar unleſs he has had a very good maſter. Great numbers of them are employed as ſailors, and I do not ſee any reaſon why they are not alſo enliſted as ſoldiers; but Mr. Jungk's aſſertion, that one fourth of the inhabitants of Liſbon are negroes and creoles, like many other aſſertions of that author, is much exaggerated.

There is a great number of vagabonds in Liſbon, for all idle people from the provinces come in torrents to the metropolis, and are permitted to live in the open town without impediment. Hence ariſe the immenſe number of beggars, who partly rove about, and partly remain in fixed places, crying out continually, and promiſing to mention this or that perſon to Noſſa Senhora in their prayers. A phyſician might here meet with an uncommon number of remarkable cutaneous diſorders; I have often obſerved a true leproſy, and endeavoured by obſervations of this kind to render myſelf inſenſible to the diſguſt they inſpire. Theſe beggars receive a great deal in charity, through a miſtaken ſenſe of piety prevalent in catholic countries. They alſo often practiſe artifices

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to obtain charity. I remember an old man who fell down before us through hunger, as he afterwards ſaid, and thus immediately obtained from my youthful companion a conſiderable piece of gold; while I, ſomewhat colder, remarked his theatrical performance, withheld my charity, examined into the affair, and found my ſuſpicions grounded. Another claſs of begging is that for ſouls in purgatory. The religious fraternities, to whom it properly belongs to collect theſe alms, and to have maſſes performed in a certain church for that purpoſe, farm out this employment to certain people, who poſt themſelves in the neighbourhood of this church to beg; for which they generally pay eight milrees annually, and by this contract frequently gain one hundred milrees a year. Every thing is done in Portugal *pelo amor de Deos e pelas almas*, (for the love of God and of the ſouls). The monaſteries ſend their fruit, uſually grapes, to be ſold in the ſtreets as it were by auction, in order to perform maſſes for the money. They are cried about the ſtreets as *uvas pelas almas* (grapes for the ſouls); and when the price is aſked, the anſwer is generally conſiderable. In the *calzada de eſtrella* ſat a beggar, who always cried ſnuff for the ſouls. Snuff is a great article of neceſſity for all ranks, for both ſexes, for every old man, and in ſhort for the whole nation. Nor is it difficult to obtain the partiality of

of any of the common claſs of people, if the traveller but offer him a pinch of good ſnuff. I ſaw a beggar-woman put ſome ſnuff to the noſe of her child who was ſtill in arms. On a botanical excurſion near Liſbon I met a well-dreſſed lady, who aſked me for a pinch of ſnuff, as ſhe had loſt her box; and when I told her that I never uſed one, ſhe replied, with an expreſſion of the moſt violent grief, *eſtou deſeſperada* (I am quite in deſpair). Nor can we blame Alphonſo IV. for giving the engliſh ſoldiers, who had fought ſo bravely for him at the battle of Ameixial, two pounds of tobacco each. The ſmoaking of tobacco is, however, very uncommon; nor are even cigarros, though ſo cuſtomary in Spain, uſed by any but ſailors.

The porters, water-carriers, and moſt of the ſervants, come from the ſpaniſh province of Gallicia, and are called Gallegos. Theſe uſeful men leave their poor native country, emigrating partly into the other provinces of Spain, partly into Portugal, to earn money by the ſevereſt labour, and, in many provinces of Portugal, aſſiſt in the harveſt. They are extremely laborious, and, though avaricious, honeſt. This character, however, is not entirely unſpotted. Sometimes they ſettle in Portugal, and open ſmall tippling and eating houſes, or grocers' ſhops, but generally return home with the money they have gained. I

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have often ſeen pictures of portugueze, which, inſtead of natives, repreſented Gallegos, whoſe dreſs is ſomewhat different. The vignette of the *New Picture of Liſbon* has the ſame fault.

The dreſs of the common people is a veſt of various colours, as blue, black, dark brown, &c. over which they wear a mantle with hanging ſleeves, like the Spaniards, but a three-cornered hat, and not a brown cap, which is peculiar to the Gallegos. Young ladies alſo wear a ſimilar mantle, as do both men and women of conſiderable rank, only that they wear them of various colours, and often figured. Beneath this mantle a faſhionable dreſs is often concealed, ſimilar to that of London or Paris. Great coats and round hats are quite unuſual among the natives. Women of the lower claſſes wear a handkerchief wound round their head ſo that a corner hangs down behind; ſome wear the ſpaniſh net (*redeſilla*) but never the ſpaniſh veil. Among the rich, who in other reſpects purſue european faſhions, we here and there ſaw one with her hair tied flat behind with a riband. The female peaſants round Liſbon come to town in a red jacket and a black pointed velvet cap.

Murphy, who in his travels into Portugal has many very juſt remarks, is truly ridiculous in others. He ſays, for inſtance, fruit-women wear pointed caps, though he might, however, have eaſily

eaſily convinced himſelf of the contrary. Having alſo, perhaps, once ſeen ſome ſervants playing at cards while waiting for their maſters, he ſets this down as a general characteriſtic; but, with his permiſſion, I have alſo once ſeen the ſame in London. On ſunday, he ſays, that the hair-dreſſers go about with their ſwords and chapeaux-bras; this alſo may have happened once, but is by no means cuſtomary. Fires ſeldom happen in Liſbon; but in the winter of 1798-9 they occurred very often, and a houſe was burnt down in which a young girl loſt her life. He ſays much in favour of the common people, and praiſes the great politeneſs of the portugueze; adding, that they conſtantly give the right-hand to ſtrangers in walking. Juſt the contrary: it is ſingular that, in direct oppoſition to the cuſtoms of other nations, the portugueze through politeneſs give every one the *left*-hand. His knowledge of the language cannot be great, for he ſays a portugueze never fails to ſay, "I am dying with deſire to ſee you;" which he tranſlates, with a violation of all grammar, *morro com ſaudades de o ver**.

What is ſaid in praiſe of this nation by Murphy and other writers is very juſt; but what they ſay againſt them is not unfrequently exaggerated. They who would judge of the nation by Liſbon

* He ſhould have ſaid *de ver a vm.* T.

run

run the risk of committing frequent errors; for this city is a rendezvous for all the vagabonds of the whole kingdom, and a great part of the foreigners of the lower ranks are also the scum of their nations. I know that these last are sometimes very docile, and easily fall into the custom of hiring themselves as banditti; for I know certainly of serious propofals of this kind being made. But I must confess that, notwithstanding the numbers of bad people among the lower classes, and the unworthy manner in which foreigners often act toward the inhabitants, examples are not wanting of true and disinterested hospitality among the common people. Round Lisbon and in the villages, however, the true portugueze character not unfrequently again appears, to which I have already borne testimony of my full approbation.

Both the higher and lower classes are very fond of a profusion of compliments, which flow in a torrent from every mouth. A common peasant meeting another takes off his hat quite low down, holds him a long while by the hand, enquires after his health and that of his family, and does not fail to add, I am at your commands, and your humble servant *(estou a seus ordens, seu criado)*. This is not a remark taken from a single instance, for I have heard it extremely often from ass-drivers and others of similar classes. The portugueze

language indeed, even in the mouths of the common people, has naturally ſomething well-bred and elegant; nor do they ever uſe oaths and indecent expreſſions, like the engliſh, french, and ſpaniſh low execrations, though the loweſt claſſes indeed ſometimes mention the devil. All the portugueze are naturally talkative, and ſometimes very inſipid. The rich are ſaid to conceal a falſe heart beneath a profuſion of polite expreſſions. I have nothing to ſay in defence of the higher claſſes; they are as inferior to the ſpaniards as the common people excel them. The want of ſcience and taſte, which perhaps ariſe from the total want of works of art in this country; a government which never had wiſdom or opportunity to bring into action the nobler paſſions of mankind, the conſtant and oppreſſive neighbourhood of the engliſh, who juſtly feel their ſuperiority, and the total decay of literature, are, I conceive, the chief cauſes why the portugueze nobles are formed of worſe materials than any european nobility.

The male ſex are not handſome; and a tall man is rarely ſeen, the generality being ſhort, fat, and ſquare-made. Their features are alſo ſeldom regular, turned-up noſes and projecting lips being ſo common as to ſuggeſt an idea of a mixture with negroes. The difference between the ſpaniards and the portugueze is extremely ſtriking, the latter being fat, the former meagre, the noſes

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of the latter turned up, thoſe of the former arched downward, ſo that they only agree in their yellow complexions and black eyes. Of the fair ſex, the author of the *New Picture of Liſbon*, who was a Frenchman, and his german editor at Leipzig, Tileſius, differ; the former praiſing, and the latter cenſuring them. In fact, they have the ſame defects as the other ſex, being of too low a ſtature and inclined to corpulency; but their countenances are expreſſive, and their manners animated and friendly; which, with very fine eyes, long and uncommonly ſtrong hair, very white teeth, full breaſts, and extremely beautiful feet, form, in my opinion, a charming aſſemblage, and compenſate other irregularities. Although in Liſbon, as in every other great city, there is no ſcarcity of courteſans, and though, as their doors ſtand open, every one may enter, yet they are far leſs importunate than in London, or the palais royal at Paris; but the deſcription of them in the *New Picture of Liſbon*, though in ſome reſpects true, is on the whole exaggerated. But to return to ladies of condition. Thoſe ſofter graces which adorn the beauties of the north are rarely ſeen in Portugal; and perhaps they might as ill become the fire of Portugueze eyes as a burning climate can give them birth. Great beauties, however, may be ſeen in Liſbon, particularly when the ſlender northern ſhape and the white fine ſkin of

thoſe climates are united with the advantages of the ſouth, producing as it were the moſt beautiful work of nature.

From this charming ſubject I am obliged to paſs to the uncleanlineſs of the portugueze. On leaving England and entering France every ſpecies of uncleanlineſs becomes greater and greater in proportion as we travel ſouthward. The apartments grow conſtantly more dirty, the privies are more horrible, or totally diſappear, and a hoſt of vermin of all kinds ſwarm round the traveller in his ſleep*. The removal of many of theſe inconveniences has been attempted in the new german and engliſh inns at Liſbon; and in this reſpect that city is preferable to Madrid. It is neceſſary to ſpeak of lice, becauſe too much has already been ſaid of them by others; as that they ſerve the ſoldiers inſtead of cards; that they are commonly bitten between the teeth, &c. It is certain, however, that perſons of condition are not aſhamed openly to kill them, or ſuffer others to do it. It is ſaid that the wife of a miniſter of ſtate does this not unfrequently at cards in very large companies. This indeed I did not ſee; but

* This was always ſo. See Zeileri Itenerar. Hiſpan. p. 280, Liſbona. They (the extractor does not ſay who) lodged there with an Italian, and had tolerably good fare, but bad wine, and were moleſted with ſo many fleas, that, as the author ſays, they were almoſt in deſpair.

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at Caldas in Gerez, a place reſorted to for its warm baths, I ſaw the ſiſter of the biſhop and of the governor of Oporto, a charming young widow of an ancient noble family, in an afternoon, before her door, laying her head in the lap of her waiting woman to be louſed; and I know for certain that young ladies, when they viſit each other, reciprocally perform this office by way of paſtime.

CHAP. XIX.

The amuſements of Liſbon.

THE ſociety of Liſbon is dull and melancholy, eſpecially when compared with that of large ſpaniſh cities. The inhabitants neither walk nor ride; there is no prado where a man may daily ſhew himſelf to the public, nor any public gardens or houſes to which he may form parties; even the fine ſtream that waſhes the town is unenjoyed. In all reſpects there is very little luxury, nor are there any fine equipages; and the coaches, which every rich perſon keeps, are made on the ugly ſpaniſh model, and drawn by mules. The deſire of keeping many ſervants, that ſpecies of luxury ſo deſtructive to every country, here alſo prevails. They are, however, poorly clad and ill fed, having rice almoſt every day. The rich keep within the circle of their own families, and the tranquillity of their courts is ſcarcely ever diſturbed. They ſpend a part of the year in their quintas; and in Auguſt and September go to Cintra, where they ſee more of each other. It is a trait of their character, that at places, where the richeſt part of the town aſſemble together, they dance to one violin. In general the portugueze are not fond of dancing, which is ſeldom

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ſeen among the common people, except in the market-places ſometimes a foffa, or ſpaniſh ſeguedilla*, is danced, and by travellers miſtaken for the fandango. For foreigners and the principal Portugueze, as for inſtance the miniſters, a public aſſembly-room is built, where is a dance every thurſday. But this is rather an amuſement for the foreigners, who form here a ſeparate claſs of ſociety; the lower orders aſſemble in coffee-houſes, (*lojes*) of which there are ſeveral in every ſtreet, and often a conſiderable number. They are ſmall, dirty, and ill contrived, and afford wretched coffee, bad punch and other refreſhments. The chocolate is bad throughout Portugal, and mixed with a diſguſting fat. In ſhort, it is infinitely inferior to that of Spain. There is only one tolerable coffee-houſe, which is viſited by people of condition, and where at that time every thing that could be deſired might be had, and of excellent quality. The lower claſſes reſort to the numerous wine houſes (*tavernas*), where a red wine is ſold, which round Liſbon is very bad. I have both here and in Spain obſerved that the inhabitants do not accuſtom themſelves to drinking wine, but are intoxicated by a quantity which a German or an Engliſhman, after a ſhort reſidence in this country, would ſcarcely feel.

* Probably the Author means a *bolero*; a dance ſubſtituted for the fandango, which in the large towns of Spain women of ſtrict manners refuſe to dance. T.

One of the principal amuſements of the rich is the Italian opera, which is not ſupported by the court, but by private individuals. It was at that time in all reſpects excellent, and the ſingers have rendered every other opera to me inſipid. The beſt of theſe performers was added to it at the time, when the French occupied Rome and turned out the Caſtrati from the great opera. Creſcentini eclipſed all the reſt; but I ſhould only name him to thoſe who knew Italy, which is the mother of muſic, before the late troubles. In Liſbon unmarried women are not allowed to perform at any theatre; and here, where their places are ſupplied by Caſtrati, little more is loſt than an illuſion of the imagination, which perhaps miſleads the judgement. The opera was my principal amuſement at Liſbon. The houſe is large and handſome, the diſpoſition of its parts excellent, and the attention of the manager, that every one ſhould be in his proper place, very exemplary. Sometimes alſo Portugueze operettas are performed, generally farces, as afterpieces, in which the Portugueze language has a pleaſing effect in the Italian mouth of Zamparini.

Beſides the opera-houſe called *teatro* de Carlos, there is a portugueze play-houſe called *teatro do ſalitre*, ſituated in a narrow little ſtreet behind the public promenade: it is much leſs than the opera-houſe, very narrow, and is but little viſited by perſons

perſons of condition. Under ſuch circumſtances little can be expected. Here alſo no women perform, their parts being filled by men who can ſcarcely conceal their beards. The players are frequently artiſans. A ſhoemaker who had been at work all day performed among other comical old characters, and was not the worſt of the actors. The pieces repreſented are generally tranſlations from the Italian, leſs frequently from other languages, and ſtill more rarely original. But I have never myſelf ſeen or heard announced even on this ſtage, the portugueze merryandrew who is called *gracioſo*. All the tragedies and ſerious plays are bad or ill-performed, nor can any thing be more wretched than the principal lovers. The after-pieces are wretched farces, almoſt more ſo than the ſpaniſh *ſaynetes*; but the *tonadilla* is not at all known. Among their greater pieces, however, ſome are not without merit; the nation in general have a ſtrong inclination to wit and ſatire, and the language is particularly calculated for the expreſſion of humour. I ſaw with great pleaſure, an imitation of *the brother of Jamaica*. It is alſo imitated in German, under the title of *the father from Liſbon*. This piece, which bears the inſcription of 1798, is a lively repreſentation of a diſtinguiſhed, but ruined family in Liſbon, is full of ſtriking alluſions, abounds in humour, and though avowedly an imitation, is quite local and original

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in its alluſions. Many of the parts were extremely well played. But it is perhaps no proof of a great advancement in the ſtage, that comic parts repreſenting ſervants and chambermaids are well performed.

Near this theatre is the place uſed for bull-fights. It is moderately large, quadrangular and ſurrounded with wooden baluſtrades and benches. On one ſide are boxes for perſons of rank, and one for the corregedor, who has the ſuperintendence of it; the reſt of the ſeats are divided into two parts, the ſhady, and the ſunny ſide, the former of which is the deareſt, and conſiſts of wretched wooden benches riſing in an amphitheatre above each other. I have often been preſent at this exhibition, but I muſt confeſs that the number of perſons of rank was very ſmall, and that of unmarried ladies inconſiderable; the place being filled with the middling and lower claſſes. In ſummer there were bull-fights almoſt every ſunday, from twelve to fifteen beaſts being killed in an afternoon. In winter this amuſement entirely ceaſes. A few days before they commence, the managers announce them to the public, by proceſſions on horſe-back, like the profeſſors of horſemanſhip in Germany. A ſhort time before the bull-fight, they make various proceſſions in the ſquare, with ſoldiers in maſks, and managed horſes who bend their knee and perform other tricks; alſo,

alſo, ſeveral bulls are previouſly driven over the place of combat, which they teaze and irritate, but without killing them. The bulls intended for the fight are previouſly enraged and made wild, in a place at the entrance of the ſquare. The points of their horns are guarded with knobs, ſo that they can ſeldom do miſchief; notwithſtanding which, a bull hurt one of the combatants ſo ſeverely that he died ſome time after. At the beginning of the combat, a man opens the door ſo as to ſtand behind it. Meanwhile the beaſt ruſhes forward, and immediately attacks the *torreador* who is on horſeback, and has placed himſelf oppoſite to the door, but being accuſtomed to avoiding him according to art, gives him a ſtab with a lance. In one inſtance I ſaw the beaſt receive it in his neck, and inſtantly fall down dead. If he miſſes this blow, he muſt not kill him, but another combatant on horſeback, and a great many on foot, irritate the beaſt on all ſides, thus preventing him from purſuing any one in particular. This is a cruel amuſement. They ſtab him with pikes, and hang oblong pieces of wood with ſharp iron hooks on his body, and frequently in ſuch numbers, that the blood ruſhes from him like a torrent. There is nothing fine in this exhibition, but the ruſhing forth of the enraged beaſt, or the pauſes he ſometimes makes in the middle of the ſquare, where he tears up the earth and roars aloud as in defiance; but nothing

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is more diſguſting than to ſee a tame and cowardly beaſt, that can ſcarcely be provoked to combat. At length the preſident gives a ſignal to kill the beaſt: a *capinho* (ſo called becauſe his *capa* or cloak is of important uſe to him), attacks the beaſt on foot with a drawn ſword, endeavouring to provoke him to combat, as he muſt not kill him in any other way, and every thruſt in the ſide or behind would be diſhonourable. He waves the red cloak before the bull, who ruſhes at and bends his head down to vent his rage on the cloak, at which moment he receives the fatal blow in the nape of his neck. This however ſeldom happens the firſt attempt. Sometimes the capinho leaves his cloak behind him. In general the aſſiſtants contribute to his ſecurity, by throwing handkerchiefs or other things toward the bull, upon which he attacks theſe and leaves the man *.

Now that I am ſpeaking of amuſements, I muſt not forget the religion of the country, which throughout this peninſula conſtitutes an important part of theſe. For in fact people go to maſs becauſe they have no other walk, they love the ceremonies of religion as a paſtime, and follow proceſſions as they would go to an opera. In every book of travels in Portugal we find accounts of amours, to which the maſs has given occaſion,

* When the beaſt is killed, a horſe is brought out with tackle, and drags him off. T.

and

and as uſual this is alſo exaggerated. As young women ſcarcely ever go out but to maſs, it is natural to ſuppoſe that love would not neglect this ſingle opportunity, and it is equally natural that the female heart ſhould be attached to thoſe places, where it firſt experienced the pleaſing emotions of paſſion, and of devotion. In the country the object of an evening walk is frequently an image of the virgin, where people kneel down to pray, then riſe up, and laugh and joke as before. In general the portugueze very ſtrictly obſerve the external ſigns of religion, even perhaps more than the ſpaniards; and none eat meat on a faſt-day, but thoſe who are conſiderably enlightened. I was once much amuſed at hearing a queſtion agitated, whether it was a greater ſin to eat meat on a faſt-day, or to violate the ſixth commandment; when the general anſwer was, that the latter was a trifle, compared to the former. Notwithſtanding this, neither the nation nor the common people are ſo fanatical as in Spain. Of this I could relate many individual tracts, but will content myſelf with a few. I was preſent at a proceſſion at St. Ubes, where two captains of ſhips, a dane and an engliſhman, ſuffered the hoſt to paſs them, without taking off their hats. Of this no one took notice, except a portugueze ſailor, who aſked who were thoſe people with their hats on. The anſwer was *ſaõ Inglezes fideputas*, (they are engliſh

ſons

ſons of b——s), and nothing more was ſaid. When the Prince of Waldeck was buried, I heard one of the common people ſay, "he was a heretick, but a very good man," *hum muyto bom homem.* Upon this I mixed with the crowd, and heard nothing but praiſes of the worthy prince, who was even carried to the heretic cemetery. I heard alſo, that he had refuſed on his death-bed the accuſtomed ſolicitations to become a catholick, and found, to my great aſtoniſhment, his conduct generally approved, "becauſe every one ſhould live and die in his religion." The portugueze conſider every foreigner as a heretic, yet are polite, and ready to ſerve them, and even expreſs ſurpriſe when they meet with a foreigner who is a catholick. This trait ſhows how much of their antient bigotry this nation have loſt, owing probably to their commerce with the engliſh.

The inclination of the portugueze merely to obſerve the ceremonies of religion is evidently the cauſe of this diminution of fanaticiſm, and alſo of ſeveral good cuſtoms that prevail. Whoever has any money buys a permiſſion to work on faſt-days, in conſequence of which the fields and vineyards round Liſbon are full of labourers on ſome rather important faſts. In regard to public buſineſs, ſunday is obſerved much more ſtrictly in London than in Liſbon. This inclination, indeed, of the people is attended with much greater diſ-

advantages;

advantages; for, hence they continue always ignorant, and are the dupes of an equally ignorant prieſthood. The late government of a weak ſuperſtitious queen has contributed greatly to increaſe their power; and it can only be attributed to the ſpirit of the age and of the nation, that the fury of the inquiſition has confined itſelf, as formerly, to keeping the prieſthood in chains and puniſhing ſome unprotected authors. It now is, perhaps, the wiſh of the government, through fear of revolutions, that the people ſhould be in the hands of the prieſthood; but they ought to remember that both Portugal and Spain have their *Chabots*.

To thoſe who are not completely enlightened nothing is ſo dangerous as partial information. Would it be believed, that the moſt learned monks in Portugal, the Fathers of the Oratory (jocoſely called *manugrecos*), are the moſt violent perſecutors and heretic-makers? as though they would monopoliſe all knowledge, and therefore endeavour to keep the reſt of mankind in brutal ignorance. The queen's confeſſor, Dom Franciſco Gomez, is of this fraternity, and is well known.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Public inſtitutions at Liſbon.

LISBON is by no means deſtitute of literary inſtitutions. The firſt and moſt important is, doubtleſs, the academy of ſciences, founded by the preſent queen immediately after the beginning of her reign, that ſhe might contribute ſomething to the advancement of literature, which Pombal had not. The preſident is the Duke of Lafoēs, of the royal houſe of Braganza, generaliſſimo of the forces, and one of the firſt perſonages in the country. The duke has travelled abroad, is a favourer of learned men, and, although he has many peculiarities, is by no means unenlightened or deſtitute of talents. The ſecretary is Dom Joſe Correa da Serra, now in London, where I had the pleaſure of becoming acquainted with him, and found him to be a man whoſe ſcience, talents, and enlightened mind, do honour to his country. With theſe qualities it was natural he ſhould have quarrels with the inquiſition, in conſequence of which he thought it more prudent to live abroad. He continues, however, to enjoy his office, and his ſubſtitute is Dom Franciſco de Borja Garçaō

Stockler,

Stockler*, who alſo had ſome trouble on account of his eulogium on D'Alembert, which was too free and too well-written for this country. The academy have already done much for the advancement of ſcience, and have publiſhed ſix volumes of *Memorias da Litteratura Portugueza*, conſiſting in great meaſure of papers on the hiſtory and laws of Portugal. Then follow three parts of *Memorias economicas*, among which are many excellent papers, and two parts of prize memoirs, the firſt on the method of cultivating and manuring land, and the ſecond on the vine. For ſome years paſt theſe publications have been interrupted. In 1797, appeared the firſt volume of their larger treatiſes, in quarto, very handſomely printed, in which are ſeveral papers that deſerve attention. Added to theſe, the academy have in their printing-office ſeveral works for publication, of which I ſhall only name the Flora Cochinchinenſis by Loureiro. All books treating of ſcientific ſubjects are printed at the expenſe of the queen, the number of readers being too ſmall for any book-

* I mention all theſe names, though in foreign countries they are generally ſuppreſſed in common converſation: but as in company the firſt name alone is generally uſed, it ought never to be omitted. The reſt are ſurnames, ſhewing the connection of families. Mr. Jungk unjuſtly conſiders it as ridiculous that Barboſa's library is catalogued according to theſe firſt names; for ſurnames are not much more various.

ſeller or printer to gain by them. Hence literature is in its infancy, little being written, and literary fame unknown; nor can any thing ſerve literary men but family or other connexions*.

In January, 1799, was inſtituted a geographical academy, particularly relative to Portugal, the members of which have already completed a new map of that country now ready for publication. All the maps of Portugal are extremely defective; even the large chart by Lopez, in eight ſheets, is equally ſo with the reſt, and conſequently thoſe publiſhed in Germany, even the laſt by Mannert, being all taken from it.

The college of the nobles, in a very handſome and extenſive building, founded in 1761; the *academia real das guardas marinhas*, founded in 1782, the *academia real da marinha* in 1779, and the *academia real da fortificacaō* in 1790, have alſo their profeſſors, called *lentes*; but all theſe inſtitutions are in a weak and lingering ſtate. Beſides theſe there are, at Liſbon, profeſſors paid by the government for the inſtruction of youth. There is in fact no want of means, the defect is in the

* The academy conſiſts of, 1ſt, honorary members, as miniſters of ſtate, and perſons of high rank in Liſbon; 2d, foreign members; 3d, ſocios veteranos; 4th, acting members, who are divided into three claſſes, *viz.* natural hiſtory, mathematics, and literature; 5th, free members, and a great number of correſponding members, of whom Käſtner is at the head.

choice

choice of them, the requiſite taſte for knowledge not having yet been found, and no one knowing how to impart it.

There are public libraries in Liſbon, which, though far from ranking in the firſt claſs, are by no means ſo bad as ſome travellers would deſcribe who have merely taken a curſory view of them. But it is very unjuſt to complain becauſe we happen to be too much alarmed at the voluminous *Acta Sanctorum* to take the trouble of aſking for any other book. The principal of theſe libraries, which is in the large building in the praça do commercio, contains many works of importance, and even ſome papers on natural hiſtory. I am better acquainted, however, with the library in the benedictine monaſtery of Noſſa ſenhora de Jeſus, as I lived nearer to it. Here is a very complete collection of portugueze and modern ſpaniſh literature; nor is there any want of french works, as, for inſtance, a complete ſet of the *Encyclopédie par Ordre des Matières*. German books are not to be expected in any foreign part, though Wolf's latin works, Brucker's Hiſtory of Philoſophy, and other books of that period, occur in every portugueze library. Next to french literature that of Italy is moſt abundant, ſtill more, though it might not be expected, than the engliſh, which the portugueze ſeldom learn, though they are always reading french. In ſhort,

both theſe libraries may be compared with many of the public libraries in conſiderable towns in Germany. A third library, that of the monaſtery of San Vincente de fora, is indeed not open to the publick; but it is ſufficient to be once introduced to be always admitted. It contains a very complete collection of even the ſmalleſt portugueze works.

There are many bookſellers' ſhops in Liſbon, the maſters of which, however, have no foreign buſineſs. I ſhall only name the widow Bertrand and ſon, near the church of Noſſa Senhora dos Martyres acima do Xiado. New portugueze works are eaſily procured there, and at the prices marked in the printed catalogue. Each book has a price prefixed, and the bookſeller is contented with a moderate profit. Mr. Jungk's complaint, in his preface to his portugueze grammar, is no longer juſt in the preſent times.

If we may truſt the Court-calendar, there are in Liſbon a conſiderable number of collections of natural hiſtory, chemical laboratories, and botanical gardens; but we muſt not ſuffer ourſelves to be thereby miſled, as many of them do not deſerve the ſmalleſt notice. If the garden of the Marquis de Abrantes is a botanical garden, many towns in Germany abound in them. The ſon of the miniſter of war, Dom Luis Pinto Maximo, inſerted

ſerted his collections and laboratory in the Court-calendar merely for a joke*.

The royal muſeum at Ajuda deſerves alſo to be ſeen. It will not, indeed, bear a compariſon with that of Paris, or even that of Madrid; it is ſmall, not a ſingle claſs is well ſtocked, and it contains fewer ſpecimens from Braſil than might be expected. There are, however, ſome curious ſpecimens; and, among others, one very ſingular of copper ore, found in a valley two leagues from Cachocira, and fourteen from Bahia. Its weight, according to Vandelli, is 2616 pounds, its greateſt length being 3 feet 2 inches, its greateſt breadth 2 feet and half an inch, and its greateſt thickneſs 2 feet 4 inches. The upper ſurface is uneven, being here and there covered with malachite and iron ochre, and on one ſide it is fooliſhly poliſhed, and bears an inſcription. Hence mineralogiſts will perceive how ſingular this ſpecimen is of its kind. There is alſo a large piece of elaſtic ſand-ſtone covered with lime-ſpar cryſtals. In the ſame building is an inconſiderable laboratory, and behind it a bonical garden.

This garden is charmingly ſituated, commanding a very fine view of the river and of the ſea, as that of Paris commands part of the town. It is

* It is merely through politeneſs that Tileſius, in his appendix to his New Picture of Lisbon, ſpeaks in praiſe of them.

by no means large, and the green-houſes are uncommonly ſmall; but there is a baſin for water-plants. It is kept apparently very neat, and is very intereſting to botaniſts, who may here make ſome diſcoveries; for whatever happens to be received is planted, and the care of preſerving and bringing them forward is left to nature. It alſo happens, that ſeveral curious plants are ſent hither from the Braſils and other places. At this time ſome ſpice-trees were growing in order to be ſent out to the Braſils, and planted there. But it muſt not be ſuppoſed that any thing is done here with great accuracy. Vandelli turns over the leaves of Murray's edition of Linnæus's Syſtema Veget.; and if he finds a deſcription that at all agrees with the plant, he immediately gives it that name without any farther conſideration.

Doctor Domingos Vandelli, a native of Italy, is well known to the lovers of natural hiſtory by ſome works he has publiſhed, and through his connexion with Linnæus. In his youth he muſt have been an active man, of an enterpriſing turn, and deſirous of fame. In botany, Pontedera was his inſtructor. Under Pombal he was invited from Padua, together with his countryman Della Bella, to be a profeſſor at Coimbra, from which place he came as firſt inſpector of the royal muſeum and royal botanical garden at Liſbon. Beſides this, he was an aſſiſtant in the *Aula do commercio*,

mercio, and had the addreſs, by various manœuvres, to obtain a penſion of 800 cruſades a year. He has not, however, improved as he grew old; for he no longer knows the plants he has formerly deſcribed, and is ſtill more ignorant of others. He is equally ignorant of mineralogy; and his chemical treatiſes, in the tranſactions of the academy, have rendered him ridiculous. All this might be pardoned were he not intolerant toward thoſe who know more than himſelf.

The ſecond inſpector of the muſeum and of the garden is Dom Alexandre Rodriguez Ferreira, of whom ſuffice it to ſay, he has long reſided in Braſil, and has the palſy.

Beſides the royal muſeum, that of the Marquis of Angeja contains ſome ſpecimens worth ſeeing, eſpecially ſome diamonds from Braſil embedded in argillaceous iron-ſtone as near as I could judge. There is another muſeum in the monaſtery of S. N. de Jeſus, chiefly conſiſting of ſhells, but containing many ſpecimens of value. I proceed to other inſtitutions.

There are obſervatories in the monaſtery *das neceſſidades*, in both the academies of the marine, and in the caſtle; but obſervations are ſeldom taken in any of them. There is alſo a want of inſtruments.

The royal hoſpital of San Joſe is a very good inſtitution, and the ſick are well attended. In the

beginning of 1797 there were, according to the Court-calendar, 1088 patients; during that year, 14,818 perſons were brought in, of whom 13,235 were diſmiſſed cured, 1579 died, and 1091 remained. Beſides the account of it in the Calendar, which muſt not always be truſted, it has in its favour common report, even that of foreigners, who generally complain of every thing in Portugal. There are, beſides, an engliſh and a daniſh hoſpital ſupported by individuals of thoſe nations.

Every phyſician muſt have ſtudied at Coimbra, and procured a licence from the protomedicus of Liſbon to practiſe phyſick in Portugal; but it is not requiſite to take a doctor's degree, which they ſeldom do. In Liſbon itſelf, as uſual, they are leſs ſtrict than in other towns, and foreign phyſicians are ſuffered to do as they pleaſe. Edmund More, an engliſh phyſician, was at that time in the higheſt repute. It muſt not, however, be ſuppoſed that all the portugueze phyſicians are altogether ignorant, for here and there is a clever man, and the univerſity of Coimbra is not entirely barbarous. Many alſo purſue their ſtudies at Paris, and, of late, even at Edinburgh. It is ridiculous to aſſert that the arabian ſyſtem of phyſick prevails in Portugal; for the portugueze phyſicians know as little of the Rhazes and Meſue, &c. as we Germans. Almoſt in every

ſtreet

ſtreet is a ſmall apothecary's ſhop; but theſe are under no regulations, and frequently very bad. Many of them, however, after trials I have made of them, did not deſerve the cenſures which ſome travellers have, without examination, beſtowed on them.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Villages round Liſbon. Quelus, the royal reſidence.

ON the ſouth ſide of the river, notwithſtanding the ſandineſs of the country, and the continual ſucceſſion of heaths and pine-foreſts, one village follows another, being generally ſituated on creeks of the river, and ſupported by the traffic carried on by that medium with Liſbon. Round theſe places is a great quantity of garden-fruit, and very good wine is grown here and there, which, with attentive cultivation on the ſandy plains of this warm country, ſucceeds very well. It is to be lamented, there is no acceſs to theſe places but by water, and that during the ebb ſeveral ſwamps appear, which, particularly in ſummer, corrupt the air. Barroco de Alva is well known for its inſalubrious air, nor is Couna by any means a healthy place. On the laſt creek to the eaſtward, is a market-town called Aldea Gallega, of which I have already ſpoken, and on a creek not far from thence a market-town called Mouta, through which lies the road to St. Ubes a conſiderable place though not ſo cloſely built as the former. Farther along the bank of the river itſelf are the beautiful market-towns of Alhoſvedros,

vedros, Lavradio, celebrated for its good wine, and Barreiro. Here begins a ſecond creek, which extends to the market-town of Couna, through which is the road to Azeytaõ. Near this place quickſilver has been found in the ſand, which here alternates with ſtrata of clay containing ſome iron, for which reaſon trenches are cut, and it is intended to make ſome farther attempts of this kind.

It is believed, nor is it at all improbable, that theſe ſtrata are connected with the neighbouring Serra de Arrabida, which is rather a high lime-ſtone mountain. Then follows the laſt creek, with the market-town of Seixal, which is the leaſt of all, and through it lies the road to Cezimbra, a town which ſupplies Liſbon with a great quantity of fiſh. In the angle where the ſtream grows narrow, is the market-town of Caſilhas, the uſual landing place in going up the river from Liſbon, as the landing is always good there without waiting for the flood. The market-town of Montella, and the ſmall town of Almada, are only a quarter of a league from Caſilhas. Thus in a ſpace of five leagues, or about four german miles, are no leſs than ten conſiderable well-built and populous market-towns, without reckoning the numerous villages and hamlets; from which an idea may be formed of the lively ſcene the banks of this river afford.

Below

Below Almada on the bank of the river, is a large engliſh hoſpital for ſailors, particularly for the fleet, and a conſiderable magazine of wine. From hence the bank continues high and hilly, the towns and villages lying in the hollows between the hills. A tower ſtrengthened by a few cannon and ſoldiers, called *torre velha* or old tower, anſwers to the oppoſite tower of Belem. A village called Porto Brandaõ, the landing-place in croſſing the river from Belem, lies in another hollow; but the houſes continue for a league inland to Caparica, where good wine is alſo produced. Cloſe to the mouth of the river is the great fiſhing village of Trafferia, and round the point the village of Acoſta conſiſting of only ſmall houſes, which have the appearance of wooden ſheds, and are diſperſed along the beach. The inhabitants are a bold half-wild race of fiſhermen, who venture far out to ſea, and are conſidered at Liſbon as the refuſe of the nation. I have no reaſon however to complain of them, though on my botanical excurſions I expected to find leſs civility there than elſewhere. From the point, a ſand-bank, which is covered at flood, runs out into the ſea as far as a large fortified tower, which with the oppoſite fortification covers the entrance into the harbour. It is properly called the fort of San Lourenço, but generally the torre de Bugio, ſerving as a place to keep

keep priſoners, till they are ſent to the Indies or Angola.

To Aldea Gallega, Mouta, Couna, Caſilhas, and Porto Brandaõ, daily packet-boats take paſſengers for a trifle. In windy weather, this conveyance is very dangerous, as the ſtream is very rapid, and the boat-men uncommonly careleſs; ſo that misfortunes frequently happen. On a ſtormy morning in November 1798, a boat from Santarem with forty paſſengers, ran againſt the cable of a ſhip, upſet, and only four perſons were ſaved. But only theſe great misfortunes are known to the public; of the ſmaller no notice is taken, the life of a portugueze being conſidered as a trifle.

The north bank of the river extends much farther into the ſea before it forms the cape, or cabo de Rocca. The following are, the principal places along this bank; below Belem is a ſquare tower called Torre de Belem, fortified with cannon, which no veſſel muſt paſs till it has been viſited. Near this tower are ſeveral batteries, as alſo along the bank from hence to fort San Juliaõ. This ſmall irregular fort, commonly called San Giaõ, is built on a rocky point, and extremely well covers the entrance of the harbour: the paſſage into which is difficult, being very narrow, and a bank of ſtones called os cachopos, lying obliquely before the entrance; but if the

forts and batteries are not very ſtrong, nature has done much for the protection of the harbour. A quarter of a league from it, inland, is the ſmall town of Oeyras and, two leagues farther down, the ſmall town of Caſcaes, rather a conſiderable and not ill-built place, ſtanding on a ſtrip of land under which ſhips may lie. Near this town is the ſmall fort of San Antonio; but from hence a conſiderable way to the northward, is a high broken rock without any landing place: the bank to the ſouthward is ſkirted with conſiderable ſand-banks.

Fort San Juliaõ, and fort San Antonio, are the only two of any importance round Liſbon. Theſe are ſufficient to prevent a fleet from entering, but, if it once entered, it would have all Liſbon at its mercy, and might with perfect eaſe level it with the ground. It is therefore ſomewhat ſingular, that both theſe, and the towns of Oeyras and Caſcaes, ſhould be garriſoned by engliſh troops, or ſuch at leaſt as are in the engliſh pay. In general all the emigrant * and engliſh regiments are collected in and about Liſbon; the regiment of Dillon was laſt at Caſcaes, an engliſh regiment of infantry at Oeyras, engliſh dragoons at Belem and Oeyras, a ſwiſs regiment in the engliſh pay and the royal emigrés at Belem, the regiment of

* There is but one emigrant regiment in the portugueze pay, together with ſome artillery, of which the commander's name is Roquelet.

Montemar

Montemar and Caſtres at Liſbon, after the departure of general Stuart with many troops for the expedition againſt Minorca. Many political events in 1797 and 1798 may be explained by theſe circumſtances; for hence appears the reaſon why Portugal could not ratify an advantageous peace with France, Liſbon and its harbour being in fact in the hands of the engliſh. It appears ſingular that the portugueze government ſhould thus ſuffer its hands to be bound; yet it muſt be allowed that with great addreſs they bound the hands of the French during that critical period. Certainly, however, to leave Portugal, that moſt important country to England, in peace was the greateſt of the follies the French at that time committed.

Between Oeyras and the village of Carcavelos, the ſweet wine is produced which in England is called Liſbon, in Germany *portugieswein*, and in the country itſelf wine of Carcavelos. The vineyards are encloſed in quintas, on a gentle declivity toward the ſea, and the muſt is generally ſent to Liſbon, where it is made into wine. This wine which is generally white, and beſt of that colour, is drunk in the country in great perfection, nor can the adulterated liquor ſold in foreign countries under that name be compared with it.

Two leagues beyond Belem among high hills, in an encloſed ſolitary vale, is the royal reſidence

of

of Quelus. Neither the caſtle, nor the adjoining quinta are worthy of remark, but the road is planted with magnolias, geraniums from the cape, and ſimilar plants, which here ſucceed well. There are a few ſmall houſes round the caſtle, which, however, do not form a village. Here the court reſides in the greateſt tranquillity, excepting on a few fixed days, which are days of gala: but the queen at this time, in conſequence of the melancholy ſtate of her mind, no longer appeared. The prince regent was not brought up for the throne, of which he firſt came to the expectation on the death of his elder brother, a prince who was much beloved and lamented, and who died of the ſmall-pox. No one doubts the natural good qualities of the prince of Braſil, but his talents are queſtioned, and it is feared that he will not eſcape the yoke of the prieſthood, by whom his mother is ſo much oppreſſed. He has no ſtriking paſſions or inclinations, except, perhaps, that for the chace. The princeſs is a good-natured woman, of whom it can only be ſaid, that ſhe is very prolific, and ſeems therewith to be content.

Of political affairs I ſpeak unwillingly. It is ſaid every miniſter acts as he pleaſes in his own department, in which he is a little deſpot. If any one wiſh to hear a great deal againſt them, let him read the *New picture of Liſbon*; but he muſt remember that the author was extremely angry with

with them, and therefore exaggerates almoſt every thing *. The miniſter of the foreign department, Dom Luis Pinto de Souſa Coutinho, is generally eſteemed a clever ſhrewd man. He was formerly ambaſſador in England, is extremely attached to that nation, a pleaſing well-informed man, and as far as poſſible a protector of the learned. The old miniſter of finance, the marquis de Ponte de Lima, was a man of conſequence, having conſtant acceſs to the queen. The miniſter of the interior Dom Joſe de Ceabra da Silva was continually loſing his influence; and, as I learned by letters from Liſbon, the prince of Braſil, ſoon after he declared himſelf regent, ſent him out of the country. He had already been

* Tileſius the editor corrects the author, eſpecially in what regards the miniſter of war, but as appears to me is not quite accurate himſelf. That the above mentioned miniſter loves money too well cannot be denied. The author of the New Picture of Liſbon ſpeaks among others of ſome republicans, who had entered the country as emigrants; and names L'Egliſe, Erhard, &c. Theſe perſons Tileſius endeavours to defend; but is miſtaken in regard to Erhard, taking another man for him. The Erhard of whom he ſpeaks is a phyſician with the rich Mr. Beckford, and is certainly a ſingular man, L'Egliſe who could make no great progreſs in Portugal, and cannot much like that country, had the misfortune of many rational emigrants, that of conſidering his countrymen as brave men. Hence the abuſe of other emigrants, eſpecially of thoſe in the army.

ſent to Africa by Pombal, but the queen recalled and made him miniſter of ſtate. The miniſter of the marine and of the colonies, Dom Rodrigo do Souſa Coutinho, is an active enterpriſing man, who undoubtedly has in view to improve and advance his country, but he appears too haſty and vehement, and though he may have a good head, is deficient perhaps in knowledge. This miniſter has the following portugueze titles, Miniſtro e ſecretario de eſtado dos negocios eſtrangeiros e da guerra; Miniſtro e Secretario de eſtado da repartiçaõ da fazenda; Miniſtro e Secretario de eſtado dos negocios do reino; Miniſtro e ſecretario de eſtado dos negocios da marinha e dos dominios ultramarinos.

Half a league from Quelus is a market-town called Bellas, with a pleaſant quinta belonging to the Conde de Pombeiro and a very good inn. Beyond this place, toward Cintra, are ſome mineral ſprings, near which is a houſe for the reception of invalids. A quinta ſerves as a promenade, but very little uſe is made of it. The whole country round is baſalt or lime-ſtone; ſand-ſtone alſo appears, and from theſe the ſprings ariſe, which, from the opportunities I had of trying them, appeared vitriolated, without having much oxygen. Theſe ſprings are encloſed that they may not be uſed to procure abortion, as has ſometimes happened.

On

On the oppoſite ſide of Bellas, at about a league diſtance, amid lime-ſtone hills, the water for the great aqueduct of Liſbon is collected from various ſources within the ſame building. Theſe hills are very dreary and barren.

CHAP. XXII.

The mountains of Cintra.

TO the north-weſt of Liſbon riſes a high range of mountains full of peaks, forming the back-ground of a charming landſcape. Theſe are the mountains of Cintra, which lie North-eaſt and South-weſt, ending in the Cabo de Rocca. The diſtance from Liſbon to the market-town of Cintra is four leagues. The country on this ſide of Liſbon is far from pleaſant, the road lying acroſs arid ſtony hills of lime-ſtone or ſand-ſtone. The range of mountains itſelf conſiſts of granite compoſed of clear-white quartz, a ſomewhat reddiſh felſpar, and black mica, againſt which leans a white or foliaceous lime-ſtone, or a proper ſtink-ſtone. The ſouth ſide toward Liſbon is arid, naked, parched up, conſiſts of bare heaped-up rocks, and affords a wild, deſert, dreary proſpect. But every thing is changed when we paſs round the mountain to the north ſide of this range, and enter Cintra. Here the whole declivity is to a certain height covered with country-houſes and charming quintas, forming a ſhady wood of the fineſt trees, ſuch as oaks of various kinds, pines, lemons, and other fruit-trees. Every where ſtreams

iſſue

iſſue from the rocks, and form cool moſſy ſpots. Toward the ſummit of the mountain naked rocks are wildly heaped together. On one of the high points, floating as it were in the air, is ſeen a monaſtery, and on another the ruins of a mooriſh caſtle. Where the quintas ceaſe begins a thick but low coppice of ſtrawberry-tree (*arbutus unedo*), privets (*phillyreas* *), alaternus †, and the rare faya (*myrica faya* ‡), which, with other vegetable inhabitants of the iſland of Madeira, have ſtrayed hither. A fine proſpect of the well-cultivated valley of Colares, of the great monaſtery of Mafra, and of the ſea, complete the beauties of the ſcene.

The houſes at Cintra lie diſperſed in a picturesque manner over the declivity of the mountain. Here alſo is a royal caſtle, formerly the reſidence of ſeveral kings. Cintra is the ſummer reſidence of the rich inhabitants of Liſbon, but eſpecially of the foreign merchants, and of the portugueze who are connected with foreign houſes. Here alſo are ſeen a great part of the miniſtry, and other diplomatic perſons of high rank. The months of Auguſt and September, when every thing is parched up round Liſbon, are paſſed here on mountains that abound in water, verdure, and ſhade. It would not be believed that art has done

* Mock-privets. † Or rhamnus—buck-thorn.
‡ Gale, or ſweet-willow. T.

any thing to render this abode agreeable, nor has it, except in forming ſhady quintas. The country-houſes are very indifferent when compared with their inhabitants, being generally ſmall and inconvenient for perſons of rank. The promenades alone are formed by nature. Plays, balls, concerts, and all the amuſements found in the ſmalleſt watering-places of Germany, are never thought of here, but every one endeavours ſeparately to amuſe himſelf to the beſt of his power.

In warm climates, mountains and countries like theſe produce a pleaſing temper of the ſoul. The lofty and ſhady trees of the north of Europe unite with the fragrant orange-groves of the ſouth. Shade and brooks are incomparably more charming in a country where a powerful ſun burns up all vegetation, where even the view of cool running water is refreſhing, than in our colder climates; and the ſpectator almoſt imagines himſelf in an enchanted iſland, when from this romantic ſpot he looks down upon the parched-up plain below. Cintra is the abode of love; for in the midſt of ſummer the coolneſs of the nights is charming, and the diſperſion of the houſes, the rocks, gardens, and woods, afford innumerable opportunities for amorous ſolitude. Cintra is leſs celebrated in portugueze poetry than might be expected; but foreigners love it very much, and have laid out the beſt ſpots. Camoens *(Camoëns)*

moës) ſpeaks of this mountain with a miſerable conceit: "Cintra," ſays he, "where the concealed naïads fly from the ſweet bonds to the cool fountains, where love, however, ſoftly binds them in his net, and lights up flaming fire-brands even in the water."

To the weſt of Cintra, at the foot of this range of mountains, is a market-town called Colares, celebrated for its orchards, cheſnut woods, and wine. A great part of the fruit that is conſumed in Liſbon comes from hence. Apples are particularly abundant and good, and the beſt table-wine is produced there. Parties of pleaſure are frequently made from Cintra to this place. Upon this lofty mountain, to the weſtward, is a ſmall monaſtery of capuchins, built between rocks*, and called Cork monaſtery, the rocks being caſed with cork. The lonelineſs of the ſcene, the naked and dreary range of mountains, from which the ſpectator has an extenſive view of the ſea, and this poor little monaſtery, ſometimes entice foreigners away from Cintra; and hence it has undeſervedly acquired its reputation. Its elevation and vicinity to the ſea cauſe a great accumulation of clouds and moiſture, to remedy which the coating of cork upon the walls is very uſeful. In winter ſnow is not unfrequent here, though it never lies. Toward

* Not hewn out of the rocks, as has been ſaid (excepting ſome parts of the church), but built between them.

Cabo de Rocca the mountains become lower and lower, ending in a flat, deſert, naked, lonely ridge, which forms the cape. The height toward the ſea is from 50 to 80 feet, being broken ſtraight off, and conſiſting of granite. Near the extremity is a light-houſe, and not far from it a ſmall chapel. On this naked plain the ſtorms rage with great violence, the ſea burſts with vehemence againſt the rocks, and is very deep in their vicinity. From hence are ſeen the mountains of Mafra; and oppoſite is the correſponding cape, Cabo de Eſpichel. As we ſailed round this cape for England, I fancied to myſelf the fine view an ancient temple of Iſis muſt have offered to ſeamen; for the ancients called the mountains of Cintra *montes lunæ*, the cape *promontorium magnum*, and, it is ſaid, a large temple adorned the point.

Farther to the northward is another chain of mountains, parallel to thoſe of Cintra, with which it unites by high and detached mountains, the Cabeça de Montachique and others. From the ſea theſe mountains appear like a lofty amphitheatre. This chain of mountains conſiſts of thick and foliaceous lime-ſtone. On the part which runs toward the ſea is the caſtle of Mafra with its immenſe monaſtery. It was built by John V. a prince in the higheſt degree attached to religion, to pleaſure, and to magnificence; but, though it

coſt

coſt immenſe ſums, affords no favourable idea of the taſte of the architect. Of the ſize of this edifice an idea may be formed from the quantity of metal uſed in every tower for bells, bars, &c. amounting to 14,500 arrobas* for each tower. How much better might John V. have employed the treaſures of Braſil had he raiſed a formidable fleet, which would neceſſarily have rendered Portugal great and powerful!

* An arroba is 32 lb.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

Journey to St. Ubes, Alcacer do Sal, Grandola.—Deſcription of the Serra da Arrabida.—St. Ubes.

IN April, 1798, we croſſed the river to Couna, which is generally conſidered as a diſtance of three leagues, and thence proceeded to the ſmall town of Azeytaõ, The road lies chiefly acroſs ſandy heaths and pine-woods, the ſoil being better cultivated only round the town. There are many cork and olive-trees, and at length vineyards and fields. The town conſiſts of ſmall houſes, has a manufactory of cottons, a dyehouſe, 552 houſes, and 2342 inhabitants, or leſs than five to a houſe.

I cannot forbear here to introduce a remark on the population of Portugal. According to the laſt liſts, the preſent miniſter of police found the number of houſes in Portugal to be 744,980. In Liſbon and Oporto alone can we reckon five or more inhabitants to each houſe, in the maritime towns generally about five, but in the inland towns certainly not ſo many. The ſmall houſes of theſe country towns are occupied only by one family, frequently conſiſting only of a man, his wife, and one child; nor are the common

mon people very prolific, not having the means of ſupporting many children. Of this Azeytaõ is an example. It is a manufacturing place, which alſo carries on a conſiderable trade in wine and oil, being ſituated between the two harbours of Liſbon and St. Ubes; yet the population is very ſmall, not being ſufficient for the harveſt, for 118 labourers come annually from Aveiro in the province of Beira, to aſſiſt them.

At Azeytaõ is no inn; but in the ſmall village of Aldea dos Mouros is a very good one; and that place ſeems in a thriving ſtate. Cloſe to it riſe pleaſant hills covered with a grove of laurel and lauruſtinus *(viburnum tinus)*, upon which are alſo the remains of a ruined caſtle. Here the Serra da Arrabida appears in front to the ſouthward rather as a high, ſteep, and naked range of mountains. The valley between theſe hills and the mountains is a heath of the better kind, entirely covered with beautiful tall ciſti and other rare plants. The foundation of this hill and heath is a coarſe flint-breccia, which ſurrounds this high range of mountains on all ſides. The Serra da Arrabida riſes to the eaſtward, at Palmella, very rapidly out of the ſandy plain, takes a due weſterly direction, forming the Cabo Eſpichel, and conſiſts of a grey cloſe lime-ſtone which breaks in ſhivers. The part beyond Aldea dos Mouros is the higheſt. On the north ſide the

mountains

mountains are ſteep and not covered with rocks, but, like moſt lime-ſtone mountains, with ſmall looſe ſtones, which render the aſcent extremely difficult; nor is any fine and luxurious vegetation ſeen excepting in the hollows where the brooks take their riſe. High laurel-trees, the lauruſtinus, which alſo grows to be a tree, the ſouthern oak (*quercus auſtralis nob.* a new variety), the maple (*acer campeſtre*), and the ſtrawberry-tree (*arbutus unedo*), the latter being underwood, form a dark ſhady grove, in which we had the good fortune to diſcover two hitherto unknown plants of the family of the orchides. The ſouth ſide riſes ſtraight out of the ſea, is entirely covered with coppice, and has likewiſe in the hollows pleaſant groves, which are here rendered ſtill more charming by the carob, or St. John's bread-tree (*ceratonia ſiliqua*). Here is the monaſtery of Arrabida, from which the range of mountains and the province take the name of theſe Franciſcans *. This high mountain, covered with trees and thickets, riſing immediately out of the ſea, forms a ſingular and novel view; and the proſpect from the higheſt point is very magnificent and ſurpriſing.

The lime-ſtone from this part is very marbly, and was employed in building the monaſtery of Mafra. The north ſide of the mountain furniſhes

* Probably the reverſe. Arrabida is not a portugueze word, and may be a corruption of the latin name of this promontory, Barbaricum promontorium. T.

paſture

paſture for goats and ſheep, but was formerly a chaſe, as the ſouth ſide is now. Theſe flocks of ſheep are conſidered as the cauſe of the want of cultivation. Formerly this mountain was known for the kermes it produced, which was gathered in large quantities, and exported. The kermes (*coccus ilicis*) is well known to be an inſect, which, after it has depoſited its eggs, withers over them, and dies. The kermes are ſtill collected, the ſeaſon for which is in May; but they are no longer exported, as the true cochineal has entirely ſuperſeded their uſe.

At the eaſtern extremity this range of mountains riſes, as abovementioned, ſuddenly with the round and almoſt conical mountain on which is the conſiderable monaſtery of Palmella, of the military order of Santiago, with a village, and is ſeen at an extraordinary diſtance on this for the moſt part naked mountain. The proſpect from this eminence is very extraordinary and ſingular in its kind. At the foot of it lies St. Ubes with its harbour and extremely-well cultivated plain; directly in front is a high, naked, ſtony ridge of mountains; to the right is Liſbon, with its river, harbour, and rich high bank; and, if the ſpectator turns round, he diſcovers the black deſert waſte of Alemtejo. Such a range of mountains, with two conſiderable harbours, a deſert, and very fertile tracts of country, form a moſt ſtriking contraſt. This

This range of mountains extends from hence ſtill farther to the weſtward, between St. Ubes and Azeytaõ; then between Aldea dos Mouros and the ſea onward. To the ſouthward of the laſt-mentioned place, along the north ſide of the mountain, lies the fine eſtate of Calheriz, the owner of which, Dom Alexandre de Souſa, contributes much to the improvement of rural economy. The overlooker is an italian prieſt, brought by the owner from Italy, where he was ambaſſador at Turin. We alſo ſaw fields of trifolium incarnatum, which is certainly an excellent fodder for theſe parts. Near this eſtate attempts have been made to find coal.

Still farther to the weſtward, but on the ſouth ſide of the mountains, in a hollow ſurrounded by ſteep rocky naked ſummits, and cloſe to the ſea, is the ſmall town of Cezimbra. The harbour is ſmall and ill-protected, and cloſe behind the town, on a mountain, is an old caſtle, which is ſeen far and wide. This part is uncommonly naked and barren. The town is ſupported by the fiſhery, and ſends a great quantity of fiſh to Liſbon. The ſardinhas (Clupea Sprattus), a ſmall kind of herring, come annually to this coaſt, and are taken in great quantities; but complaints are heard, and not unjuſtly, of the failure of this fiſhery. There is a want of all conveniencies, eſpecially of boats, the nets are good for nothing; nor

nor are the beſt kinds of bait known. There is often a want of fiſh, or they do not approach the coaſt. In this caſe the miſery of the poorer claſſes is very great; for there are no veſſels that can go in ſearch of them farther out to ſea. Frequently they are caught in extraordinary quantities, but are left to rot, without even procuring train-oil from them. In former times, Cezimbra was more conſiderable; as the liſts of the middle of the fifteenth century ſhow.

The higher ſummits of the mountains here conſiſt of limeſtone, then follow ſtrata of rounded quartz, or large-grained ſand and ſlate-clay, in which appear coal, pyrites, and native ſulphur.

This range of mountains ends in the Cabo de Eſpichel, which with the Cabo de Rocca forms the mouth of the Tagus. The height of the former cape is much more conſiderable than that of the latter; but it is only on the ſouth ſide, broken off quite abruptly. On the weſt ſide the declivity indeed is very ſteep, but may be aſcended, and is covered with buſhes and rocks. On the fartheſt point, beſides the light houſe, is a ſmall church, with a miraculous picture of the virgin. This church, dedicated to Noſſa Senhora do Cabo, forms the centre of a building, from which long wings extend on each ſide, conſiſting of two ſtories, and containing a great many ſmall apartments, furniſhed with wooden chairs and tables,

tables, but without windows, for the uſe of the devout, who come hither as pilgrims. In the beginning of May, every year, there is a proceſſion of them from Belem to Porto Brandaõ, and thence through the deſert heaths and pine-woods; and ſometimes the prince of Braſil takes part in theſe pilgrimages, paſſing his time in hunting. This cape indeed is the pleaſanteſt in Portugal, the country round is well cultivated, ſingle houſes being every where interſperſed, the hills cheerful and gay, and the naked ſummit adorned with the above mentioned building.

Here alſo the upper ſtratum is entirely lime-ſtone, and beneath is a ſtratum of ſand-ſtone, in which, eſpecially on the declivity toward the ſea, we found abundance of charcoal. Under this is lime-ſtone with ſubſtances appearing like petrifications, as alſo happens at Porto Brandaõ and even on the north ſide of the Tagus round Liſbon.

We examined the mountains on this journey twice, and with great care, throughout its whole extent from eaſt to weſt; we alſo went there a third time in the autumn, and our labours were repaid by the diſcovery of many rare and hitherto unknown plants.

St. Ubes * is ſituated at the eaſtern extremity of the Serra da Arrabida, on the ſouth ſide, where the

* In portugueze Setuval. The ancient name was Cetobrica. T.

country

country is very pleaſant through the variety it exhibits. To the weſtward the mouth of the Sado* is ſo wide, that it appears a conſiderable bay formed by a ſtrip of land on the oppoſite ſide, which, with this high range of mountains, alſo conſtitute the narrow entrance of the harbour. As far as the eye can ſee, a high ſteep declivity, covered with thickets and woody hollows, extends along the ſea. To the north-eaſt, toward the charming mountain of Palmella, is a fertile ſpot watered by brooks and adorned with quintas, plantations of orange-trees, and vineyards. Black heaths and pine-woods to the ſouthward and eaſtward increaſe by contraſt the charms of this rich proſpect. We paſſed the eaſter of 1798 in this country, when we had hot ſummer-days, beheld vegetation in its fineſt bloom, and the yellow lupins which grow wild here in great quantities filled the air with their perfume.

A fort, called San Philipe, covers the harbour,

* Almoſt all the maps of Portugal, for inſtance thoſe by Lima, Lopez, all thoſe taken from them, and conſequently all the German maps, are extremely erroneous. The great bay is the mouth of the river, in which the latter by no means falls on one ſide. A narrow arm extends to Comporta, which is ſituated on the weſt, not on the eaſt ſide of the bay. I have written *Sado*, though geographers, and after them Murphy, write *Sadaõ*, or *Çadaõ*. We were told very diſtinctly, that the river was called *Sado* at its mouth, but, farther up, *Sadaõ*.

and a tower fortified with cannon, called Torre de Outaõ, together with a light-houſe, are ſituated in the hollow of the mountains, beſides which ſeveral baſtions are raiſed here and there. The entrance is alſo difficult, and the channel very narrow, ſo that the fortifications may fully anſwer their purpoſe. The town is ſmall, conſiſting of narrow dirty ſtreets and ſmall houſes; but the ſtrand is broad and neat, being adorned with ſuperior houſes occupied by the rich inhabitants, who moſtly reſide in this part, and provided with a good pavement along the water's edge. The walls of the old town and its gates ſtill remain. St. Ubes would be a more conſiderable place, if it were not ſo near Liſbon and the trade carried on through Liſbon-houſes; for here are only 15 conſiderable mercantile firms. St. Ubes is the ſeat of a corregedor, and contains five churches and nine religious houſes; a large number in proportion to not much above 2000 houſes.

The trade of St. Ubes conſiſts in wine, which is here very good, and various kinds of it are exported. Good muſcadel is alſo here produced. Oranges are likewiſe exported; but the beſt trade of St. Ubes is in ſalt, which is taken principally by daniſh and ſwediſh ſhips. The ſalt-pans lie in great numbers along the Sado and its branches, being called in portugueze *marinhas*. They are dug ſquare, about three feet deep, and ſalt-water

is

is introduced on one ſide from the ſea, at flood, through canals which extend in innumerable branches, and are ſhut when the pans are full. The water is often previouſly collected in large reſervoirs, called *governos*, from which it is afterwards diſtributed into the marinhas, where, being evaporated, the ſalt is collected in the month of June, and kept either in wooden ſheds or in heaps, which are protected againſt the rain by ruſhes. Of this ſalt a conſiderable quantity ſeemed to be in ſtore. It is large-grained, becomes but little moiſt in the air, and excels in purity the marine ſalt collected in other provinces of the ſouth of Europe, or in other parts of Portugal. Thus a quantity of ſalt is prepared on the banks of the Tagus above Liſbon, round Aveiro, &c. The ſalt-trade to Braſil is farmed by the government to a merchant*.

It is ſingular that in Portugal ſoda, or barilla (ſalſola ſoda and ſativa) is not cultivated, though the Spaniards have ſet them an example. This plant grows wild in great quantities, and would ſucceed well in the neighbourhood of St. Ubes and Aveiro. A young Portugueze, Franciſco Xavier Conſtanço, has publiſhed a ſmall guide to the culture of ſoda.

* See Enſaio ſobre o Commercio de Portugal, por Joaq. Joſe da Cunha, p. 7, § 7.

The fiſhery of St. Ubes was formerly much celebrated, but has ſince much fallen off. In former times the towns of Sinos, St. Ubes, and Alcacer were much connected in the fiſhing trade. In 1353, the inhabitants of Liſbon concluded a convention with Edward III. of England for permiſſion to fiſh off the coaſt of Brittany*. But how much are the times now altered! Brittany is french, and the Spaniards under the Philips have ruined Portugal.

In the year 1796, the following ſhips entered and ſailed from the port of St. Ubes, *viz.* 71 Americans in, 72 out; 4 from Bremen in, 3 out; 145 daniſh in, 147 out; 1 ſpaniſh inwards; 10 Hamburgers in, 6 out; 46 engliſh in, 45 out; 8 Lubeck in, 7 out; 8 Oldenburg in, 6 out; 13 portugueze in, 19 out; 68 pruſſian in and out; 4 from Papenburg in, 3 out; 2 raguſan in and out; 177 Swedes in, and 173 out.

In 1797, the following ſhips entered Liſbon: 154 american and one man of war in, 161 out; 10 from Bremen in, 11 out; 218 daniſh in, 229 out; 1 french in and out; 9 genoeſe in, 13 out; 43 Hamburgers in and out; 3 ſpaniſh in, 4 out; 1 imperial in and out; 533 engliſh in, 466 out; 223 engliſh men of war in, 225 out; 9 from Lubeck in, 10 out; 9 from Morocco in, 2 out; 4

* See Memor. econom. da Acad. de Liſb. II. 392.

neapolitan

neapolitan in, 3 out; 6 from Oldenburg in, 8 out; 2 from Papenburg in and out; 268 portugueze in, 309 out; 61 portugueze men of war in, 79 out; 80 Pruſſians in, 86 out; 22 Raguſans in, 23 out; 135 ſwediſh in, 148 out; 19 venetian in, and 24 out. From theſe *data* the trade of St. Ubes may be compared with that of Liſbon; and thus it appears that the former is not inconſiderable; but the number of portugueze mercantile houſes in Liſbon exceeds 200, and that of foreigners exceeds 150, while there are only 15 in St. Ubes.

Were there a good road from Liſbon to St. Ubes, both theſe towns might contribute ſtill more conſiderably to each other's profits. Not, however, merely bad roads, but fooliſh laws of police, called *poſturas*, reſtrain this commerce. From many places nothing can be carried out without permiſſion of the magiſtrates, and in many only a certain quantity of garden-land can be cultivated. The *camara* of Palmella forbid the carrying wine through their territory from Azeytaõ to St. Ubes; and, though this *poſtura* was annulled in the laſt reign, yet the inhabitants of that place were deterred by private threats from availing themſelves of their liberty. In the preſent reign, the academy of ſciences began to expoſe theſe often prejudicial and little known *poſturas* to light, but without effect.

In Portugal internal commerce, which alone gives life and vigour to a country, is almoſt entirely neglected. The foreign trade of ſome individual towns is certainly conſiderable; and, though it is ſaid that the trade of Portugal is in the hands of foreigners, this expreſſion is very vague. Their european trade is moſtly carried on in foreign ſhips, but that of Braſil excluſively in thoſe of Portugal. Foreigners are prohibited from trading with the colonies; and, though the portugueze houſes may, in ſome inſtances, lend only their names to foreigners, who in fact carry it on, this is by no means general; for, though there are conſiderable foreign houſes in Portugal, yet none of them have very large capitals, whereas there are many very rich portugueze houſes. This fact is ſo well known and ſo certain, that every one who reflects on it muſt acknowledge its truth; and yet, in all accounts of that kingdom, the trade of the portugueze is ſpoken of with contempt. In a certain ſenſe, however, there is ſome juſtice in theſe obſervations. It is not merely becauſe London and Amſterdam trade to all parts of the world that England and Holland flouriſh; but it is their inland trade that has raiſed both theſe countries to a degree of opulence that is the aſtoniſhment of the world.

Oppoſite

Oppoſite St. Ubes, on the narrow ſtrip of land that forms the entrance of the harbour, are the remains of an ancient city called Troya. Many walls are ſtill ſeen, and a number of ſquare pavements, formed of ſmall angular ſtones bound together with cement, being probably either the ſites of houſes or the courts belonging to them. Similar ornamental paved courts are found in the remains of old mooriſh buildings. Tradition ſays that this place was buried in ſand through the impiety of its inhabitants, and that only a ſingle church, called Hermita, remained. It is certainly probable that the place was deſerted on account of the ſand, and that the inhabitants went over and built St. Ubes on the oppoſite ſide. Lima, in his map, lays down a place called Vanda in this ſpot, and places Troya on the other ſide of a creek that does not exiſt; in which he is followed by Lopez and other modern maps. For this Vanda we enquired in vain.

We aſcended the Sado to Alcacer do Sal (or Salt-caſtle) the banks of the river being full of ſalt-pans, and cultivated to ſome diſtance, behind which the deſert heaths begin. The town or village of Alcacer conſiſts of about 650 houſes, but moſtly ſmall. It has only a juiz de fora, and belongs to the Comarca of St. Ubes. Travellers generally paſs through this place to Beja and Algarvia, as they can go from St. Ubes to Alcacer,

a diſtance of eight leagues, by water. Much corn alſo from upper Alemtejo is ſhipped here, for St. Ubes and Liſbon. A good road from hence to Beja would ſoon raiſe this place into conſequence: for in the middle of the fifteenth century it was more conſiderable than at preſent. Near this town are the remains of a caſtle much ſpoken of in portugueze hiſtory. The country is flat excepting a few hills of ſand-breccia.

From hence to Grandola, we had three leagues of deſert ſandy heaths and pine-woods, and very little cultivated land. This town (or villa) is ſaid to contain 800 houſes, but theſe, excepting two, are ſmall and bad, and this place, compared with Alcacer, is very dead. Some wine and oranges however are produced in the neighbourhood. Beyond the town, the Serra de Grandola proceeds in two ranges, one behind the other, from eaſt to weſt, forming the laſt mountains as far as the frontiers of Algarvia. This Serra is not high, but extremely arid, and conſiſts of a fine-grained argillaceous ſand-ſtone, which often breaks ſlaty. On the ſecond range, not unfrequently are found copper pyrites and red-copper-ore, whence this range of mountains is called in the maps *Serra de minas de cobre*, but by the inhabitants Serra de Grandola. At the time when we found theſe mountains as laid down, we had been ſeeking in vain for a lake placed in the maps between Alcacer

cer and Grandola, under the name of *Lago Alva*, of which no one throughout the country could give us the leaſt intelligence. Equally in vain we ſought in this country for the *Montes azules* of Lopez, which not an inhabitant knew, and the place of which is occupied by a ſandy heath. Such errors regarding countries at no great diſtance from a capital, and in laying down a place of trade ſo well known as St. Ubes, are very ſtriking.

From Grandola we followed the ſea-coaſt for ſome diſtance over very tedious heaths covered with deep ſand to Comporta, a place conſiſting only of a church, a large but bad inn (*eſtalagem*) and a few ſmall huts. The ſurrounding country is marſhy, and the inhabitants have begun to dig turf here, which is very uncommon in Portugal. Comporta is ſituated cloſe to the ſea, a ſmall arm of the Sado, which at flood is navigable, comes up to it, but not as Lopez and many others ſay, on the eaſt ſide of an imaginary bay. From this place we returned to St. Ubes, having travelled over a moſt dreary country, from which we derived no other benefit than a few fine plants, and ſome corrections for the map of Portugal. Along the ſhore at Comporta bloomed the majeſtic variety of the *antirrhinum luſitanicum* of Lamark, with myrtle-leaves; which is certainly one of the moſt beautiful of european plants.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

Journey into the northern provinces. From Liſbon to Caldas da Rainha.

WE left Liſbon in May 1798 to explore the northern provinces of Portugal, and directed our courſe to Torres vedras, and the baths of Caldas.

The country beyond the eaſtern part of Liſbon I have already deſcribed; but Campo grande, a ſuburb of Liſbon, Lumiar, and Carnide alſo deſerve mention. We only ſaw hills with ſhort interruptions, and covered with olive-trees, on the plain ground orange-gardens, along the brooks meadows full of oaks and poplars, and here and there corn-fields. The oranges of Lumiar are in high eſteem. Equally charming is the valley of Loures; where the hills riſe ſtill higher, the valley itſelf becomes wider, and one village ſucceeds to another. The traveller may go through Bemfica, Campo grande, Carnide, and Lumiar for ſeveral miles conſtantly between houſes, without perceiving he has quitted Liſbon.

Beyond Loures the level of the country riſes conſiderably, and we aſcended the high chain of mountains, which extends to Mafra, conſiſting of baſalt covered with lime-ſtone; but on the heights,

heights, and on the north ſide, a compact fine-grained ſand-ſtone appeared. The firſt ſhelf is formed by a mountain called Cabeça de Montachique; after which the level is lower, as far as a village called *a Pova*; the road was on both ſides lined with the ſouthern oak, a non-deſcript tree of the ſouth of europe, although its ſize and beauty give it a very diſtinguiſhed rank among them. It approaches to the valentinian oak deſcribed by Cavanilles, but is larger and has a much broader leaf. The road, though paved, was bad every where, and had doubtleſs not been mended for a century; the towns and villages are uncommonly ſmall and wretched. Round Pova are many fruit-trees; a proof of a high and cool ſituation. Beyond that village the mountains again riſe, and become bare and dreary with a quinta only here and there. On theſe mountains is the village (villa) of Enxara, with a fine eſtate of the Conde Redondo. Toward Torres vedras the mountains again ceaſe, and we travelled between cheerful hills; but the little cultivation that appears ſhows the diſtance from Liſbon. The hills conſiſt of a coarſe-grained ſand-ſtone, here and there is baſalt, and ſometimes ſtrata of rounded flints.

Torres vedras is a ſmall town, ſeven leagues from Liſbon, ſurrounding a hill on which are the ruins of an ancient caſtle. It contains ſomewhat above 600 houſes, four pariſh churches, and

and three religious houſes without the town. Theſe give it an appearance of greatneſs, which we afterwards found it did not poſſeſs. In ancient times it was a celebrated fortification, and is ſtill the chief town of a Corregimento. The country round is pleaſant and well cultivated, being particularly full of gardens and vineyards, and watered by the ſmall river Sizandro, which is bordered with alders and willows. On one ſide ſand-mountains and pine-woods ſoon again begin, while on the other are only gay lime-ſtone hills covered with coppice. At the foot of theſe riſes a luke-warm ſpring containing ſome carbonic acid gas. Coal is alſo found here in a ſtratum of clay.

From Torres vedras to the neighbourhood of Obidos, a diſtance of five leagues, we paſſed through an ill-cultivated deſert country, exhibiting, firſt pine-woods, then heaths, and only a couple of wretched inſignificant villages. The mountains every where conſiſt of ſand-ſtone and ratchil. Round Obidos the proſpect is pleaſanter and more varied, being full of ſhort hills formed of a cloſe yellowiſh lime-ſtone, frequently rough and rocky, covered with cheerful coppice and ſurrounded by brooks. Low lime-ſtone hills are generally pleaſanter than ſand-ſtone hills, their vegetation being richer and more various, and by the failure of this the traveller may diſcover at a diſtance, where the ſand-ſtone again begins.

Obidos

Obidos itſelf is a ſmall inſignificant town built round a hill, on which are the ruins of an ancient fortification celebrated in hiſtory, and the walls of which are ſtill kept in very good order. Within it, amid ruins and rocks, are ſome houſes inhabited by perſons belonging to the police.

A league from Obidos is the ſmall town of Caldas, much frequented for its ſulphureous waters. The town is ſmall, being built in an irregular quadrangular form; but is continually increaſing. The houſes are ſmall, generally conſiſting merely of a ground-floor, and only a few have windows. The flooring is very bad almoſt throughout, and thoſe who would have other furniture, than bad wooden tables and chairs, muſt bring them. As to beds, table cloths, and other conveniences, they are wholly wanting; in ſhort every article of furniture muſt be provided. The inn will accommodate but few people, and would be called wretched in England or France, though here it paſſes for tolerable. The company who come to bathe always live in private houſes. Such are the accommodations prepared for the rich merchants and principal nobility of Liſbon, who viſit Caldas twice a year; namely in May and September. As to balls, concerts, plays, and ſuch amuſements, they are not to be expected here, and thoſe who ſeek theſe enjoyments in places reſorted to for pleaſure in Portugal, muſt themſelves form them.

The

The company however visit, give tea-parties, play, and at most make small parties to visit some neighbouring place. These are their only amusements. It is however the fashion to go to Caldas. The rich pass the hot season at Cintra, and travel from thence to Caldas; for which reason the company are frequently more brilliant in autumn than in spring.

In the middle of this place over the warm spring, is a spacious and handsome bathing house, founded in the reign of the late king, and close to it a hospital for poor patients. Besides the spring used for drinking, three others supply four baths; that for the men is thirty six feet long by nine broad, and two feet eight inches deep. The soil is covered with a white clay and washed sand. The company undress behind a curtain, put on bathing cloaths, and sit upon the ground in the bath, so that the water reaches their neck. There are frequently twelve patients in the bath at the same time, and though the water is constantly flowing it is unpleasant to be obliged to bathe in company, especially to those who come last, to whom the water arrives after washing the rest. It is also unpleasant that strangers are admitted. Nothing however is paid for bathing, except a small present to the attendants. The poor are not suffered to bathe till about noon, when the other company are gone. The rest of the baths, even those appropriated to

the ladies, are regulated in a ſimilar manner, except that the water in the bath for men is the hotteſt and of the ſtrongeſt quality, being from 92° to 93° of Fahrenheit, (from 26° to 27° of Réaumur). The water from all the ſprings joins and turns a mill near the bathing houſe.

On entering this houſe the company come to a large floor, which ſerves for a promenade after bathing, and is generally full of people running to and fro with great violence. Here alſo is an apothecary's ſhop, and in the back-ground the ſpring uſed for drinking, the warmth of which is 91° of Fahrenheit.

The country round is well cultivated, but ſandy and full of pine-woods. The place itſelf is ſituated on the weſtern brow of hills very much flattened, conſiſting of a ſoft browniſh ſand-ſtone containing iron, and probably covering coal, from the combuſtion of which the heat of the water may ariſe. The ſea is only three leagues diſtant, and the lake or lagoa de Obidos one league. This vicinity to the ſea and the flatneſs of the country are the cauſes of the ſtrong and cold winds, which prevail here, particularly in ſpring, and of changeable weather. The heat alſo in ſummer is uncommonly great. Every where are ſeen the Berlengas *, iſlands which reſemble much the two iſlands of Helgoland and form hills in the middle of the ſea. Except a quinta, there is no promenade at Caldas.

* The Burlings.

We

We have a ſhort treatiſe on the uſe and abuſe of the baths of Caldas, by Tavares, formerly profeſſor and dean of the medicinal faculty at Coimbra, under the title of Advertencias ſobre os abuſos e legitimo uſo das aguas mineraes das Caldas, da raynha por Fr. Tavares. Liſbon 1791, 4to. but it is very ſingular that the author ſhould ſay it is of little uſe to know the conſtituent parts of mineral waters. Mr. Tavares ſhould recollect that even to render rules for the uſe of the water practicable, it is neceſſary to analyſe it; without which it cannot even be claſſed among medicinal ſprings. Like many ignorant phyſicians in Germany, he imagines certain effects are expected to ariſe from the analyſis, whereas its uſe is merely to complete the knowledge of the phyſician, who ought to know whether the water belongs to the carbonic-acid, or ſulphureous claſs. He complains of the great minuteneſs of chemical analyſes, and does not reflect that they are expected from every writer on objects of chemical enquiry. He juſtly blames exceſs in the uſe of theſe waters, the ſilly running to and fro after bathing, the leaving off the portugueze cuſtom of conſtantly wearing a cloak of cloth, and ſubſtituting the light engliſh dreſs, which is not adapted to a hot climate. In this we cannot but fully agree with the author. The portugueze, inſtructed by experience, wears his cloak in the hotteſt ſummer,

but

out is almoſt undreſt beneath it, ſo that he can wrap himſelf up from every cold breeze. In hot weather the ſkin is always covered with preſpiration; and every current of air, by favouring evaporation, produces a degree of cold, which the air itſelf will not effect.

But there is another more important treatiſe on this ſubject, by a well-known learned Engliſhman, named Withering, with a chemical analyſis of the water, publiſhed at Liſbon in 1795, in portugueze and engliſh, under the title of analyſe chemica da agua das Caldas da raynha, por Guilherme Withering. (A chemical analyſis of the water at Caldas da raynha, by William Withering, ſixty one pages, 4to.) The analyſis is good, as might be expected from ſo ſkilful an author; but the bad apparatus he was obliged to employ renders the moſt important of the reſults doubtful; as for inſtance the proportions of the various kinds of air. In 128 ounces he found of

Fixed air,	4 dr.
Hepatic air,	6 oz. 4 dr.
Calx aerata,	12 gr.
Magneſia,	$3\frac{1}{4}$
Ferrum hepatis alum.	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Argillaceous earth,	$1\frac{1}{4}$
Magneſia ſalita,	64
Selenitic ſalts,	44
Common ſalt,	148

Siliceous earth, - - - - - $0\frac{3}{4}$ gr.
Glauber's ſalt, - - - - - 64

The iron might as well be diſſolved in the carbonic acid, as in the ſulphurated hydrogin; but I paſs over the remarks that might be made on the proportions of the conſtituent parts, in which, as the author himſelf ſays, the analyſis could not be exact. It is enough that he has contributed ſomething to this object, for which he deſerves the thanks of the world.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

From Caldas to Coimbra, through Alcobaça and Batalha.

WE ſet off from Caldas for San Martinho, a ſmall market-town (villa) two leagues from Caldas, over low hills, and through a ſandy country, and pine-woods. Cloſe to the ſea, riſe hills conſiſting of ſand-ſtone and lime-ſtone with a ſmall quantity of gypſum. Between theſe is the narrow entrance into the harbour, which is a pretty large, almoſt completely round baſin, which has a very fine appearance, but only ſmall ſhips can enter, and we counted but three two-maſted veſſels. Moſt of the inhabitants are ſupported by the fiſhery, and carry on a coaſting trade.

To the eaſtward of San Martinho, a chain of ſand-ſtone hills runs parallel to the ſea. The ſummits and weſtern declivities are naked, but the eaſtern ſides are covered with frequent and conſiderable pine woods. The country alſo becomes more mountainous. At the northern extremity, concealed in a valley, ſo that it can only be ſeen on a very near approach, is the rich Bernardine monaſtery of Alcobaça, together with a market-town. This monaſtery was founded in 1148, by the firſt king of Portugal, Dom Affonſo

Henriquez *, who was ſo partial to it, that it became the richeſt monaſtery in the country. The church is large and built in the gothic taſte, which is called the new normannogothic. Thoſe who deſire a deſcription of it may refer to Murphy's travels through Portugal, who, being an architect, was qualified to form an adequate judgment of it; but I muſt confeſs that owing to the magnitude of our gothic-built german churches, it ſtruck me leſs than him, as a whole. A number of curioſities (but of no great importance) were there ſhown us. I was only ſtruck with ſome articles made of the firſt gold from Braſil, and an excellent black ſculptured marble from Porto de Moz. The monaſtery is a large ſimple well-built pile, and the apartments have the air rather of a palace than of a monaſtery. The once celebrated archives were taken away by the ſpaniards, when they conquered Portugal, and carried to the Eſcurial. The library is far from bad, and among the books pointed out to us were the Encyclopédie par ordre des matieres, the Deſcription des arts et des metiers, and many other new french works relating to natural hiſtory. We alſo ſaw here a magnificent copy of the engliſh tranſlation of Camoens's Luſiad, which was preſented by lady Bute

* The termination *ez* is a patronymic of like ſignification with the Sclavonick *vicz*: thus Henrique is Henry, Henriquez Henry's ſon. The portugueze ſay Affonſo, not Alfonſo.

to

to this and other inſtitutions in various parts of Spain and Portugal, as a token of remembrance. In ſhort this library did not at all reſemble moſt German monaſtic libraries, and a new and excellent apartment is now preparing for its reception. When theſe circumſtances are compared with thoſe related by Murphy, a great difference will appear; but that writer perhaps did not take the trouble of examining into the real ſtate of the library. If Murphy were inclined to enter ſo minutely into a deſcription of the interior, the magnificent kitchen, which is one of the fineſt that can be ſeen, afforded him ſufficient opportunity. He found the farmers here in a very thriving way, ſaw a number of the poor daily fed by the monaſtery, and aſks whether any rich individual in any part of the world ſo liberally aſſiſts his indigent neighbours. In this too I muſt contradict him. Thoſe who are under this monaſtery are much oppreſſed by exceſſive taxes, and poverty aſſumes the place of abundance. The giving alms is a miſerable compenſation for making men poor. Here alſo he might have inveſtigated his ſubject much better.

Alcobaça is a very conſiderable market-town or villa, and carries on various manufactories, the oldeſt of which is in the monaſtery, where Pombal eſtabliſhed it, probably in order to turn the monaſtery to ſome account. Cambrics and other

fine linen manufactures are made here, but the woollen manufactory is more important, as alſo one for ſpinning wool, belonging to Meſſrs. Guillot, natives of France. That part of it which can be done by machinery is ſo performed, ſuch as carding, ſpinning, &c. and the ingenious conſtruction of theſe various machines excites general admiration. This manufactory enjoys a good ſale, although woollens are alſo made in Liſbon, and a ſpinning manufactory is eſtabliſhed at Tamar. The Guillots are a reſpectable houſe, both here and at Liſbon.

The common people have a great talent for fine delicate works; and imitate with the greateſt accuracy. We ſaw here extremely fine thread, ſpun at Santarem, which M. Guillot ſhowed us as extraordinary in its kind.

Alcobaça is ſurrounded by mountains. To the ſouth-weſt, and to the northward, ſand-ſtone mountains preſs cloſe round it. To the weſtward riſes a high naked range of mountains, which for a conſiderable diſtance runs parallel with the coaſt, being connected, though by detached ridges, with Monte junto to the ſouth-eaſt, and Louſaõ to the north-eaſt. A part of this range is called Porto de Moz, and affords excellent marble. The country however round Alcobaça is cheerful, containing much coppice and meadows, and being alſo far cooler than the flat lands to the ſouthward.

ward. We found here a few northern plants, which ſeldom occur in other parts of this kingdom; as for inſtance *ſerratula arvenſis* *, *lychnis flos-cuculi* †, &c.

From Alcobaça to Batalha, a diſtance of three leagues, we approached the chain of mountains to the eaſtward, where they become higher, more crowded together, and in many parts covered with pines. Here firſt appears a fine ſpecies of heath (*erica cinerea*) not ſeen in the ſouth of Portugal, but extremely abundant in the north. We now came to a market-town (villa) called Aljubarota, on the long flat ſummit of a mountain. It is a pretty large place, but conſiſts entirely of very ſmall houſes. Here, in 1386, John I. gained a great victory over the ſpaniards, by which he maintained himſelf on the throne. He was a natural ſon of Dom Pedro his predeceſſor; for Dom Fernando the laſt king having only left a daughter who married the king of Caſtile, this was ſufficient ground for a jealous king of that country to make war with Portugal. It was this battle that, together with that of Campo de Ourique, eſtabliſhed the independence of Portugal. Camoens, in the fourth Canto of the Luſiad, minutely deſcribes this battle in beautiful and truly picturesque language. Nuno Alvarez Pereira diſtin-

* Corn ſaw-wort or way-thiſtle.

† Cuckoo-flower lychnis, commonly called ragged-robin. T.

guiſhed himſelf in it, having previouſly engaged the great men of his country to ſupport their new king. In memory of this victory, his majeſty founded the monaſtery and church *da Batalha*, but at ſome diſtance from the field of battle, that it might enjoy a convenient ſituation and plenty of water.

The mountains near this monaſtery are indeed lower, but it is ſo much concealed between hills that we did not perceive it till we approached very near. The ſingularly-built and open tranſparent tower ſtrikes the eye, and pleaſes by its noble proportions.

Murphy ſpeaks much at large of this church, which is a maſter-piece in its kind; and, as he is an architect, I ſhall not decide after him. No one can deny that on the whole a nobler and better taſte reigns through the pile, than could be expected in the age when it was built; but the quantity of ornament deſtroyed this impreſſion, at leaſt in me. Murphy praiſes it for not being overloaded with ornament; but I cannot conceive how this can be ſaid of a building, where both pillars and arches are covered with carved work. It is true, that on a narrow inſpection this is executed in a light and taſty manner, but ſtill it is miſplaced. Murphy adds that the church is built of white marble; but an architect ought at leaſt to know ſo much of mineralogy, as

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to perceive that it is not marble, but a calcareous ſpecies of ſand-ſtone. This kind of ſtone appears in all parts of the ſurrounding mountains; while marble is not found for a conſiderable diſtance. Beſides the edifice is unfiniſhed. Under the preſent Queen, who is a great friend to all churches and monaſteries, it was in agitation to complete it, but the undertaking was too expenſive.

This monaſtery is inhabited by Dominicans, and is rather poor than rich. The abbot was a polite friendly man, but wholly deſtitute of ſcience, and a mere monk. It is ſurrounded by a ſmall villa, to which Lima aſſigns 600 houſes; a number which certainly exceeds the truth.

Toward Leiria, the hills are ſtill lower, conſiſting of ſand-ſtone, and bearing olive-trees. At the foot of them, on a plain between the ſmall rivers called Liz and Lena, and two leagues from Batalha, is the city of Leiria with its ſuburbs. The number of houſes does not amount to much more than 1000; but there are ſome neat houſes, and many perſons of eaſy fortune réſide there. It is a very old city, was formerly much celebrated, and though it has conſiderably diminiſhed ſince the year 1417, it ſtill continues the capital of a Corregimento, and the ſeat of a corregedor and biſhop. It conſiſts of two pariſhes, and contains four religious houſes. On a hill is a once much-celebrated caſtle, and the city has been the

reſidence

reſidence of ſome of the kings, eſpecially of the wiſe Dom Diniz, whoſe palace ſtill exiſts. The ſurrounding country is pleaſant, the valley fertile and well cultivated, and old venerable pine-woods adorn the hills.

Near Leiria, a german named Sperling, had at that time eſtabliſhed a manufactory, for bleaching with hyperoxygenated muriatic acid. He ſhowed me many proceſſes, but would not permit me to ſee the moſt important, as he aſſerted he had introduced new methods. He declared that the war forced him to leave off buſineſs, which I am informed he has ſince done. Perhaps he had fallen into the error of many manufacturers, that of beginning with too ſmall a capital. He told us he was once in danger of falling into the hands of the inquiſition, having with german vivacity often bowed to the ſun that he might favour his proceſs, which was repreſented to the biſhop as idolatry: the biſhop, however, Dom Manuel de Aguiar, was too rational to adopt this opinion, and therefore accepted his explanation.

The wiſe king Dom Diniz, the law-giver of Portugal, who favoured agriculture and manufactures in a manner then unprecedented, ordered even in the thirteenth century a pine-wood to be planted at no great diſtance from Leiria, which ſtill continues, and ſupplies the glaſs-houſe of Marinha grande with a great quantity of wood.

A

A Mr. Stephens, an engliſhman, is the maſter of this manufactory, which is inconteſtably the largeſt in the kingdom and the only one of its kind. The glaſs is very good, though it does not poſſeſs all the luſtre of the engliſh glaſs. This manufactory ſupplies a great part of the kingdom, foreign glaſs being at preſent ſubject to high duties, though a great quantity is ſtill imported from Bohemia. Formerly, however, this trade was far more conſiderable, and drew many germans into the country. Mr. Stephens has built himſelf a palace, made roads, cultivated and peopled the ſurrounding country, and planted new woods; in ſhort, he is the Mango Capac of the place.

Here we had an opportunity of ſeeing a bull-fight (as did Mr. Murphy), to which the inhabitants of the ſurrounding country came, and the ſpectators filled the houſes and benches, round the ſpacious ſquare where it was exhibited. The fight was here far more dangerous than at Liſbon. Before the bull was let out, a number of perſons in maſks, merry andrews and dilettanti, appeared in the ſquare, which only a part of them quitted when the beaſt came out, the reſt taking a pleaſure in provoking and irritating him. It happened not unfrequently that theſe inexperienced and unſkilful combatants were ſeized and ſeverely hurt by the bull, who however had knobs upon his

his horns. One of them was toſſed over the bull's back, and another, who had made himſelf a large belly, was caught juſt as he was going over the baluſtrade by the bull, who gave him ſeveral ſevere thruſts, but he was fortunately helped over the fence quick enough to ſave him. At one part, however, were once no baluſtrades; here, before the paſſage through a houſe, ſtood a number of peaſants with no other defence than club-ſticks, with which, if the bull approached, they all fell upon him, crying aloud, and thus with the provocations of the combatants generally made him retreat. Once however a bull made a deſperate attack on this crowd, threw them all into confuſion, and would have certainly done great miſchief, had he not been frightened by the attack of the Capinhos, and probably the cries and confuſion of the people tumbling over each other, by which he gave them an opportunity of eſcaping through the houſe. Some of them however received conſiderable hurts. If the bull falls, every one ruſhes upon him, and they diſpatch him by all poſſible means. The cowardly conduct of the populace, who took a pleaſure in tormenting the dying animal, was truly ſhocking; they jumped upon him, beat him, and one fellow irritated his wounds with a prickly aloe leaf; at which I felt ſo much indignation that I almoſt rejoiced, when one of the beaſts ſprung up and furiouſly attacked his

his tormentors. In ſhort, the bull-fights of the provinces appeared to me incomparably more injurious than in the capital, and I often reflect that the love of pleaſure ſtupifies the people, and renders them inſenſible to every other feeling.

Barren heaths covered with ratchil, and here and there with pine-woods, continue as far as Pombal. During theſe five leagues we did not ſee a ſingle village, and only a few detached houſes; but were much ſurpriſed at finding in ſome parts a good road, which is a ſtriking and a novel ſight that always reminds the traveller of the name of Pombal. The market-town (villa) of Pombal, contains ſome neat houſes, and is ſituated on the bank of a river in a well-cultivated and very cheerful country. A capuchin church with a very celebrated miraculous picture of the virgin, the ruins of an old caſtle on a hill, and the palace of the famous marquis of Pombal, which is a neat but not a ſtriking edifice, are the principal objects that deſerve notice.

Here the marquis of Pombal ended his days, as it were in baniſhment. Of the travels of the Duke de Chatelet, which do not ſhew much knowledge either of the country, the nation, the language, or indeed of any thing elſe, the author's viſit to Pombal, where he ſpeaks of that fallen miniſter, forms the moſt intereſting part. The marquis is ſtill called by the common people *o gran marques*, a phraſe

phraſe alſo uſed ſolely by ſome foreign merchants, not engliſh, while every one elſe expreſſed the greateſt hatred for his memory. The rich ſpeak of Pombal's reign as a ſyſtem of terror, during which, when the miniſter's approach was announced at a diſtance, every window and door was ſhut. It is not to be doubted that he was a miniſter who wiſhed the good of the country for the ſake of his own reputation; but it alſo cannot be denied, that he ſeldom employed the beſt means of accompliſhing that end. Of this the miſerable remains of his hat manufactory at Pombal is an inſtance, while another at Braga has a conſiderable ſale. But how was it poſſible that a manufactory ſhould ſucceed in this unpeopled country, where agriculture requires all the hands that can be found, and even more? and why did Pombal never beſtow his attention on roads, bridges, and canals, excepting for a few yards round the town of his name? Whence thoſe trifling provocations of the prieſthood, which contributed nothing to enlighten the people, and procured him implacable enemies? At firſt he was deſirous of eſtabliſhing manufactures every where, then changed his object to agriculture, and then to the fiſhery; in ſhort he began every thing at the wrong end. Ever deſpotic, proud, and cruel, he never attained the object of his improvements, and even the common people, whom he favoured

now

now and then, no longer remember him with the feeling of love, but on the contrary rejoice at his fall. Such is the reſult of the converſations I have held relative to him with many of the portugueze of various ranks.

But nothing gives probability to the idea, which Mr. Jungk I believe firſt publiſhed among us, that he himſelf formed a plot againſt the king's life, in order to ſacrifice a part of the nobility to his reſentment. This idea certainly prevailed, was ſeized with avidity by the nobility and clergy, and the queen herſelf who believed it buſied herſelf in her delirium with the innocence of thoſe who had been condemned. But had this ſuſpicion been founded, there would have been no delay in reſtoring every thing to its former ſtate. Nothing however was done to remove this diſgrace from the memory of the condemned, though a ſon of the duke of Aveiro lives in retirement, and the ſon of the marquis of Pombal in great ſtyle at Liſbon. I have been told by very credible perſons, that after a reviſion of the proceedings, it was found beſt to leave this affair in peace. The column of diſgrace on the ſite of the houſe of the duke of Aveiro at Belem ſtill remains, though ſome ſhops have been erected beſide it to hide the inſcription; a juſt ſymbol of the conduct of the nation on this ſubject, for what they cannot alter they ſtrive to conceal.

Similar

Similar hills to thoſe from Leiria to Pombal continue from thence to Condeixa, though not ſo entirely barren, and better cultivated. We alſo came to a market-town called Atouguia, a place of ſome conſideration, but conſiſting of ſmall houſes. At length we approached the high naked mountains to the eaſtward, which extend hither, and conſiſt of a whitiſh-grey limeſtone. In ſome parts is found red iron-ore, which might be very well ſmelted into iron. On this road we quitted the province of Eſtremadura and entered that of Beira.

Condeixa, which is five leagues from Pombal, is ſituated near that chain of mountains in a very pleaſant and cultivated country. The place itſelf is larger than Pombal, gay and lively, and many perſons of rank reſide there. The oranges of Condeixa are celebrated for their excellence and cheapneſs, and it is called a fruit-baſket; a pleaſing name for a pleaſing place. The young women here appeared extremely beautiful and freer than they generally are in ſmall portugueze towns, the cauſe of which may be the vicinity of the ſtudents of Coimbra. Here alſo the ancient Colibria or Colimbria, from which Coimbra took its name, is ſaid to have ſtood.

A fertile hilly country watered by brooks, well peopled and cultivated, continues as far as Coimbra, which is but two leagues from Condeixa.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

Coimbra. The univerſity. Cauſes of the backwardneſs of portugueze literature.

COIMBRA, like almoſt all great cities in Portugal, is built on the declivity of a hill, which in this inſtance is conſiderably ſteep; only a ſmall part of the town being ſituated on the plain. The Mondego in its wide bed winds along in front cloſe to the hill, and over it is a long ſtone bridge. The traveller does not perceive the town till he deſcends into the valley; but then it forms a fine and ſurpriſing view, in the midſt of a charming country, which it adorns with innumerable monaſteries and churches, along the declivity of the mountain. But he has no ſooner entered Coimbra than all his expectations are reverſed: for the ſtreets are extremely narrow, crooked, and full of angles, ill-paved, very dirty, and frequently ſo ſteep that it is difficult to climb them. There is a ſingle broad ſtreet on the plain; but even that is not inhabited by the rich, becauſe it is deemed unhealthy in ſummer. The Mondego ſwells in winter, overflows its banks, and in ſummer leaves marſhes, which, as in all hot countries, produce unwholeſome vapours. There is not a ſingle open

place in the whole town, nor any promenade, but ſuch as nature offers. The great quinta of the Auguſtines is alone uſed as ſuch, and thoſe who wiſh to ſee indian laurels from Goa (*laurus indica*) in their greateſt perfection, ſhould viſit this ſpot. But this is not all. In no large town throughout Portugal are the inns ſo bad, ſtrangers being lodged in wretched apartments with miſerable beds, and food, the dreſſing of which requires the appetite of a herboriſer to overcome. Hence perhaps it is, that all travellers hurry through this place, obſerve it but curſorily, and give little or no information relative to its very celebrated univerſity.

The farther northward the traveller proceeds, the better diſpoſed and more induſtrious are the common people, and robberies and thefts are here very uncommon. Neither ſex however is beautiful; and the female far from pleaſing, compared with their neighbours of Condeixa. The lower claſſes of women wear on their heads a long black cloth, as in ſome german towns, for inſtance, Hildeſheim, or reſembling the ſpaniſh mantilla, but without the neat border and decoration of crape or vandykes of the latter.

Coimbra is a very old city, and had ſuffered many ſieges, previous to the time when Count Henriquez took poſſeſſion of Portugal. The towers and walls ſtill remain; but in other reſpects the

the place is quite open. Since the year 1419, Coimbra has declined. It is however the ſee of a biſhop, who is always count of Arganil, not only in name but in reality; alſo of a corregedor, a provedor, and a juiz de fora. It conſiſts of ſomething more than 3000 houſes, being divided into eight pariſhes, and has no leſs than eight monaſteries and eighteen endowments.

The moſt important object at Coimbra, is the univerſity founded at Liſbon by Dom Diniz in 1291, but transferred hither after a period of ſixteen years. It was afterwards again removed to Liſbon; but in 1537, John III again transferred it to Coimbra, where it has remained. Under Pombal its regulations were conſiderably altered, and certainly much to its advantage. But regulations are not all, and will not ſupply the want of an animating ſpirit; for where that fails, the ſciences cannot flouriſh. They require liberal funds, encouragement, and a juſt eſtimation of their important uſes; means whereby an inferior conſtitution will produce more effect, than the beſt regulations in the world. But as the ſtate of this univerſity is little known, I ſhall here ſpeak of it more at large.

This univerſity is under the government of a rector (reytor) nominated by the king, but not from among the members of the academy. He is

generally a prieſt, and from this office is promoted to be a biſhop; being only appointed for three years, but after the expiration of that period, almoſt always continued till another promotion. Above him is the reformator, but both theſe offices are united in Dom Franciſco Rafael de Caſtro. The rector preſides in the *concelho dos decanos*, conſiſting of the dean of faculty, two fiſcals (ſyndicos), viz. the conſervador and ouvidor, and the ſecretary; which council has juriſdiction over every thing relating to the academy. All tranſactions relative to the money and property of this very rich univerſity belong to an auxiliary council of finance, called *junta da fazenda*, conſiſting of three deputies, viz. a profeſſor of theology, a profeſſor of law, and the profeſſor of calculation, beſides the treaſurer and a clerk. To ſupply the place of the rector in caſe of need, a vicerector is alſo appointed.

The chancellor of the univerſity is the principal ſuperintendant in matters of learning. He confers the degrees at all promotions, and preſides at the examinations of ſtudents. This place belongs to the prior and chief of the auguſtine canons regular at Coimbra. It is impoſſible to refuſe our approbation to theſe regulations; but this ſuperintendance of a monk, eſpecially of an individual, over the mode of inſtruction, is very ſtriking to a

german,

german, nor can we wonder, that thoſe who might accompliſh much do nothing.

The number of degrees is twice as great as with us; and it is a very wiſe meaſure to divide the vaſt field of philoſophy into ſeveral departments, even ſhould the portugueze claſſification not merit our approbation. It is as follows; 1. theology with eight ſeats or chairs (*cadeiras*); 2. canon law with nine; 3. juriſprudence with eight; 4. medicine with ſix; 5. mathematics with four; and 6. philoſophy with four. In the latter we muſt not expect to find logic, metaphyſics, and ſimilar ſtudies, which are never thought of at Coimbra; the four ſeats being occupied by a profeſſor of zoology and mineragoly, one of experimental philoſophy, one of chemiſtry, and one of botany and economy. Of all the ſciences properly philoſophical, the law of nature alone is taught by a *profeſſor canonum*. The profeſſors are called *lertes* from *ler*, to read, the word profeſſor ſignifying a ſchoolmaſter; and, beſides the ordinary lecturers, as with us in Germany, there are *lertes ſubſtiutos* and *demonſtradores* in the branches where any thing is to be demonſtrated.

The lectures do not as with us continue only half the year, but longer, and only one courſe is gone through in the year. They begin in autumn, and, after the concluſion of the ſeſſion in the month of

May, follow the public examinations, to which every one muſt ſubmit, till the month of July; after which follow about three months of vacation. The public examinations, ſince the time of Pombal, have been in portugueze, and muſt be very ſevere, for many of the ſtudents have run away from them through fear. The lectures alſo are in portugueze, and in other reſpects reſemble ours, except that they are not paid for. Every ſtudent, whether in theology, juriſprudence, or medicine, muſt ſtudy here a certain number of years, attend certain lectures, and perform his annual examinations, before he can hold a place or exerciſe his profeſſion. The time appointed for phyſicians is five years, but this is not neceſſary; for only thoſe take a doctor's degree, who would become tutors at the univerſity, in which caſe they muſt diſpute publickly, but write no inaugural diſſertation. Hence the title of doctor is uncommon, but therefore very honourable. Bachelors and maſters of arts are now ſcarcely ever made.

Theological ſtudents may alſo purſue their ſtudies in other parts, as for inſtance at Evora and in various monaſteries, but with them little depends on the ſciences. Profeſſors of law muſt all go to Coimbra, and as there is a juiz de fora in the ſmalleſt towns the number is very great. All phyſicians and ſurgeons muſt there go through a courſe; for we germans are ſtill far behind the portugueze,

portugueze, where the ſurgeon, the bleeder and cupper, and the barber, are three very different perſons. Under ſuch circumſtances, the number of ſtudents cannot be ſmall: we were told it exceeded 800, which is certainly ſomewhat leſs than that related in ſome portugueze books, which ſpeak of them as amounting to 2000, and ſome to 8000.

Both the ſtudents and the tutors wear a long black plain cloak, without ſleeves, bound behind with bands, and adorned before from the neck to the foot with two rows of buttons ſet on very thick. Over this is another long black cloak, with ſleeves exactly ſimilar to that of proteſtant prieſts in Germany. Every one carries a ſmall black cloth bag in his hand, in which are his handkerchief, ſnuff-box, &c. as their dreſs has no other pockets. The ſtudents always go bare-headed, even in the burning heat of the ſun; the tutors and graduates only wearing a black cap. The cloth uſed being very thin, this black dreſs muſt be extremely inconvenient in ſummer; but neither rank, nor age, nor buſineſs can excuſe them from wearing it. For whoever is ſeen in the town without it is fined for the firſt offence, and afterwards impriſoned. Hence the ſtreets are conſtantly full of men with theſe black dreſſes, which gives the town a melancholy and monkiſh appearance. Pombal wiſhed to abrogate this cuſtom,

but it was repreſented to him that much expenſe was thereby ſaved in dreſs, which indeed here coſts a mere trifle. The tutors and ſtudents live as with us in private houſes, not as in many old univerſities, and even in England, in one building.

Various public inſtitutions now occupy the buildings of the ancient college of the jeſuits, which Pombal gave to the univerſity. It is ſituated like all the other univerſity-buildings in the higheſt part of the town. The muſeum is inconſiderable, containing but few remarkable ſpecimens, which Vandelli when he ſuperintended this inſtitution entirely arranged, even the minerals, according to the linnean ſyſtem. But the collection of philoſophical inſtruments is good and conſiderable, including many entirely new, eſpecially from England. Thoſe made in Portugal are chiefly of very fine braſil-wood, adorned with gilding, and ſo arranged, that this collection is one of the moſt brilliant of its kind. In mechanics it is very rich, but extremely poor in electrical apparatus. The chemical laboratory is alſo very good, capacious and light, and, beſides the objects generally found in ſuch eſtabliſhments, there is a pneumatic apparatus, and a collection of chemical preparations according to the new nomenclature. This building alſo contains a collection of chirurgical inſtruments.

The public library fills a ſmall church, the interior of which is very little altered; but it is not

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eaſy to judge of a library without ſtudying the catalogue. The number of volumes is conſiderable; and from the deſcription of the profeſſor of botany, Brotero, it ſeems not to be deficient even in new works. Accordingly it is much viſited and uſed by the ſtudents.

The obſervatory is well built in an excellent ſituation, in the upper part of the town, and is very convenient and neatly arranged. It only wants inſtruments.

The botanic garden is not very large, and the green-houſe is ſmall; but through the induſtry of its ſuperintendant, the profeſſor of botany Dom Feliz de Avellar Brotero, is excellently regulated. This garden is without compariſon more intereſting than the royal botanic garden at Liſbon. Beſide every plant is a ſtick bearing its name, as in the garden of Paris, and at firſt ſight the ſpectator might almoſt imagine he is viewing its counterpart. Beſides many exotics, there is a conſiderable collection of plants indigenous in Portugal, on which this excellent ſuperintendant has made a number of very important botanical remarks, and no botaniſt can viſit it without inſtruction.

In ſhort the various inſtitutions of the univerſity of Coimbra are far from bad. It far excels the ſpaniſh univerſities, not excepting that of Salamanca, if I may judge from what I have heard, both in Spain and Portugal, from the beſt

beſt judges. There are indeed very many univerſities in Germany, which in this reſpect are far inferior to this their portugueze ſiſter, whom they deſpiſe.

I became acquainted with various profeſſors, but could not judge of the abilities of thoſe employed on different branches of ſcience from myſelf. I have found among them ſeveral clear-headed, quick-ſighted men, whoſe portugueze politeneſs rendered them ſtill more amiable. They were acquainted with both french and engliſh literature, but to know german was too much to expect even from an engliſhman or a frenchman. In the library of friar Joaquim de Santa Clara, a benedictine, a profeſſor of theology, and a pleaſant ſhrewd man, the german literature concluded with 1730. I could have wiſhed I had been a univerſaliſt, in order to become more intimately acquainted with this gentleman. Dom Feliz de Avellar Brotero, profeſſor of botany, became my particular friend. He poſſeſſes great botanical knowledge, has become acquainted with the plants of Portugal by travelling through the country, and tranſplanted a great part of them into the botanical garden; ſo that I ſeldom aſked him a queſtion without receiving a ſatisfactory anſwer. I ſhould be unjuſt to this gentleman, if I did not claſs him with the beſt botaniſts I perſonally know, (for without that it

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is impoſſible to judge of a botaniſt) whether germans or others; his botany indeed is more deeply ingrafted in him than in men of far greater name, who can only anſwer in a true german way from their folios, or only know the orders, genera, and ſpecies, and then publiſh a book. Brotero's introduction to botany, written in portugueze*, ſhows equal knowledge and more ſkill in ſeizing new objects, than all our german introductory works of that claſs. He is alſo acquainted with the writers of Germany and reads our *Hedwig*; but then he has ſtudied eight years at Paris, and was not brought up at the univerſity of Coimbra; for which he is upbraided by his colleagues. He is alſo afflicted with hypochondria, which, together with vexation and diſappointment, robs this otherwiſe active men of his powers. Vandelli removed him from Liſbon, becauſe he poſſeſſed too much knowledge, and procured a place, far better adapted to *him*, for the ignorant Dom Alexandre. I ſtill reflect with pleaſure on our botanical excurſions at Coimbra, where we had ſcarcely converſed with him half an hour and ſhown him our collection of plants, when he

* It is entitled Compendio de Botanica ou noçoēs elementares deſta ſciencia, ſegundo os melhores eſcritores modernos, expoſtas na lingua portugueza; por Feliz Avellar Brotero. Paris 1787, 2 vols. 8vo. 471 and 411 pp. The author was ſtill at Paris when he wrote this work.

immediately

immediately propoſed a botanical walk. It was a pleaſure to ſee and to feel our mutual and unexpected friendſhip and eſteem daily increaſe. I have ſince heard that my friend is recalled to Liſbon, and that the Conde de Caparica has again placed him in an active ſituation, and given him encouragement.

The profeſſor of phyſic, Dom Conſtantino Bofelho de Lacerda Lobo, is no Brotero. He talks much more, but is ſuperficial, and has a very moderate degree of ſcientific knowledge. On the other hand he labours much, and not without ſucceſs, in œconomics. In Portugal, this and ſimilar branches of ſcience are moſt attended to, becauſe they promiſe immediate profit; but the muſes love not venal ſouls.

Dom Thome Rodriguez Sobral, the chemical profeſſor, and a very clever man, is acquainted with the french improvements in this branch, teaches chemiſtry according to the new nomenclature which he has tranſlated into portugueze, and is about to publiſh a chemical manual, which was much wanted in this country. I doubt not it will anſwer his purpoſe.

In ſhort, there is no want of perſons acquainted with the preſent ſtate of literature, or of heads capable of improving it; but there is perhaps a ſcarcity of profoundly learned men, who purſue the ſciences for their own ſakes. Why then doe this

this univerſity generally effect ſo little? The anſwer is obvious; that where works muſt be printed at the expenſe of the author, without any proſpect of a recompenſe, or where he can only procure them to be printed at the expenſe of the crown with great labour and difficulty, there can be no writers. But it will be aſked perhaps how it happens that the ſciences are ſo little loved, that the ſale will not pay the expenſes of a work? A ſtrict cenſorſhip of the preſs, and the inquiſition which is ſtill the terror of learned men, are certainly ſufficient motives for keeping down all ſpirit of enterpriſe, and as all the ſciences are connected together, they ſhare each other's fate. Had not men collected inſcriptions from old monuments, moſs would not now be ſought there, nor would Dr. Black have diſcovered oxygen gas, had he not doubted the categories as well as the elements of the Stagirite.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

The Country round Coimbra. Inez de Caſtro. Agricultural Economy.

THE country round Coimbra is uncommonly beautiful, and though mountainous extremely well cultivated. The mountains are covered with ſmall pine-woods and even german oaks, the vallies watered by brooks, and full of gardens, quintas, neat ſummer-houſes, and even monaſteries, and adorned with olive-trees, orange-trees, and the beautiful portugueze cypreſs in abundance. The Mondego winds before the city; and on both ſides of it is a narrow and very fruitful vale, which this rapid ſtream inundates in winter. In the diſtance on one ſide are ſeen the high mountains of Louſaõ; and on the other the high mountain of Buſſaco, whoſe ſolitary ſummit is adorned with a celebrated monaſtery of Carmelites, and its quinta with high ſhady cypreſſes. Thoſe to whom the aſcent is not too laborious, will here find the richeſt variety. Oppoſite to Coimbra, on the bank of the river, is the *Quinta das lagrimas*, or garden of tears, with a fountain of the ſame name, which riſes at the foot of a hill ſhaded by fine portugueze cypreſſes. Tradition ſays that Dona Inez de Caſtro lived there, and was there murdered. This lady,

who was a caſtilian by birth, Dom Pedro ſon and heir apparent to Alphonſo IV. loved, and is ſaid to have ſecretly married, at Braganza. He gave her this ſpot for her reſidence, frequently viſited her, and ſhe bore him three ſons and a daughter. The paſſion of the prince at length tranſpired; and his enraged father, inſtigated by his courtiers, came ſuddenly, while the prince was hunting, from Montemor o velho, not far from Coimbra, where he happened to ſtop, and cauſed her to be murdered. When Dom Pedro came to the throne, he gave orders to disinter the object of his paſſion, and with his own hands placed the crown on her remains. He was very ſevere toward thoſe who had ſtimulated his father to commit this murder, and even continued this ſeverity throughout his reign; from which circumſtance he was called o juſticeiro, ſignifying, not the juſt which is *juſto*, but the ſevere. This appellation was particularly uſed by the prieſthood, who were unfavourable to him. Inez and Dom Pedro ſhowed great taſte in the choice of this little ſpot, where Coimbra with the charming country around diſplays itſelf to the eye. In the romantic valley of the Mondego, the quinta of tears forms a ſpot, over which fancy ſeems to hover in all her ſportiveneſs, and if poetry has ever ſent forth a few ſparks of radiance in Portugal, it has been the offspring of this charming vale.

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It is ſingular that theſe beautiful materials have never highly ſucceeded in poetry. Strong endeavours have been made to produce from it a tragedy, to which however the ſubject is by no means adapted without conſiderable alterations; for the whole tranſaction is confined to the moment, when the beautiful, the tender, and the happy Inez is murdered without the knowledge of the prince. Such a conſpiracy againſt a peaceful woman living in retirement at a diſtance from the court, attacked and murdered during the abſence of her lover, offers but little opportunity for the intricacy of a plot. There are however ſeveral portugueze tragedies of this name, moſt of them not without ſome happy, and ſome laughable paſſages. La Mothe's Inez is deſervedly forgotten; a german tragedy on the ſame ſubject, it may be hoped, will alſo ſoon ſink into oblivion; the worſt of all is an italian opera, in which Inez is not killed, but the king on interceſſion being made, pardons her. Poeſy has ſeldom produced ſo miſerable a piece. I ſaw this opera in London, where Madame Banti, the favourite of the public there, made a very wretched Inez. Even the epiſode in the Luſiad, among ſome excellent paſſages, contains a ſpeech of Inez to Alphonſo, which could not have been worſe. But we forget the faults of this great poet, when

we

we read the lines in which he paints her happineſs canto three, ſt. 20. 21.

" Eſtavas, linda Inez, poſta em ſocego,
De teus annos colhendo doce fruto,
Naquelle engano de alma ledo e cego,
Que a Fortuna naõ deixa durar muito,
Nos ſaudoſos campos do Mondego,
De teus formoſos olhos nunca enxuto,
Aos montes enſinando, e ás ervinhas,
O nome, que no peito eſcrito tinhas.

" Do teu principe alli te reſpondiam
As lembranças, que na alma lhe moravam,
Que ſempre ante ſeus olhos te traziam,
Quando dos teus formoſos ſe apartavam,
De noite em doces ſonhos que mentiam,
De dia em penſamentos que voavam;
E quanto em fim cuidava, e quanto via,
Eram tudo memorias de alegria."

" Thou, O nymph, the while,
Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile,
In tender ſcenes by love-ſick fancy wrought,
By fear oft ſhifted, as by fancy brought,
In ſweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers,
Languiſh'd away the ſlow and lonely hours:
While now, as terror wak'd thy boding fears,
The conſcious ſtream receiv'd thy pearly tears;
And now, as hope reviv'd the brighter flame,
Each echo ſigh'd thy princely lover's name.
Nor leſs could abſence from thy prince remove
The dear remembrance of his diſtant love:
Thy looks, thy ſmiles, before him ever glow,
And o'er his melting heart endearing flow:

By night his ſlumbers bring thee to his arms,
By day his thoughts ſtill wander o'er thy charms:
By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,
Each thought the memory or the hope of joy."

MICKLE'S *Luſiad.*

But it is difficult to convey an idea of the beauties of the original, and of the elegant language in which it is written. The three different terms to expreſs the charms of perſon, all ſonorous and pleaſing to the ear, add richneſs to the deſcription. How elegantly does *lindo* expreſs beauty of a ſofter kind, *ledo* a gayer ſpecies, and *formoſo* the general idea handſome! and who can convey in a ſingle word the ſenſe of *ſaudoſo*, which ſignifies *heart-awakening*, or who can tranſlate with equal force theſe two lines of the above paſſage, which are not inferior to Virgil's Te dulcis conjux, &c. and can only be truly felt in the original.

"De noite em doces ſonhos que mentiam,
De dia em penſamentos que voavam."

Surely thoſe who do not claſs Camoens with the firſt of poets, know neither that author nor the language in which he wrote*.

* Mr. Jungk, in the preface to his portugueze grammar, has tranſlated the whole epiſode of Inez de Caſtro in order to criticize it; but, after finding a few faults, he confeſſes it contains many graces, as he expreſſes himſelf. That is, Mr. Jungk cenſures every thing that is portugueze without exception. His tranſlation, however, is by no means faultleſs; and, which is particularly ſtriking, he has tranſlated the article o, at the beginning, by the interjection O!

I have

I have already ſometimes mentioned the portugueze cypreſs (*cupreſſus luſitanica* l'Heritier), but I muſt ſay ſomething more of this moſt beautiful tree, which is ſo little known in Germany. It was firſt brought from the high mountains near Goa, to Buſſaco, where it ſtill grows in abundance in the quinta of the monaſtery. It is now found only in the middle and cooler parts of Portugal. Round Liſbon it is ſcarce and ſmall, and in the ſouth of Portugal unknown, but on the other hand, the more common pyramidal, and far leſs beautiful cypreſs there abounds. The portugueze cypreſs ſucceeds in England and France far better than the common, and the ſmall plants of it, which I have brought with me from thence, thrive very well here in Mecklenburg. Moſt of the pine-wood trees, notwithſtanding their beautiful foliage, have a ſtiff form which at length fatigues the eye; and I only know two varieties that unite this advantage with an eaſy growth, like our wide-leaved trees; the cedar of Lebanon and the portugueze cypreſs. My readers, who have ſeen the majeſtic cedars of Lebanon in the botanic garden at Paris, will not deny me their aſſent relative to the beauty of this tree. The portugueze cypreſs reſembles theſe ſo much in its growth, that the firſt high cypreſſes I ſaw of this kind at Alcobaça I miſtook at a diſtance for cedars of Lebanon.

The mountains round Coimbra conſiſt partly of a coarſe-grained ſand-ſtone, alternated with a grey lime-ſtone. At a diſtance began high ſlate-mountains, and here alſo a yellowiſh grey argillaceous ſlate changes to a ſand-ſlate, and this to a mica-ſlate, which ends in a granite. The flora of this part is uncommonly beautiful. On the ſlate-mountains grow the plants of Entre-Douro-e-Minho, the majeſtic *antirrhinum triornithophorum*, the *cynogloſſum luſitanicum* * *Tournef*, and the ſmall *Sibthorpia europea* † covers the rocks and walls. In the pine-woods and ſand-mountains are found the plants of the portugueze heaths, and on the lime-ſtone-mountains an abundance of orchides, and of the plants of the Serra da Arrabida. When we came to the oak-woods, we fancied ourſelves in the ſmaller foreſts of Germany.

The land is well cultivated; better than elſe-where, except in Minho. Much oil in particular is produced here. The olive-tree, indeed, is very common all over Portugal, from the northern frontier-mountains of the ſerra de Gorez to Algarvia, but moſt abounds in theſe midland parts, where the traveller may ſometimes purſue his way during whole days without ſeeing any other tree. There are ſeveral varieties of it; but in general the portugueze oil is better than that of Spain,

* Portugueze hound's tongue. † Baſtard money-wort.

though

though the olives are ſmaller. The olive-tree is planted by ſets (*tanchoēs*), or it is grafted on the wild olive (*azambujeiro*), which is by no means ſcarce in many parts of Portugal. The latter method affords a more durable ſtem. The ſets are cut off from old trees in autumn, from which time they are kept in moiſt earth, and are ſet from the beginning of January to the end of April, according to the ſituation of the ſoil. In the firſt years they are hoed, to deſtroy weeds, and the land is ſowed with corn; but this method of cultivation is not common except in Algarvia. While the trees are young the ſuperfluous branches are cut off; but the olive-tree bears very late, not till its fifteenth year. Hence appears how injurious war is to this branch of agriculture, and how horrid the revenge recorded in ſacred hiſtory of cutting down the enemy's olive-trees. The olives are ripe in December and January, at which time men climb the trees and beat them with long poles, while the olives are received in extended cloths, or gathered up from the ground. It would certainly be better were the olives plucked by the hand as in the ſouth of France. Some preſs them immediately on their being brought home in baſkets; others ſhoot them down in heaps, throwing ſalt between them, and ſuffering them to ferment in order to produce more oil, of which however the quality is inferior. The

preſſes are worked by oxen; but the want of cleanlineſs, both in theſe machines and throughout the whole proceſs, contributes much to render the quality of the oil worſe than it might be. In this country, where oil is uſed inſtead of butter and fat with all kinds of food, is burnt in large quantities in lamps, and ſoap prepared from it, beſides other uſes, that article is an object of great conſumption, and is carried from Coimbra into the other provinces. The portugueze pickle only the ripe brown olive; but at good tables the large ſpaniſh unripe olives alone are ſeen, as they are every where preferred. The wood of the olive-tree might be very uſeful, being yellow, cloſe-grained, and beautiful; but is only employed as fuel, the woods from Braſil having ſuperſeded all other kinds of timber.

The olive-tree is ſubject to two diſeaſes, the one, called *a gafa*, ariſes in damp ſituations, ſhrivelling up both leaves and fruit; the other, called *ferragem* (or ruſt), is very prevalent in the midland and ſouthern part of Portugal. In this diſorder the leaves ſhrivel, are covered beneath with a black clammy ſubſtance, and a great number of inſects belonging to the family of *coccus*, but not yet eſtabliſhed as a ſeparate ſpecies. Hence the tree ſickens, and bears ſmaller fruit and in leſs quantity. Complaints are every where made of this diſorder, which employs the attention of the learned

learned and of economiſts as much as the dry-rot or the caterpillars, called *nonnenraupe*, occupy the german naturaliſts and foreſters. The academy of Liſbon once offered a premium for the beſt tragedy; but, when the ſealed paper was opened, which accompanied the ſucceſsful piece, a petition was found, inſtead of the name of the writer, requeſting that the premium might be given to the author of the beſt treatiſe on the means of preventing the ruſt in olive-trees; a juſt and delicate reproof to the academy. Hitherto no other remedy has been diſcovered than cutting off the infected branches, which is too ſevere a mode of cure; for probably this inſect, like all ſuch animals, has its period, and would at length ceaſe of itſelf. In the economical treatiſes of the academy, vol. I. p. 8, Vandelli has given his opinion, that the inſect is a *coccus*, and adviſes, beſides cutting off the branch, to ſprinkle the tree with ſalt-water. In vol. III. p. 154, another method is propoſed on this ſubject by Antonio Suares Barboſa, who firſt gives the natural hiſtory of the inſect, with a deſcription not ſtrictly according to the rules of ſcience, and then proceeds to ſhow that the black clammy ſubſtance does not ariſe from the inſect, but from an overflow of ſap (*chymomania*). The author is indeed no bad obſerver, but the inferences he draws from his obſervations cannot be approved. I have often obſerved this ſpecies

of ruſt, to which the name is indeed but ill adapted, and have ſeen it not only in olive-trees, but in the ciſti, particularly the *ciſtus halimifolius*, and other ſhrubs, and muſt agree with this author, that the black ſubſtance does not immediately ariſe from the inſects; to me it ſeems much rather to be a vegetable. It does not however thence follow, that the inſects are not the remote cauſe of it, as their ſting may cauſe the ſap to flow out, and the diſeaſe of the tree may give riſe to theſe cryptogamic paraſytes, diſeaſed trees being more apt to produce moſſes and fungi, than the healthy.

Round Coimbra are grown various kinds of wheat, white, red, and ſummer-wheat (*trigo tremez*), but the latter only when the Mondego, as often happens, rots the ſeed in the ground. It is ſown from November to March, at three different times. When it grows in fields amid olive-trees, the ground is turned in winter, if not in May, and it is ploughed only once in October after the firſt rains. The plough uſed here has two wheels, a ſhare, a mould-board, and a coulter, which may be raiſed and lowered. Barley is alſo ſown; but no oats, and little rye. In general, Coimbra is obliged to import wheat and barley from other provinces. Rice is grown in the marſhes along the Mondego, but not in any conſiderable quantity.

Maize

Maize or indian-corn is very commonly cultivated here, and throughout Beira, where it is produced in larger quantities than in the ſouthern provinces, in which the ſoil is too dry, and too light. The land is ploughed fourteen days before ſowing time, which continues from April to the end of May. When the young plants have four or five leaves, the ground is hoed, the ſuperfluous plants deſtroyed, and immediately afterwards the earth is heaped up round thoſe that remain. In the fields it is harrowed fourteen days after, by which the leaves are torn off, and the young plants frequently quite covered with earth, which makes them thrive better. The maize when ripe is cut, and great numbers live on the bread made of it, called *broa*, which is of a fine yellow colour, but heavy and ſweetiſh. The maize-bread in the ſouth of France is far lighter, but much dryer. Maize alſo affords good fodder for cattle, and is grown round Coimbra in ſuch abundance that great quantities are exported to other provinces. It is called *milho*, and according to the portugueze writers was firſt imported from Guinea. Millet (*panicum miliaceum*) is called *milho miudo*, and italian pannicle (*panicum italicum*) *milho painço*.

The oranges produced here are excellent, and are exported to foreign countries, even from the ſmall harbour of Figueira at the mouth of the Mondego.

Mondego. The wine is moderate, yet is ſent into other provinces. Garden-fruits are produced in great abundance, and of a very good quality, eſpecially common beans, and another kind of beans, called *feijaõ fraydinho* (monk's beans), which are met with in great quantities all over the kingdom. Theſe beans much reſemble the common beans, but are ſmaller, and do not taſte quite ſo good; yet the cultivation of them is ſaid to be very productive. This plant is the *dolichos catjang*, Linn. which is much cultivated in the Eaſt Indies and in China, where its beans are eaten. I do not know that they are grown in any other part of Europe, or that our botaniſts are informed of their cultivation in Portugal. Some flax is alſo grown round Coimbra.

Notwithſtanding this good cultivation, the common people are very poor, the cauſe of which ſtrikes the eye of the traveller, even before he approaches the town, in the number of monaſteries and churches it contains. The town itſelf is ſupported by the univerſity, its trade being inconſiderable. The Mondego is a bad river; for in winter it inundates the country, and in ſummer creeps ſlowly along its bed. This is a great obſtacle to navigation, and though many propoſals have been made to render the river navigable, they have never been adopted, and at its mouth is ſo dangerous a bar, that only ſmall veſſels can enter.

enter. Along the whole coaſt from Buarcos to Figueira are numerous traces of coal in the ſame manner as at Cabo Eſpichel; but at that time they were not worked. In the town and ſurrounding country are manufactured a little linen, and in the latter thin woollens. In the lower town are ſome manufactories where a bad kind of pottery is made, and others of red earthenware, the clay for which is brought from a place called Alcarrazas. This red ware is made both glazed and unglazed. Pitchers of a red clay without glazing and very porous are uſed in all parts of Portugal for cooling water in ſummer; the tranſudation and evaporation of which, conſtantly producing cold, have been above deſcribed *, as alſo the argillaceous taſte imparted by the veſſels while new. Notwithſtanding this the invention is not only of great uſe in a hot country, but might be imitated in more northern climates, where the ſummers are warm †.

In the economical treatiſes of the Liſbon academy, vol. I. p. 254, is a phyſical and economi-

* P. 184.

† Of ſimilar veſſels uſed in Spain, and called Alcarrazas, an account is given by Caſteirie in Scherer's chemical journal vol. I. p. 251, where he ſays the poroſity is partly cauſed by a mixture of ſea ſalt. Of this, however, I heard nothing in Portugal, where that quality was aſcribed merely to the veſſels being but little baked.

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cal account of Coimbra and the ſurrounding country, by Manoel Dias Baptiſta, where all that relates to natural hiſtory is uncommonly bad, and a catalogue of the animals and plants round Coimbra is not only very incomplete, but full of errors. Of the economical information ſome is uſeful, and of this I have made uſe above; but I have myſelf made the ſame obſervations, and he is ſilent on many very ſtriking objects.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Aveiro. Oporto.

THE cheerful hills of Coimbra accompanied us only a league, when the country grew flat, and we travelled over low land with ratchil and ſand, covered with heath and pine-woods. Near to Aveiro, which is nine leagues from Coimbra, the ſoil is better cultivated, but we only met with two ſmall villages, Sendas novas and Balhaza.

The city of Aveiro is ſituated in a flat and very marſhy country, at the mouth of the Vouga. It is the capital of a corregimento, has a corregedor and provedor, contains about 1400 houſes divided into four pariſhes, and ſix monaſteries. The old walls ſtill remain, but the town extends beyond them; the houſes are generally ſmall, and there are very few rich people. The river Vouga flows through the town where it is ſtill very narrow, but is adorned with a handſome quay. Near the town it divides in two branches, one to the left and ſouthward running to the ſea, the other northward to Ovar. Its trade is inconſiderable, only ſmall boats coming to the town; nor indeed could any but ſmall ſhips paſs the bar, which is continually ſhifting. The fiſhery alone is worthy of

of notice; for Aveiro chiefly ſupplies the province of Beira with ſardinhas. Large troops of mules are continually ſeen carrying them into the higher parts of the province. Much ſalt is alſo here produced, though not ſo good as at St. Ubes and Liſbon.

No town in Portugal is ſurrounded by ſo extenſive plains, and ſo large marſhes of freſh water. Hence the town is very unhealthy, which is immediately perceived in the haggard pale countenances of its inhabitants. Agues are very common there, and, as in all warm countries, more dangerous than in cold. Putrid diſorders are alſo not unfrequent.

We went from hence by water to Ovar. This arm of the Vouga, which is properly a lake, is pretty narrow for three leagues, then becomes much broader during a league, forming a true lake, and at length ends in a narrow channel a league long, which ceaſes cloſe to Ovar. Hence it appears how erroneouſly in reſpect to its breadth this lake is laid down in the map of Lopez and all others. The water is nearly freſh, though we were often only ſeparated from the ſea by downs. Water-conveyance in ſmall boats on a ſhallow ſtream, where in many parts veſſels are puſhed on by poles, through a flat marſhy country, is very unpleaſant. Ovar is a conſiderable town or villa, containing 1300 houſes, many of them large and handſome.

handſome. We met with a very well cultivated country, and a method of huſbandry, ſimilar to that we afterwards ſaw in Minho. Here we firſt met with meadows formed by art, and remarked the engliſh rye graſs (lolium perenne) which is ſown here, and in theſe warm climates is an annual, whereas on the contrary the ſhrubs of ſouthern climates are annuals in the north. Of this the drought is the cauſe by drying up the roots in ſummer. We alſo found a hitherto non-deſcript plant uſed for fodder (*ornithopus ſativus nob.*) a very remarkable plant, which is not only here cultivated, but is uſed with great advantage throughout Minho, and in ſome parts of the country round Coimbra.

Not far from Ovar, and near a village called Sobral, began mountains of argillaceous ſlate, which ſoon gives way to a mica-ſlate, and introduces a high range extending with ſteep crowded mountains along the ſouth ſide of the Douro as far as Lamego and beyond. It is ſeen in the diſtance even at Aveiro, but ſinks as it approaches the ſea. Here begins the province of Entre-Douro-e-Minho, called in the country for ſhortneſs Minho, a very ſmall part being ſituated on the other ſide of the Douro. Here the harbingers of a better cultivation appear: notwithſtanding the barrenneſs of the mountains, the vallies are cultivated with maize, cole, and flax, the hills are covered with

pine-

pine-woods, and the vine climbs up the hedges and round the trees. The villages, which at firſt are bad, gradually improve and become more numerous, and the traveller ſuddenly finds himſelf ſurrounded by detached houſes, till he arrives, without perceiving it, in a conſiderable place called Villanova do Porto, where he deſcends a ſteep ſtreet to the bank of the Douro, and beholds on the oppoſite declivity the city of Oporto.

When the traveller ſuddenly beholds a large city, with innumerable churches and towers, on the ſide of a ſteep mountain between rocks that ſeem torn aſunder, ſurrounded by rude mountains adorned with gardens, churches, and other edifices interſperſed with pine-woods, and looks down on a fine and rapid ſtream covered with ſhips, amid ſcenes of human activity, that occupy a ſpot deſigned by nature for the haunts of wild beaſts, he is at once aſtoniſhed and delighted with the proſpect; the impreſſion of which is rendered ſtill more lively by his vicinity to the objects, as the ſtream is far from broad, and the valley very narrow. Liſbon ſtrikes at a diſtance by its great extent and magnificence, Coimbra lies ſolitary and forlorn in the heart-awakening fields of the Mondego, and Oporto ſurpriſes by its elevated ſituation.

Excepting Liſbon, Oporto is the largeſt city in Portugal; being the chief town of a Corregimento,

mento, and the ſeat of a corregedor, a provedor, and a military governor, being a place of arms; it is alſo the ſee of a biſhop who chiefly reſides at Mezanfrio. Lima in his geography of Portugal, publiſhed in 1736, ſtates the number of inhabitants at 20,737, and Murphy at 63,505. I know not what miſtakes Murphy may have made, to ſwell the proportion to ſo large a number; but perhaps he included the ſurrounding concelhos; for it is certain the population is now about 30,000, as the corregedor himſelf aſſured us. An increaſe of 10,000 ſince the year 1737 is far more probable, than an addition of 40,000 at a time when the population of the country at large has not much increaſed. Oporto has four ſuburbs, ſeven pariſhes, and twelve religious houſes. On one ſide the remains of the walls and gates ſtill exiſt; otherwiſe the town is quite open and has no fortifications. It is alſo the ſeat of the high tribunal for the northern provinces (*relaçaõ do Porto.*)

The quay on the river is built without the leaſt art; on one ſide is a ſtreet, the other ſide is walled and raiſed, though merely for the purpoſe of making ſhip's cables faſt. From the ſtrand riſes a broad well-paved ſtreet with cauſeways on the ſides, leading to an equally handſome oblique ſtreet. The reſt of the ſtreets along the declivity of the hill are narrow, crooked and dirty; but upon the hill we again found many

fine broad ſtraight ſtreets, with a great many new and handſome houſes. We ſeemed almoſt to have quitted Portugal, and to be ſuddenly tranſported to England; ſo regular, ſo light, and neat are all the buildings. Generally ſpeaking, Oporto is without doubt the cleaneſt town in Portugal, but we heard the ſame complaints as at Madrid, when Charles II. converted a filthy village into a handſome city; for the inhabitants told us that the part of Oporto, which owing to the new and broad ſtreets is ſo much inhabited, has thereby become more unwholeſome. Of this they aſſigned as one reaſon, that the ſun enters the houſes, while thoſe in the narrow ſtreets are ſhaded, and thus increaſes the heat and all its evil conſequences. It is certain that the ancients and particularly the Arabs, in the choice of ſituations for their towns, paid attention to this circumſtance, and that a traveller ſhould therefore not too haſtily cenſure the towns in the ſouth of Europe in this reſpect. The ſteep declivity of the hill on which the city is built, renders walking and riding on horſe-back or in carriages more laborious than in Liſbon. On the eaſt ſide of the town are houſes built againſt ſo ſteep a part of the declivity over the ſtream, that they can only be entered by ſteps cut out of the rock. This inconvenience is indeed compenſated, at leaſt to a ſtranger, by the romantic ſituation they enjoy, and the proſpect of the oppoſite bank

with

with its towns, villages, monaſteries, and pine-woods.

At Oporto the manners of ſociety are taken from the engliſh, who are here more numerous and conſiderable, in proportion to the other rich inhabitants, than at Liſbon. They have a kind of caſino in a handſome building, which is extremely well regulated, and very much contributes to bring foreigners together. Among the engliſh merchants are ſeveral who poſſeſs both knowledge and the love of ſcience, particularly a gentleman named Warre.

A ſhort time ago a conſiderable play-houſe was built at a large expenſe, but the architect has unfortunately ſo contrived it, that the audience in the boxes cannot hear. In other reſpects it highly merits approbation. Here portugueze plays are performed by tolerably good actors. Thus it is not impoſſible that Oporto may ſoon have a better theatre than Liſbon. Another uncommonly extenſive building, the royal hoſpital, was at this time in the ſame unfiniſhed ſtate as when Murphy ſaw it.

The trade of Oporto, which is well known to be chiefly in wine, has ſuffered much in conſequence of the war. The vicinity of Vigo in Galicia, where the french privateers take refuge, have kept this place in great awe, and the harbour of Oporto is very ill-adapted to be a ſtation

for ſhips of war, on account of the difficulty of its entrance. Hence French privateers have almoſt always been hovering within ſight of it; and this circumſtance has ruined many houſes in Oporto, which can be ſaid of very few at Liſbon. In front of the town the river is very deep; two-maſted veſſels can come to the town itſelf, thoſe with three maſts within a quarter of a league, and the great Braſil ſhips alone unload their cargoes in the road. In 1796 the following ſhips entered and ſailed out of this port: 10 Americans in and 6 out; from Bremen 2 in and out; 51 daniſh in, 52 out; 2 ſpaniſh in and out; 36 hamburgheſe in, 34 out; 88 engliſh in, 99 out; 4 from Lubeck in and out; 35 portugueze in, 42 out; 27 pruſſian in, 26 out; 1 from Papenburgh in and out; 32 ſwediſh in, and 29 out. From which it appears that the engliſh trade to Oporto far exceeds that of all other nations.

The general appearance of the country round Oporto I have already deſcribed. There is a very pleaſant walk up the river, which forms a principal object to the right; and to the left is a ſteep rocky declivity, part of which ſhould be blown up by gunpowder and removed, to widen the path. On an eminence oppoſite to it is a monaſtery with its woody quinta. Several brooks ruſh down the ſide of the rock and loſe themſelves beneath moſs, underwood, and other plants, that trickle with cool

clear water; and, where the rocks permit, a garden or a quinta is ſtolen from their barren ſides. The country at a greater diſtance is very beautiful, and forms chearful hills, where a ſhort coppice of german oaks and hollies (*ilex aquifolium*) ſurpriſes by its novelty. Another pleaſant walk of the ſame kind accompanies the river downward to the ſea, which is but three-quarters of a league from Oporto.

The mountains ſuddenly ceaſe toward the coaſt, and the land is lower at the mouth of the river; but here and there rocks riſe out of the ſand, rendering the entrance into the harbour extremely narrow and very dangerous. The ſea alſo is very boiſterous on theſe coaſts during the rainy ſeaſon, and the river very rapid. The ſand which the ſtream brings with it is retained by the rocks, and thus more and more chokes the paſſage; ſo that, unleſs great and powerful means are employed, the harbour will at length be rendered totally uſeleſs. Endeavours, however, are made to keep the ſtream in one place, ſo as to waſh the ſand away; and ſomething has already been effected by labour. On the whole, however, little has been done, and much more can and muſt be performed, if this important harbour is to be preſerved. It is a fearful ſight to behold a ſhip, when the wind is at all ſtrong, winding its

way through this narrow part. A ſmall fort, called San Joaõ de Fez, near which is a ſmall market-town, covers the entrance; beſides this, on the coaſt to the northward is a baſtion on the beach; oppoſite to which on the ſouth ſide is alſo a very ſmall fort, called Santa Caterina, with a few other batteries.

The traveller ſhould not climb the hills behind Oporto, for there the charms of this narrow romantic valley diſappear: the ſoil is ſandy, or full of granite-gravel, barren, and covered with dreary pine-woods.

Immediately oppoſite to Oporto, on the ſouth bank of the Douro, is the appearance of a town not much ſmaller than Oporto itſelf. To the weſtward, along the declivity of a hill, are a number of detached houſes forming the market-town of *Gaya*, a place remarkable both for its ſituation and name. Here in former times a place called *Cale*, of which the ancients ſpeak, is ſaid to have ſtood; but Oporto being afterwards built, as being more convenient for ſhips, by the greater depth of the water along that bank, it was called *Portus Cale*, or the harbour of Cale, whence was derived *Portucal*, and at length *Portugal*. Thus from this place the whole kingdom afterwards received its name according to this highly probable etymology, of which Reſende is the author. Portus

tus Cale was at length called o Porto* (*the harbour*), which name the town of Oporto afterwards received. Advancing to the eaſtward, we came to a conſiderable and populous town or villa, called Villanova do Porto, inhabited by the lower claſſes of people, whereas the rich more generally live in Oporto itſelf. Between Villanova and Gaya, on a ſmall plain along the bank of the river, are the immenſe magazines where wine is kept till exported. A monaſtery on a high, and, toward the river, very ſteep hill, completes the circle of this buſtling view to the eaſtward. We were told that the number of inhabitants at Gaya and Villanova, including the detached houſes reckoned as part of both places, was about 20,000.

The mountains along the north bank conſiſt of granite in rocks, thoſe along the ſouth bank of ſtratified granite and mica-ſlate. Traces every where appear of metallic veins of copper, pyrites, malachite, and other metals; and along the ſouth bank particularly a copper mine might be opened with great proſpect of ſucceſs.

The climate of Oporto is in winter damp and foggy in conſequence of its mountainous and

* This phraſeology is ſtill preſerved, the articles *o* and *do* being always uſed before the name of this city: whence the engliſh name Oporto; which is more accurate than to adopt the portugueze name *Porto* without the article. T.

woody ſituation; whence alſo the air is cooler than elſewhere, though it ſeldom freezes. On the contrary in ſummer the heat is great both in this narrow valley and the town, which is ſituated on a ſouthern declivity. Here as alſo along the lower coaſts of Portugal regular winds prevail in ſummer, *viz.* in the morning the eaſt wind, which toward noon veers to the ſouthward, and then to the weſt; which confers many advantages on navigation. The ſoil though well cultivated is not productive; but oranges are brought from Braga and Barcelos, wine from the Upper-Douro, and, in ſhort, all thoſe productions which bear the name of this town are not grown round it though thence exported. The gardens round Oporto are beautiful and pleaſant, and the plants of the Cape and of New Holland grow in the open air with gooſeberries, currants, and other fruits of the colder countries of Europe, which are not ſeen round Liſbon. I have met with gardens which I much admired, where among german trees magnolias, the jaſmin from the cape (*gardenia florida*), the ſweet-ſmelling olive-tree (*olea fragrans*), the tea-plant and the ſtork-bill from the Cape, grow almoſt wild. Were it the intereſt of any commercial european nation to cultivate tea at home, the northern provinces of Portugal are excellently adapted to that object.

The

The common people are more ſuperſtitious in theſe countries though not more fanatic than elſewhere. We happened to be at Oporto on Corpus-Chriſti day, and ſaw the proceſſion: but what a difference between the levity of the portugueze and the devotion of our catholic peaſantry! The former talked, laughed, joked, fell on their knees while ſpeaking, and, when the proceſſion had gone but a few paces from them, again put on their hats. In Portugal we were never upbraided with a ſuſpicion of hereſy, except that a drunken peaſant not far from Ovar aſked me whether we were chriſtians or arians. Probably this man had recently heard a ſermon againſt arians. In other reſpects the people are very good-natured; and Oporto was at that time directly the contrary of Liſbon, being a very ſafe place, where thefts and murders committed in order to rob were extremely uncommon. Inſtances, however, of aſſaſſination with knives through jealouſy were not wholly wanting. The politeneſs and friendlineſs of the people is uncommonly great; and the language abounds with diminutives to an exceſs that is often ridiculous. Thus the women almoſt always inſtead of *a deos* (adieu) uſe the diminutive adeoſinho*. It is a peculiarity of all the northern

* It is perhaps among the very few defects of our language, that it does not admit of theſe faſcinating and tender elegancies. T.

provinces,

provinces that the *eh* is pronounced with a ſtrong ſpaniſh aſpiration, whereas in the ſouth of Portugal the pronunciation is ſimilar to that of France. Their dreſs alſo ſomewhat differs from that of the ſouthern provinces, wooden ſhoes being here very common, though not found farther to the ſouthward.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

Journey to Braga. Province of Entre-Douro-e-Minho.

THE granite-mountains, heaths, and pine-woods, with villages ſcantily ſituated, and detached houſes by no means announce to the traveller in the neighbourhood of Oporto, that he is in that province, of which he has heard ſo much, and which he has ſo impatiently expected. Cloſe to Villanova do fameliçaõ ſix leagues from Oporto, he at length beholds one of the beautiful Minho-vallies in which that place is ſituated. Here ſmall fields of maize, and even of rye and barley, and more rarely of wheat, are ſurrounded by high german oaks, cheſnuts, and poplars, artificially watered by brooks, every tree ſupporting a vine which ſpreads over its crown, and not unfrequently reaches the ſummit of the high oaks; while a cool refreſhing ſhade every where abounds, adorning a cultivated populous country, and every valley reſembles a fairy-land incloſed between rocky deſert mountains.

Minho is the moſt populous of all the provinces of Portugal. Within a ſpace of eighteen leagues in length and eleven in breadth, it contains three cities, twenty five villas, 900,000 inhabitants, and 223,495 houſes. The whole province is a collection

lection of granite-mountains, the ſoil in the vallies being alone fertile, and the eminences bare granite-ſand, but on the other hand extremely well watered, and therefore alſo well cultivated. The induſtry of the inhabitants is every where apparent: they dig with great labour for water, ſo that a ſtranger would ſuppoſe the ground to be full of ſhafts of mines, and they divide the water they find with great care among the fields and meadows. Maize is chiefly cultivated, being hoed twice a year, firſt when four or five inches high, and afterwards when the ears are ſet. This is called *ſachar*. Their induſtry however is not always directed by much knowledge. They uſe, for inſtance, a very bad hoe, with a ſhort and almoſt conical iron, and two pieces of wood which do the chief part of the operation, it is very heavy and makes furrows ſixteen inches apart, only eight inches of which are removed, ſix inches at leaſt remaining quite hard. The vine yields a very bad wine reſembling vinegar, the grapes that are ſhaded by the tops of the trees not having ſufficient ſun: hence it is called green wine (*vinho verde*) or wine from hanging vines (*vinho de enforcado*).

Except ſome rich monaſteries, very few large eſtates are met with in this province; but hence the peaſants thrive the better, which ought to convince every portugueze, that under ſuch an

order

order of things alone an adequate population is practicable. Yet the increaſe of this induſtrious and chearful people is too great for their unfruitful ſoil, and a great number annually emigrate, ſome with an intention of finally ſettling elſewhere, and others to acquire property and return. Theſe men help the farmers of other provinces in their harveſt and other branches of huſbandry, travelling about in conſiderable numbers under the command of a captain (*caputaz*) and living in huts (*ranches*). In this manner the inhabitants even of the northern part of Beira round Aveiro &c. emigrate. If the government paid attention to manufactures, which would here be properly placed, if the culture of ſilk in this province which is particularly adapted to it, were purſued and encouraged, theſe emigrations would probably be prevented, by which the province is now weakened, and the idleneſs of the remaining inhabitants increaſed. A great number alſo annually emigrate to the colonies, eſpecially to Braſil. The natives of this province are ſuperior to the reſt of their countrymen, both men and women being extremely chearful, good-natured, and induſtrious, though both ſexes, particularly the female, are not at all handſome. Travelling in Portugal is generally very ſafe, but moſt particularly here. The inns are no better in their external appearance than in other parts of the king-

dom,

dom, but the traveller almoſt every where meets with a good dinner and a good ſupper.

On quitting the valley of Villanova, we again croſſed arid mountains covered with heath before we came to the valley of Braga. Here we ſaw to the northward the high range of mountains that divide Portugal from Galicia, called the Serra de Gerez, with its high pointed ſummits. The city of Braga is ſituated in a broad open vale, as the Minho-vallies generally are, and like them cultivated and ſhaded by trees. Here are many cork-trees, and cloſe to the town orange-gardens. The ſmall rivers Cavado and Deſte ſcarcely deſerve the name, being mere brooks. Braga, the chief town of the province, is under the arch-biſhop of that place, who enjoys a revenue of above 100,000 cruſades; and appoints judges and two tribunals, the one ſpiritual the other temporal; ſo that this is the only city where the king does not appoint a corregedor, or a juiz de fora. In the *coutos* * round the town, his ſentence is final in criminal affairs, but not on the inhabitants of the town.

Braga contains about 13,000 inhabitants, five pariſhes, and ſeven monaſteries. Several of the ſtreets are broad, light, and open, but moſt of the houſes are ſmall, as in all inland towns in Portugal. Among the objects of curioſity here

* *Couto* or *locus cautus* originally ſignified an aſylum, or a place where a prieſt has juriſdiction.

is

is the large old gothic-built cathedral, with its antiquities and treaſures; alſo the church and monaſtery of St. Fructuoſo, containing a miraculous picture of the virgin, and rich in treaſures and relies, ſtand on a hill without the town, ſo ſituated as to form a fine object, as ſeen from a broad handſome ſtreet. The origin of Braga is loſt in remote antiquity; the romans called it Auguſta Bracharorum, and roman coins are often found in the neighbourhood. Braga was a more conſiderable place in the fifteenth century than now. It has a hat-manufactory which ſupplies a great part of Portugal with hats for the common people; nor are the hats bad, though they do not equal the engliſh. There is alſo a manufactory of knives which is inconſiderable. The women are every where ſeen knitting, ſewing, or making linen, and ſigns of induſtry and activity every where appear. The rich inhabitants of Braga have a bad name in the other very ſocial towns of Minho: they are accuſed of being quarrelſome, fond of ſcandal, and their manners are very much diſliked.

We left Braga very ſoon in order to arrive the earlier at the frontier mountains that divide Portugal from Galicia, called Serra de Gerez, and viſit that almoſt unexplored range of mountains at the moſt favourable ſeaſon. A league from Braga we came to a ſmall village called Ponte

do Porto, on account of a ſtone bridge there, over the Cavado. This valley is extremely pleaſant and charming: the diſtance appears like a thick wood of high trees, though theſe trees ſurround fields and gardens. The houſes, which are diſperſed and emboſomed in thick ſhade, are concealed from the ſight; but the number of well-dreſſed perſons, and even of young ladies, we frequently met, announced their vicinity. We paſſed over granite-mountains to the Bernhardine monaſtery of Bouro, at a diſtance of two leagues. It ſtands in a hollow at the foot of the mountains, is very rich, the buildings are extenſive, and by no means ill-arranged. Cloſe to the monaſtery the monks have a large quinta full of orange-trees, the fruit of which is good, and is ſent to Braga and other neighbouring places. On a mountain not far from Bouro, is a church with a miraculous figure of the virgin, to which many pilgrimages are made. It is called Noſſa Senhora de Abbadia (Bouro being an abbey), not Noſſa Senhora da Badia, as it ſtands in the maps. According to our barometrical inveſtigations Bouro is ſituated 500 feet above the level of the ſea, which is but a ſmall height, and not too great for orange-trees to produce good fruit. This was our laſt barometrical obſervation. We had, without any accident, brought with us from Liſbon one of Hurter's travelling barometers to meaſure the height

height of Gerez and Eſtrella, and had protected it from every accident ariſing from the badneſs of the roads. But though it reſiſted the overturning of the carriage, we did not think of defending it againſt the aukwardneſs of the young monks, who crept to our room during our abſence, and through their inordinate curioſity deſtroyed both the barometer and thermometer, which was one of the greateſt misfortunes that attended our journey. The curioſity of theſe people had already frequently incommoded us.

As we ſuffered ſo great an injury from theſe monks, I may, at leaſt, be allowed to make a few remarks upon their order. Though their ignorance exceeded every example, yet their idleneſs almoſt equalled it. Excepting their accuſtomed religious ceremonies, a feeble old abbé ſuffered all the young monks to run wild; which rendered them as ungovernable as they were ignorant; and a young lay-brother, the apothecary, was the only one who ſhewed any deſire of knowledge. In all the portugueze monaſteries, the monks eat an aſtoniſhing quantity, and we had always four courſes at dinner. All their diſhes, however, are dreſſed without art, and conſiſt, in great meaſure, of joints of meat of various kinds. The whole nation indeed are fond of meat, and of eating much. The wine in moſt of the monaſteries is very indifferent, and I never ſaw it drunk to

exceſs. We were, in general, greater wine-drinkers than the portugueze, the heat of the climate to which we were unaccuſtomed requiring an extraordinary quantity; and I even very frequently remarked, that a portugueze was intoxicated with a few glaſſes of wine, which a german, and ſtill more an engliſhman, would ſcarcely feel.

Beyond Bouro we aſcended the ſpurs or forerunner-mountains of Gerez. As ſoon as we had, with great labour, climbed its rough ſides, the road became uncommonly pleaſant, leading along the declivity of high and rocky mountains, under a continual ſhade of oaks and cheſnuts, with ſtreams every where ruſhing down or ſpreading in artificial canals to water the meadows. On one ſide we had a deep valley, the ſteep declivity of which is converted with great induſtry into terraces, and extremely well cultivated; while between the thick trees houſes are here and there diſcovered amid the foliage. Night ſurprized us in theſe ſcenes, the moon illuminated the valley, and ruſhing mountain ſtreams, and the lights from the ſcattered houſes, contributed to enliven the wildneſs of the landſcape.

No traveller (but how many ever viſited this ſpot?) could undelighted explore this province or theſe charming ſcenes, which amid the beauties of a warm climate afford all the refreſhments of the north. Not far from hence, on the banks of the Lima,

Lima, the roman troops refuſed to follow their commanders, being unwilling to quit this happy country. The romans called it the River of oblivion. The Rio caldo, the Homem, the Cavado, and innumerable other rivers of this province, well deſerve that name; for they cauſe our german groves, and ſtill more thoſe of England, to be forgotten.

From the declivity of this mountain we deſcended to a large village, called Villar de Veiga; and then followed the valley, which continues riſing more and more. A roaring ſtream, called Rio das Caldas, pours down over rocks into the middle of the valley; the mountains become higher and ſteeper, and, after climbing them for a league, ſuddenly appears behind an eminence a ſmall place in the ſame valley, conſiſting of forty houſes, and celebrated for its warm baths, for which reaſon it is called Caldas de Gerez. Here we ſpent a week in order to ſtudy the natural hiſtory of the mountain, and this being the ſeaſon for bathing the place was very gay.

This valley is extremely narrow. To the eaſtward the houſes lean againſt the mountain, a ſtream waters them to the weſt and alſo the foot of another mountain; to the northward the valley riſes rapidly up the heights, and an eminence to the ſouthward before it deſcends completely incloſes this dell. The mountains are very high,

ſteep, and rocky, being chiefly deſtitute of wood; and trees are found excluſively on the banks of the river, viz. oaks, berry-bearing alders *(rhamnus frangula)*, azereiros *(prunus luſitanica)*, and olives. Inſtead of trees, the mountains are covered with very thick buſhes, eſpecially along the brooks, growing from ſix to twelve feet high; namely, ſtrawberry-trees *(arbutus unedo)*, erica arborea, azereiros, and two hitherto non-deſcript varieties of cytiſus* *(procerus* and *villoſiſſimus)*, which render the mountain impaſſable. On the high ſummits are ſingle oaks of a ſingular kind. Farther to the ſouthward down the valley, the mountains become very arid, and ſcarcely bear any thing but ciſtus and heaths, eſpecially *ciſtus ſcabroſus*, Ait. *cheiranthoides*, Lam. and *erica umbellata*.

For ſome years paſt this ſpot has been more celebrated for its baths than formerly, and new houſes are continually built; ſo that there will ſoon be no more room in this confined valley. The company come from the ſmall towns of Minho, and many of the engliſh from Oporto. As the ſurrounding country is very bleak, the inhabitants go in winter to Villar de Veiga, and return in May. The houſes are of ſtone but ill-built, having but one ſtory, ſmall inconvenient

* Tree-trefoil. The variety called *hirſutus*, or the hairy evergreen Neapolitan cytiſus, was already known, and is probably the ſame as the laſt variety here mentioned. T.

apartments,

apartments, moſtly without glaſs windows, and floors that can be ſeen through. The furniture conſiſts of a rough wooden table and coarſe chairs; every thing elſe, even to the ſmalleſt trifle, the company muſt bring. Nor muſt they expect either inhabitants or attendants; for in general an empty houſe is opened to the ſtranger, who is only put in poſſeſſion of bare walls and of the tables and chairs above deſcribed. The place only affords young beef, or rather meat betwixt veal and beef, rice, oranges, ſour wine of the country, ſometimes Douro-wine which is better, and ſtill more rarely fiſh. Sugar, ſpices, coffee, and every other neceſſary, muſt be procured from Villar de Veiga, which is a league diſtant, and even there not much is found. Even the apothecary lives at that place, and no watering-place-phyſician is to be here expected. A ſmall ſquare about 200 paces each way ſerves as the promenade, but in no part can the company ride. Feeble patients and young ladies travel hither, as in many other mountainous parts of Portugal, in litters borne by two horſes, exactly as in Germany by men. Caldas being concealed among rugged mountains at the extremity of the kingdom, is as yet totally forgotten by the government.

The warm waters of this place riſe to the eaſtward from a wall of granite rock at the foot of a

high mountain. There are four ſprings, each bearing a different name; viz. *da figueira*, a fig-tree growing over it out of the rock; *do biſpo*, &c. Over each a ſquare houſe is built, in the middle of which is a bath walled round, but only one perſon can bathe at a time, and inſtead of a door only a curtain is uſed, which, when down, indicates that ſome one is bathing: young ladies however do not truſt to this veil, but place their maid-ſervant before the door. The water for drinking is taken from the place where it iſſues from the rock, before it has reached the bathing-place.

One of theſe ſprings evidently contains hepatic gas, but in ſmall quantity; the reſt have far leſs, and one of them ſhows no traces of it whatever. Nor had this water any perceptible effect on the few chemical teſts we had with us; whence it appeared to be very pure. The warmth is alſo very various; one of the ſprings being conſiderably hotter than thoſe of Caldas da raynha, and the weakeſt not ſo warm; nor does the heat exceed 40° of Réaumur, and the hotteſt may be uſed as a bath.

The bathing ſeaſon continues from June till Auguſt. In this narrow valley the air is often very hot, though from time to time it is conſiderably cooled by the miſts of the mountains. The company riſe at four in the morning, bathe or drink

drink the waters immediately, and then walk till near ſeven. They deſcend the valley or walk along the road above the town, where many german beauties would become dizzy. The feeble and many young ladies ride on mules and aſſes, after which the company breakfaſt. At twelve they dine, and afterwards take a long ſeſta or nap. At four in the afternoon they again bathe or drink the waters, take a ſecond walk as ſoon as the ſun has left the valley, afterwards aſſemble at ſome tea or card-party, and at ten every one returns home to eat a light ſupper. Such is the mode of life at this remote and ſolitary bathing-place. The diet here preſcribed, and which is promulgated by tradition, (there being no phyſician), is equally ſevere and ridiculous; for even here the pedantry and quackery of phyſic prevails. The effects of bathing are much boaſted, and there is no doubt that ſo warm a bath may be a powerful agent; yet much muſt be aſcribed to the exerciſe, diſſipation, variety, and relaxation of the mind from buſineſs, to the pure (or rather impure, and therefore ſalutary) mountain-air *, and to the above-deſcribed diet which is here forced on the company, becauſe no other can be procured. Thoſe who only drink the waters, probably improve in health from that cauſe alone.

* It may be proper to inform many of my readers that the air of mountains contains leſs oxygen per cubic inch (or pure vital air), than that of lower ſituations.

The character and ſtyle of the company depend entirely on the perſons who happen to be there. The nobility of Minho, who, though not rich, are numerous, generally conſtitute a great portion of the ſociety. Theſe are perhaps better than thoſe nearer to the court, but, like all the portugueze nobility, are very proud; though their politeneſs is ſuch, that this pride would be difficult to perceive during a firſt interview. Even in this ſmall place perſons of condition made a *noble* ſacrifice of their own pleaſures to maintain thoſe barriers, which not unfrequently extrude the truly poliſhed ſociety from that which is only ſo called! A young lady of rank never goes out without an *eſcudeiro* *, who walks at a diſtance of twenty paces before her, uncovered, and holding his hat in his hand. Thus a lady of conſequence, who ſometimes had vapours, ordered her ſervant to follow her with a ſmelling-bottle. On the whole, the ſociety of this place is too ſmall, and

* Literally a ſhield-bearer; but this title is beſtowed on the chief ſervant or ſteward. L.

Eſcudeiro was the title given in ancient times to noblemen, who are now called *fidalgos*, being originally that conferred on thoſe who were knighted after a battle. See Monarch. Luſit. vol. V. p. 76, &c. *Eſcudeiro* now ſignifies an uſher, eſquire, or ſervant, that waits on a lady or gentleman, being formerly poor gentlemen, who attended on the nobility like our ancient eſquires. The portugueze have alſo *eſcudeiros de linhagem*, eſquires or ſervants, deſcended from other eſquires or ſervants. T.

every

every one is too much obſerved by his neighbours to enjoy perfect freedom or comfort, and a portugueze wit once broke out in a paſquinade on moſt of the company; meanwhile many beauteous eyes ſeek to make conqueſts; in which they are not unſucceſsful; for where the ſtreams deſcend from the ſides of the mountains, the azereiros often form ſo high and thick a ſhade, that amid the windings of the valley lovers may enjoy perfect ſecurity from every intruſive eye. Yet theſe charming girls, frequently of the firſt rank and the beſt education, whoſe tender feelings expand at the beauties of poetry, and at the tender verſes cut in the bark of the azereiros *, frequently amuſe themſelves in their ſelect ſociety in ſeeking the vermin in each other's heads.

The Serra of Gerez, generally ſpeaking, extends from eaſt to weſt, but ſends out many branches to the ſouthward. The valley where Caldas lies alſo purſues the ſame direction, riſing continually toward the north, but only to a cer-

* Among the epigrams I have ſeen on theſe trees, I accidentally read the following:

Falſas paſtoras,	Falſe jilting maids,
Seixo traidor,	Of trait'rous fame,
A meſma ſombra,	E'en cooling ſhades,
Vos cauſa ardor.	To you are flame.

I could add many other examples, which ſhow that the portugueze youth who write verſes are much given to conceits.

tain

tain degree, after which it again ſomewhat ſinks toward the frontiers of Galicia, which are only three leagues from Caldas. It continually becomes narrower, more rocky, and more woody, till at length the traveller enters a thick ſhade of fine lofty oaks, while brooks murmur around, high abrupt walls of rock appear, the mountain becomes wilder, and at length aſſumes an appearance of ſublimity. Near the ſpaniſh frontiers, the river Homem interſects the valley obliquely and paſſes into another. Here are the ruins of a roman bridge, with many remains of pillars here and there belonging to a roman way. Theſe traces of art in ſo ſolitary and wild a country make a deep impreſſion, and the roaring ſtream has, during many centuries, vainly endeavoured to deſtroy the ſtrong works of that powerful people. A narrow and difficult foot-path now leads by this ſingular ſpot into a foreign kingdom.

In a paſs called Portela de Homem *, where the ridges of the mountains leave a conſiderable opening, are the ſpaniſh frontiers. The view of Galicia is far leſs beautiful than that of Minho; the mountains are ſtill high, the vallies wider and more open, but not ſo well cultivated; the traveller however ſcarcely yet perceives, he has

* In the map of Lopez it is laid down at a diſtance from the frontiers of Galicia, inſtead of which it forms the boundary.

entered

entered another country, as he ſtill hears the portugueze language, and beholds portugueze manners and cuſtoms.

The higheſt of the mountains of Gerez is to the eaſtward of Caldas toward the town of Montalegre. We climbed a very ſteep aſcent up this mountain, which, however, was very eaſy, as the path winds round the blocks of granite, and thus is free from danger even to thoſe who eaſily become giddy, excepting in one ſhort ſpace. But ſhould the traveller loſe the beaten path, which is very poſſible, he will either come to impaſſable thickets or extremely dangerous precipices. The higheſt peak is called *o Murro de burrageiro*, the origin of which ſingular name I have not been able to diſcover. In the valley of Caldas the road riſes toward Portela de Homem, by a very convenient path leading to the heights, and a fine light oak-wood accompanies it three-fourths of the way up the aſcent. Here as well as at Portela de Homem we ſaw a great many bilberries, which we did not find elſewhere in Portugal, with ſeveral other plants not common in that country. Toward the ſummit the ſcene ſuddenly changes; the oaks ceaſe, northern trees alone appear, which are not found in the plains and lower mountains of Portugal, as the yew, the birch, the mountain-aſh *(ſorbus aucuparia)*, and the mountain-juniper; which a north-countryman beholds

beholds with the greateſt pleaſure, as they ſeem to tranſport him to his native country. The higheſt peak conſiſts of rocks heaped together. The proſpect to the weſtward is extenſive, commanding a great part of Minho and the ſea with the downs that ſkirt it; but the view is not diſtinct, as the eye cannot penetrate into the beautiful but narrow vallies, reſting only on the barren heights. Toward the reſt of the horizon the view is bounded by mountains. The farther we advanced to the eaſtward, the more rough and wild we found this range, and we met with vallies conſiſting almoſt entirely of naked impaſſable rocks, where only here and there a ſmall buſh grows out of their crevices and fiſſures. They are the haunts of wild-goats. To the northward toward Galicia we came to a marſhy mountain-plain, where we found a quantity of german plants which we had not for a long time beheld. From hence a ſteep and difficult path leads down the mountain to Rio Homem, but the traveller muſt beware of loſing himſelf, for the mountains toward this valley, as alſo toward *Portela de Homem*, preſent many dreadful precipices. A ſharp mountain-ridge here divides Spain from Portugal.

Every thing is granite along this range of mountains, as is uſual in heaped-up rocks. Beſides the uſual conſtituent parts, it often contains barſhoerl, and in the clefts, mountain-crytals, and

ſmoke-

ſmoke-topazes: a fine roſe-coloured quartz is more rarely found. The flora is a ſingular mixture of german and northern, of biſcayan and pyreneean plants, of thoſe belonging to the plains of Portugal, as for inſtance, the varieties of heaths, aſphodelus ramoſus, &c. and laſtly of many plants peculiar to this range of mountains, being moſtly non-deſcripts.

Wolves are here ſo numerous as to render this range of mountains dangerous; but the moſt remarkable animal is the Caucaſan-goat, (*capra ægagrus* Pall.) which is extremely rare on other european mountains. We ſaw ſeveral ſkins of them; and at length a three-year old he-goat that had been ſhot, was brought to Caldas, where the count of Hoffmannſegg bought its ſkin, which was ſtuffed, and is preſerved in his collection. This animal is larger, ſtronger, and more muſcular than the tame goat, particularly in the ſhoulders and parts near the heel. The forehead is higher, the horns riſe ſtraighter up and bend backwards, and the tail is not ſo long; the hair is ſhorter and thicker, being a mixture of grey and brown, and very ſimilar to that of a ſtag. A black croſs runs along the back and over the ſhoulders. The male as in tame-goats is furniſhed with a beard, and the female has no horns. We carefully took the meaſure of this animal, which in other reſpects fully coincides with the deſcrip-

tion of the writer on capra ægagrus. It is no where found in Portugal, except on the mountains of Gerez, nor have I ever learnt that it is found in Spain. Whether it be a degenerate and wild variety of the tame-goat, or the wild parent ſtock of the latter, cannot with certainty be diſcovered, but it is evidently different from it. The laſt of theſe hypotheſes appears to me moſt probable. It is found not uncommonly from hence to Montalegre, is hunted in great numbers by the inhabitants, and its fleſh is ſo much eſteemed, that the hunter who willingly ſold us the ſkin would not part with the carcaſs. The ſkins are here frequently uſed as covers for mules, and the horns are put up as ornaments in houſes.

On theſe mountains are found great numbers of lizards and ſnakes. The firſt are generally of the ſmall green variety of the *lacerta agilis* Linn; the large green variety more abounds in the warm plains of Portugal, where this large and beautiful animal not unfrequently runs about the roads, and boldly places himſelf in a poſture of defence againſt his perſecutors. The ſerpents of this country are the true italian viper (*vipera Redi*, not *Berus*), which is not uncommon and is much dreaded, the *vibora* of the inhabitants which is rarely found in other parts of Portugal, the beautiful coluber Æſculapii, and another harmleſs ſort not yet deſcribed. On account of the number of

theſe

theſe animals, the buſhes are burnt every five years, by which young food for cattle is alſo procured, although the former motive is that always aſſigned. This burning has frequently thrown me into great difficulties. Near Portela de Homem a miſchievous fellow from Galicia having ſet fire to the buſhes on all ſides of the road, flame and ſmoke enveloped us, nor was there any way to eſcape from this narrow valley, which was ſurrounded by ſteep rocks. At length we reached with great difficulty the Rio Homem, and were haſtening to plunge into the river, but fortunately the air was very ſtill, the fire did not extend rapidly, and ſoon entirely went out.

A conſiderable quantity of cattle are fed among theſe mountains, the young bullocks being brought there in ſpring, and remaining till autumn. The neat-herds relieve one another from time to time. Draught-oxen are brought to the low paſtures, when not employed in work, or at leaſt every ſunday. The vallies, eſpecially that of Caldas, are highly cultivated, and where it is practicable a little land has been gained from the mountains, ſo that between the rocks, in almoſt inacceſſible places, fields of maize are frequently ſeen. The land on the declivities is often formed into terraces, and carefully watered, ſo as to conſtitute artificial meadows, which here chiefly conſiſt

ſiſt of creeping ſoft-graſs (*holcus lanatus*). Potatoes have alſo begun to be cultivated.

The greateſt height of theſe mountains we could not meaſure for the reaſon above-mentioned. The ſnow does not lie long, but falls in ſuch quantities round the Murro that poles and heaps of ſtone are ſet up to ſhew the road. We ſaw a number of theſe guides. The mountains rather appear ſteep, rough, and rocky, than high; and I ſhould eſtimate the Murro at about 3 to 4000 feet; it is far lower than the Serra de Eſtrella.

The mountains on the weſt ſide of Caldas are alſo very ſteep, but not ſo high. The path that leads directly from Caldas over the mountain to the village of Covide is very rugged. After paſſing the mountain toward this village, appear ruins probably of an old mountain-fort, which however the inhabitants aſſert to be the ruins of an old city, called *Chalcedonia*; but it is not probable that a city ſhould be built among theſe rugged rocks on the declivity of a mountain, and the ruins are confined within too ſmall a ſpot to be thoſe of a city. We were unable to diſcover inſcriptions or any thing of the kind, for we only ſaw ruined walls reſembling thoſe of our robber-caſtles; nor do I find in any writer, traces of a foundation for this popular opinion *. The fine

* Unleſs perhaps Cannania, of which Valer. Max. ſpeaks lib. vi. c. 4.

well-

well-cultivated mountain-plain, which is ſurrounded with wooded mountains, on the other hand, every where ſhows clear traces of the roman road that paſſed through the Portela de Homem, beſide which are many columns and mile-poſts, with inſcriptions. The large and pure quartz-rocks that ſtart out from this granite-plain are worthy the obſervation of the mineralogiſt.

Taking the road acroſs this plain from Covide, to the frontiers of Galicia, we came to a large village called Villarinha do furno, cloſe beyond which riſes a range of rocky mountains, called Serra Amarella, which form the frontiers. Villarinha has many opulent inhabitants. Here we found much honey, which abounds on theſe mountains, as do milk and freſh butter, which are great rarities in Portugal. There were alſo many he-goats, whoſe ſkins are ſold in Upper Douro, and uſed as veſſels for wine. We were obliged to lodge with a peaſant, to whoſe houſe our guide conducted us, there being no inn in the village. The houſe was tolerably good for Portugal, having one ſtory and a floor through which we could ſee, but did not appear at all ſuperior to the other houſes, though nothing was wanting in it that might be expected in a peaſant's. We found abundance of hams, milk, and butter, all very good, and had an opportunity of obſerving, that the numerous family this houſe contained

lived very comfortably, and ſo that many a german peaſant would envy them. They prepared us very good beds, with clean white neat counterpanes taken freſh out of a trunk. We ſhould not have expected this from the appearance of the houſe; but we had very frequently been thus agreeably miſtaken, eſpecially in this province; for a haſty traveller would certainly have called Villarinha a miſerable little village. We were ſtill more charmed with the polite open and friendly reception we experienced, the freedom with which our hoſts converſed with us, and the delicate attentions they paid us; attentions which would in our own country have been conſidered as proofs of a good education. At our departure the woman of the houſe would ſcarcely accept a piece of money, which might indeed compenſate her for what we ate and drank, but certainly not for comfortable beds in ſuch a country. She conſidered herſelf as over-paid, and came from time to time as long as we remained at Caldas, to bring us preſents of freſh butter. This ſhe did through pure good-nature, as ſhe had nothing to expect in return: our guide had only ſerved us once, knew nothing more of us, and we were certainly for a long time the firſt ſtrangers who had wandered to this village, in ſearch of a few plants and ſtones. Oh that my weak voice could ſufficiently praiſe this worthy people, whom many proud and ignorant

ignorant travellers, and eſpecially the engliſh, have ſtigmatized and reproached!

The common people in and about Caldas are richer than in other parts of Portugal, and uncommonly gay and animated. At night the guitar was heard every where, though the performances are monotonous and rude. I here ſaw ſome dances accompanied by ſongs which I found in no other part of the peninſula, and which repreſented a kind of drama; as for inſtance, a converſation between a father and his ſon, who, in a mimetic dance, confeſſes he is in love, for which he is reproved by his father, whoſe forgiveneſs he at laſt obtains: or it conſiſted alternately of ſinging and mimetic dancing, till the proceſſion had meanwhile moved through the village. The audience ſhow their approbation by clapping their hands. The ſame vivacity alſo appears in the oriental nervouſneſs of their language. Thus our guide aſſured us, that on the Murro de Burrageiro we ſhould ſee the whole world, and on our laughing at his aſſertion confined it to the kingdom of Portugal, as if he then only left out a trifle. His deſcription of a couple of large oaks, of a marſhy plain, and of a tree which no man knew, (it was the white-leaf-tree*, cratægus aria) were all poetically exaggerated.

* A ſpecies of the wild ſervice-tree.

Nations that are backward in civilization conſider the country they inhabit as the beſt and fineſt in the world. Of this the portugueze as well as the ſpaniards are fully convinced, as I could ſhew by numerous anecdotes, were not the following ſufficient. In an inn not far from Oporto, where I ſtopped on a botanical excurſion and found nothing but dry bread and wine, I could not help uttering ſome curſes againſt the country; to which the landlord replied, "Porem todos dizem, que o reino de Portugal, he a melhor terra do mundo;" (yet every one ſays the kingdom of Portugal is the beſt country in the world), and the corregedor of Viſeu ſaid to us "Portugal he pequeno porem he um turon de açucar," Portugal is ſmall, but it is a loaf of ſugar. The corregedor however muſt forgive us, if at Viſeu we were of a different opinion.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

Journey to Amarante. Serra de Maraõ. Pezo de regua. Remarks on the national dreſs.

FROM this range of mountains we returned to examine the ſecond chief range of mountains in Portugal, Serra de Maraõ. We travelled directly ſouthward through Villar de Veiga, where we ſaw uncommonly fine Minho-vallies along the river called Rio Caldo, and then through the village of Padrieros, Noſſa ſenhora do Porto, a village containing a neat church and a miraculous picture of the virgin; to Fofe, a very large village, with many new-built and conſiderable houſes, ſix leagues from Caldas. The vallies in this country are ſomewhat wider, and always excellently cultivated and well-peopled. Much millet is grown *(panicum miliaceum*, in portugueze, *milho miudo)* and fennel, *(panicum italicum*, in portugueze, *milho painço)*: fruit trees are alſo here cultivated. The ancient town of Guimaraens *, which is not far diſtant, and the ſurrounding country, carry on ſome traffic in dried fruit, eſpecially plumbs, which however are ſmall and bad. Round Lixe the vallies become opener, but far-

* Formerly the royal reſidence. T.

ther on the mountains are more naked and arid. This town which is well-peopled increaſes, and new houſes are built; but the inhabitants are ill-ſpoken of. After paſſing Caldas the inns are good but dear. Before we came to Amarante, we had a view of this chain of mountains which run north-eaſt and ſouth-ſouth-weſt, but appear far leſs pointed and groteſque at a diſtance than the mountains of Gerez. Hence the traveller already conceives it muſt conſiſt of another ſpecies of ſtone than granite, which hitherto continues without ceaſing.

Amarante is a conſiderable town or villa, four long leagues * from Fofe, ſituated on the Támĕgă, which divides it from the ſuburb, and over which is a handſome ſtone bridge. This town belongs to the Corregimento of Guimaraens, but has only one juiz de fora. Lima in his geography aſſigns it 1108 inhabitants, a number far too ſmall, the town and ſuburb being ſaid to contain above 4000, and this is confirmed by the appearance of the place. There are many neat houſes, many noble families reſide there, and the inhabitants praiſe the kind and friendly manners that prevail in the ſociety of this place. The country is uncommonly pleaſant, the valley like thoſe of the

* The leagues of Minho are much longer than in the other provinces, eſpecially between Caldas and Fofe, where they may be reckoned fully equal to german miles. See p. 165.

Minho

Minho cultivated and ſhaded with wood, not only oaks and cheſnuts, but pines, figs, and cork-trees appear, and quintas adorned with lofty portugueze cypreſſes, a fine river that animates the whole, and Amarante, both in a phyſical and moral point of view, well deſerves its charming name *.

Beyond Amarante we immediately aſcended the ſpurs of the Serra de Maraõ, the ſummits of which are barren, but the vallies beautifully cultivated and enriched with ſhade. Here all is ſtill granite. Beyond the village of Ovelha, we aſcended the lofty Serra de Maraõ itſelf, and found the road ſteep, but not incommodious. The mountains are naked and deſtitute of trees or buſhes, being only covered with an arid meagre turf, without projecting rocks or the brooks and clefts of Gerez, but on the contrary more rounded; in ſhort theſe are quite a different kind of mountains from thoſe, being alſo much inferior in natural beauties: the ſpecies of ſtone of which it is compoſed is alſo different. Beyond Ovelha, ſlaty granite is ſtill ſeen, but is ſoon followed by black argillaceous ſlate, which is very coarſely ſlated and mingled with mica. On the ſummit it forms bare rocks, and loſes its ſlaty fracture, ſo that it might be taken for trap. We there diſcovered

* Signifying an Amaranth, a flower which does not fade till long after gathering; whence its name was formed by the Greeks. T.

in it a remarkable and hitherto unknown foſſil which we called maranite. The proſpect from the ſummit is extenſive, but not remarkable. We ſaw a part of the adjacent province of Traz-os-montes, with its conſiderably high, but naked and arid chains of mountains*. In height the Serra de Maraõ is not inferior to that of Gerez, but probably exceeds it. The ſnow frequently lies on the ſummit during a month, and was formerly collected in pits and cellars, which are ſtill ſeen, and from which it was carried down the Douro to Oporto. This trade however has for ſome years ceaſed.

We deſcended the ſouth ſide of the mountain, and came to a large village called Campean, on a ſmall mountain-plain which lies conſiderably high. This village with its woods and fields forms a charming iſland amid theſe naked mountains. The ſoil is moiſt, for at a certain depth water ſprings in every part, the plain being almoſt entirely ſurrounded with conſiderable eminences. The ſmall woods conſiſt of cheſnut, oak, and birch; trees, which, as I have already ſaid, are only ſeen, in Portugal, on the higheſt ranges of

* I muſt here notice an error in Lopez's map of Portugal, where the Serra de Maraõ is rightly laid down near Amarante as Serra de *Maram*, as it may alſo be written (the pronunciation being nearly the ſame), that to the north-eaſt of this is a conſiderable range laid down as Serra de Maraõ, which is not known by that name.

mountains.

mountains. We could almoſt imagine ourſelves in the woods of Germany: an illuſion which was kept up by a variety of plants, till other unaccuſtomed forms of vegetation, as for inſtance a new kind of broom from twenty to thirty feet high, reminded us of Madeira. Much millet and rye are cultivated in the fields. The cold in winter is very ſevere, ſnow falls, and even the ſummer-nights are for a long time very bleak.

From Amarante to Campean is reckoned a diſtance of only three leagues; but theſe leagues are very long. From the laſt-mentioned place we ſet off for Pezo da Regua. At firſt we met with fine cheſnut hanging-woods along the declivities of the mountains; but afterwards about a league from Campean, at a ſmall town called Santa Martha, began hills covered with vines, and continued two leagues without interruption, as far as Pezo, ſo that we almoſt imagined ourſelves in the rich and hilly wine-country of Quercy.

Pezo da Regua which is a market town (*concelho*) celebrated as a depôt for port-wine, and itſelf producing ſome of the beſt quality, is ſituated on the ſouthern declivity of a hill cloſe to the Douro, which here forces its way between ſteep hills conſiſting of thin ſtrata of argillaceous ſlate mixed with mica. We beheld vine-covered hills, as far as our eyes could reach, ſometimes adorned with neat houſes. The bed of the river is ſtony, and

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the ſtream in ſummer navigable only for ſmall boats, though in winter ſhips of conſiderable ſize can aſcend it. The wine-trade renders this place very lively, though it is but ſmall, containing only 1040 inhabitants, and 315 houſes *. But the reader will readily conceive that many proprietors of vineyards and dealers in wine do not reſide in the town, but in the houſes diſperſed about the country, where they certainly enjoy pleaſanter ſituations.

This town belongs to a tract of land on the banks of the Douro called upper Douro (o alto Douro) commencing to the eaſtward at Villa real, or more properly San Joaõ de peſqueira, extending to the ſpot where the ſmall river Teixeira falls into the Douro, and comprehending a tract of ſomewhat above four geographical miles in length, by three in breadth. In 1781 the population amounted to 44,660, there being 12,895 houſes and 78 pariſhes. This is the tract of land that produces port-wine, the annual produce of which is reckoned at 90,000 pipes. In the third volume of the Memorias economicas of the Liſbon academy is a very minute but very ill-written topography of this country, by Franciſco Pereira Rebello da Fonſeca; the numbers ſtated in which were confirmed by the accounts we heard on the ſpot.

* In Lima's time 915 inhabitants, and 306 houſes.

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The ſituation of Pezo is very favourable to the vine. The ſteep hills ſlope to the ſouthward, and conſiſt of a blackiſh ſlate, which by its great heat contributes not a little to the general warmth of theſe parts, the valley is very narrow, the lofty Maraõ defends it from the north wind, nor can the ſea-breezes reach it. In ſhort this ſpot is very favourable to warmth in ſummer, as the neighbourhood of the ſnow-covered Maraõ is ſaid to cauſe ſevere winters. It was then the end of July in the hot ſummer of 1798, and we endured a ſuffocating heat, which continued throughout the night; the whole atmoſphere ſeeming as it were to iſſue from an oven. The badneſs of the water renders this ſpot ſtill more unpleaſant, and in the neighbourhood along the banks of the Douro are marſhes cauſed by the inundations of the river in winter, which give riſe to the agues that here prevail. Thus it is no wonder that the principal inhabitants do not reſide in the town, but in their vineyards around it. We thought ourſelves happy in this hot valley, which is adorned with a great number of remarkable plants, partly brought by the Douro out of Spain and ſown here, and partly indigenous to the vale.

Here we had an opportunity to obſerve the effects of the heat on human ſociety. At noon every thing appeared ſtill and dead; at four the labouring-claſſes began to appear; and after ſun-ſet

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the principal inhabitants were ſeen abroad. The night was occupied by a conſtant tumult; the women lightly dreſſed ſat in their balconies to take the air, while their beauty was enhanced by the darkneſs. If a traveller may venture a general opinion, they ſeemed more amorous than in other parts of Portugal, having in this reſpect, like the flowers of their valley, ſomewhat of a ſpaniſh conſtitution. But perhaps it was merely through chance that the author was witneſs to ſuch ſteps, as he had never before obſerved young ladies of condition in Portugal to take ſo ſoon or ſo boldly. Yet why ſhould we blame them? for how can they paſs the night, when heat and noiſe render it impoſſible either to ſleep or attend to any ſerious affairs?

The guitar was heard throughout the night accompanied by the elegiac, uniform, popular ſongs of the portugueze, which continued till ſun-riſe. When theſe are heard at ſuch a diſtance as not to diſtinguiſh the words, it is certainly far from pleaſant to liſten to their muſic. The firſt ſtanza indeed often ſurprizes by its ſoft plaintive ſimple melody; but the hearer in vain deſires variety; for the ſame notes are conſtantly repeated, and if the pipe of a beautiful woman excites ſome feeling, the ſcreaming voices of the men totally overpower and deſtroy it; which is the more unpleaſing, as the women are ſeldom heard, and the men conſtantly.

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The common people in Germany excel the engliſh in ſinging, ſtill more the french, and very far exceed the ſpaniſh and portugueze. Even in Gaſcony we began to hear this monotonous ſcreaming drawling kind of ſong, which in Spain and Portugal became very diſguſting; and we have only to imagine to ourſelves a guitar ſo bad as to reſemble a knocking on wood, to have an idea of the tender ſongs with which lovers ſerenade their miſtreſſes at night *.

But this is not the caſe with the words. The character of the popular ſongs of France is too well known to require a deſcription; it poſſeſſes much wit, particularly in the patois or provincial dialects, and a peculiar and very charming *naiveté*, which like that word is almoſt peculiar to the nation. An innocence that almoſt always deceives, a frankneſs that is but art, and a refined licentiouſneſs, prevail both in the ſongs and conduct of that nation. We germans have no popular ſongs; but fine opera airs and the maſterpieces of the

* De guſtibus non diſputandum. The ſpaniſh guitar is ſtrung with catgut and poſſeſſes many charms; as does the national muſic of Spain, which, while it preſerves a general character, has ſufficient variety to pleaſe and faſcinate many an engliſhman, whoſe taſte is formed on the model of the italian opera. But the author ſeems to have an equally inaccurate idea of ſpaniſh and of engliſh national muſic. Of the latter he probably formed his ideas from the walls of Privy-garden, or the ſongſtreſſes of St. Giles's. T.

firſt

firſt poets are nowhere ſo well performed by boys in the ſtreets as in Germany. The popular ſongs of the engliſh ſhow a lively imagination, which indeed is more prevalent in the north than in the ſouth, and they often abound in bold tranſitions of genius; but they are full of coarſe obſcenity, and neither poſſeſs naiveté nor plaintiveneſs. The ſpaniſh ſongs when ſerious are deſcriptive, ſolemn, and full of ſentiment, while their comic ſongs abound in the keeneſt wit and ſatire, or the moſt licentious obſcenity. The popular ſongs of Portugal are conſtantly plaintive, the ſubject being almoſt always the pains of love: they are extremely ſeldom obſcene, and very rarely witty. Here wit is confined to proſe. It has a ſingular effect to hear a common peaſant, often in rags, ſinging ſuch words as, "Oh hear my ſighs, my plaintive ſtrains," &c. in language differing leſs from that of the firſt claſſes of ſociety, than in any other country. The full-toned termination of *aõ* which ſo frequently recurs, eſpecially in the word *coraçaõ* (heart), receives a pleaſing, plaintive, tender extenſion, and their *minha menina* (my dear), is the ſweeteſt expreſſion any language can poſſeſs. But here tenderneſs prevails even among the common people, who have been ſo much miſrepreſented by travellers. In the ſtorms of November 1798 a ſhip was loſt, on board of which was a peaſant of eaſy circumſtances, from the neigh-

bourhood of Cezimbra, whoſe young wife rejected all conſolation, refuſed to eat and drink during eight days, and through pure love followed him unconſtrained by circumſtances into another world.

Whenever true knowledge ſhall beam upon this miſrepreſented people, then may their lot be ſweetened by an increaſe of liberty, without the ſcaffolds of Pombal or the guillotines of France.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

The culture of the vine.

THE culture of the vine is one of the moſt important means of ſupport to the people of Portugal: for not only the wine from the banks of upper Douro, that of Carcavelos near Liſbon, and that of St. Ubes, are exported to foreign countries; but the other wines produced are either conſumed in the country or ſhipped to the colonies. Portugal has by no means a proportionate variety to thoſe of Spain, to which the wines of this kingdom are alſo inferior in quality. In the commoneſt wine-houſes in Spain are frequently found good and ſometimes excellent wine; whereas in Portugal it is generally very bad. The ſpaniſh wine has naturally a great deal of fire; a quality which is only communicated to that of Portugal by means of brandy. Portugal might undoubtedly produce as good wine, but it cannot be denied that on the whole agriculture and induſtry are in a higher ſtate of advancement in Spain.

The portugueze are moderate wine-drinkers, and even at good tables are contented with bad, or at leaſt very moderate wine; and if any thing more

more is brought it is port. Carcavelos is ſet on table together with Madeira, and as the latter may be had in Portugal of excellent quality, it often ſuperſedes the uſe of the former. The wine of St. Ubes is ſtill more rarely drunk.

On the culture of the vine, ſeveral publications have of late appeared in Portugal. The ſecond volume of the Prize-diſſertations, *memorias premiadas*, of the academy is entirely occupied on this ſubject; and there is alſo a very good treatiſe on it in the ſecond volume of the Memorias economias of the academy, by Conſtantino Botelho de Lacerda Lobo, profeſſor of phyſic at Coimbra; which treatiſes I have read and availed myſelf of them; though the greater part of what I ſhall ſay is the reſult of my own obſervations.

Here, as every where elſe, hills and mountains are preferred for the culture of the vine, and at Pezo they are ſo ſteep that the earth is ſupported by little walls, ſo as to convert the ſides of the hills into terraces (*geios*). But the vine is alſo frequently cultivated on plains, where, if the ſoil is ſandy they ſucceed very well. Shady vallies and plains or ſtiffer ſoil produce even here but moderate wine, and ſhould never be ſo employed. The vine is commonly ſhort, growing up poles, thoſe in Minho alone excepted, where, as I have already ſaid, they are planted beſide trees, round the branches of which they twine. This renders

the country charming, but produces wretched wine. In the quintas they form covered walks, but even there they do not yield ſuch good wine as the ſhorter vines, however pleaſant and beautiful theſe walks may appear, the woodwork of the baluſtrades of which is called in portugueze *latada*, (in Minho *pareira*). In the province of Traz os-montes alone are the vines planted at a diſtance from each other, with corn ſown between them; and on the ſouth bank of the Tagus, at Liſbon, garden-vegetables are grown in the vineyards. It is alſo extremely common at the firſt eſtabliſhment of a vineyard, to ſow the land the firſt year with corn.

The number of varieties of the vine is as great in Portugal as in other countries, and their names are of Portugueze origin; but theſe names are various for the ſame variety in different parts of the country, while the ſame name is uſed in various places for different varieties. At Pezo, the beſt red wine is produced from a ſmall red late grape, growing on a vine whoſe leaves are deeply indented and very rough. A great number of varieties are often mingled together, as for inſtance at Camego, where 67 varieties grow together; a method which certainly poſſeſſes ſome advantages, but alſo great diſadvantages. The diſtance at which the vines are planted is very various.

One

One of the moſt important ſteps is to prune the vine *(poda)*. The high vines in Minho which produce the white wines, (vinhos de enforcado or embarrado), are only cut every other year and ſometimes ſeldomer; whereas the others are cut every year; in cold ſituations in autumn, and in the warm in January and February. The manner of doing this is various, and depends much on the ſkill of the gardener. A ſhort time before and after they are in bloom, or if they bear too many grapes, the ſuperfluous branches are lopped off, which is called *eſladroar*. In ſome parts the leaves are alſo taken off to expoſe the grapes to the ſun, which is called *esfolhar*.

Here, in upper Douro, the branches are carefully bound up to one or more ſtakes, which is called *empa* or *erguida*. This is done juſt before and after the buds come out; otherwiſe the branches are only twined round the ſtem, and faſtened or tied to it; but I have never ſeen them hang in feſtoons and propped with poles as in Bigorre. It is ſaid, however, to be practiſed in ſome parts of Traz-os-montes.

Another very neceſſary annual labour is hoeing *(cava)*, partly to looſen the earth, and partly to deſtroy weeds. This is done in ſpring before the leaves come out, at which time the labourers are ſeen in crowds in the vineyards, and repeated a ſhort time before the bloſſoms appear, being then

called *redrar*. During the firſt three years a furrow is dug round each vine in autumn, a ſhort time before the fall of the leaf. This is done in order to cut the roots and afford ſufficient moiſture; for which reaſon, in cold moiſt places, the furrows are filled up immediately, but in warmer ſituations much later. This proceſs is called *eſcavar*.

In upper Douro and other mountainous parts the vines are manured as ſoon as they are full ten or twelve years old. Combuſtible materials, ſuch as old faggot-wood, dry plants, &c. together with argillaceous earth, are ſpread, after which the whole heap is fired from below, and the aſhes uſed as manure. This method is not bad and may deſerve imitation; but in colder climates, where there is a ſcarcity of combuſtibles, it may not perhaps be practicable.

The vines are propagated by means of cuttings from the root (*lançar de cabeça*), or by layers (*mergulhar*), which conſiſts of laying a branch in a furrow, leaving out only two eyes; a method well known in Germany. The young vines that ariſe from theſe are called *barbados* on account of their roots, and are uſed for planting new vineyards. But this method is generally uſed only for ſupplying vacant places, new vineyards being planted with ſlips without roots, called *bacelleiros*, which, when cut off, are covered half with earth

and

and half with looſe branches. Theſe are planted from vintage-time to the end of January. The vines are alſo frequently improved by grafting, inoculation, and approach or inarching; operations which are performed as in Germany. I ſhall only add for the information of many tranſlators, that *enxertar* ſignifies to graft, *enx. de cavallo* cleft-grafting, *enx. de ſacada* inarching, and *enx. de borbulha* or *de eſcudo* ſcutcheon-grafting.

The vintage in upper Douro commences when the grapes begin to ſhrivel. In theſe parts it is very difficult and expenſive to convey the grapes to the preſs, the whole diſtrict conſiſting of ſteep hills and narrow vallies. This proceſs is performed by treading, and a great number of men are thus employed at vintage-time, but the population of upper Douro being inſufficient, a great number of Gallegos come to aſſiſt them. To each vat are reckoned from 8 to 20 pipes. The proper port-wine is left 72 hours ſtanding on the hulls, if intended for exportation, *(vinho de feitoria)* but only four-and-twenty if for home-conſumption, *(vinho de ramo)*. In only ſix diſtricts is white-wine produced, which, however, is inferior to the former, but in ſome other parts of Douro, which properly produce no port-wine, good white wine is made.

When the muſt is put into caſks the ſtrongeſt brandy is added, forming even in wine of the beſt

quality a twelfth part. There is no proper port-wine (vinho de feitoria) free from it, nor is this addition by any means an adulteration of the wine-merchant, being originally added. Thoſe who diſlike this brandied taſte muſt drink the wine of the country made for home conſumption, which is often very excellent, and might probably by a delicate palate be preferred to all that is exported. It contains at leaſt a much ſmaller quantity of brandy. The taſte of the engliſh, and their fondneſs for drinking to exceſs, is evidently the cauſe of adding ſo great a quantity of very ſtrong brandy; but now almoſt all portugueze wines have at leaſt ſome brandy added before they ferment. It is ſaid to be impoſſible to preſerve the wine without this addition; which may indeed be true, as there are no wine-cellars in Portugal, the wine being kept in warehouſes above ground, where it is left to ferment. It is ſurprizing, no one has attended to this defect, and that no writer has ever mentioned it; for there is no doubt that this is the cauſe of many other evils, and that the portugueze are thereby diſabled from exporting a light delicate wine like that of France, or which might ſuit the taſte of other nations beſides the engliſh.

The wines grown here are as ſoon as poſſible ſent to Oporto, where they remain in the magazine three years before they are exported.

I will

I will here deſcribe the port-wine trade from a paper in the 3d vol. of the Memorias economicas. It principally regards the progreſs of the monopoly of the company of upper Douro, and in more than one point abounds with intereſting information. I ſhall neither give an extract nor a tranſlation of this treatiſe, but ſhall only avail myſelf of the facts it contains.

In 1681 the upper Douro was as yet but little cultivated and very poor. At that time the engliſh as well as other european nations loved ſweet wines, to which but few parts of this diſtrict are adapted. Liſbon then exported it in conſiderable quantities, nor did the exportation of port-wine increaſe immediately after the treaty of Methuen in 1703; but ſoon the taſte for red-wine began conſtantly to increaſe, and the engliſh who now ſettled in the country in great numbers encouraged the cultivation of the vine in order to have wine cheaper; which ſucceeded ſo well, that from 1750 to 1755, a pipe of the beſt wine was ſold for only ten milreas. At this even the members of the engliſh factory were diſcontented, and fearing ſo cheap a price might injure their trade held a meeting; but a ſhrewd merchant, named Stuart, prevented any increaſe of price, and perſuaded them rather to direct their attention to a ſpaniſh merchant, Bartholomeo Pancorvo, and put him down. Pancorvo being a ſcheming man,

determined to open a direct trade with other northern ports, and therefore offered a higher price; but his money failing, he could not go through with his ſpeculation, and became a bankrupt. The engliſh then adulterated the wine terribly, mixing it with the ſour wines of Beira and Minho, coloured it, and in ſhort at length deſtroyed its reputation.

In 1756, the company of upper Douro *(a Companhia do alto Douro)*, was eſtabliſhed by an order of the cabinet *(alvará)*, which ſtill continues in force, and has produced much good to the country, though its regulations and conduct are very faulty. It conſiſts of a provedor or chief inſpector, twelve deputies, ſix counſellors, and a ſecretary. Theſe nominate a kind of tribunal, conſiſting of a *deſembargador juiz conſervador*, *a deſembargador fiſcal*, with their ſubordinate attendants, a notary, a meirinhox, a caixeiros, feitores, ad miniſtradores, &c. an intricate and complex conſtitution, which annually coſts 100,000 cruſades. This company depends immediately on the king, and is not under the juriſdiction of any other tribunal; for which reaſon they ventured on many arbitrary acts. They were reſolved to keep up the reputation of the wine, and that the price ſhould be fixed. Their funds at firſt conſiſted of 1,200,000 cruſades, which, however, were not deſtined merely for the purchaſe of wine,

but

but to make loans to the peaſants at three per cent. Theſe however have very ſeldom taken place, evaſions having always been uſed to avoid them.

The company have not indeed a complete monopoly of the wine of upper Douro. The members are bound to take wine from each grower at a fixed price *. But if the grower prefers ſelling and tranſporting his wine elſewhere in the country, he may. This however muſt be done through the intervention of the company, who receive ſix per cent. It is evident theſe regulations neceſſarily give them a very conſiderable monopoly; but the reſtraint went ſtill farther: a liſt was made of the produce of each vineyard for the laſt preceding five years, and no one was permitted to ſell a larger quantity, either to the company or to any one elſe. Thus all increaſe of this ſpecies of agriculture is entirely ſtopped, and what is ſtill worſe, the company employ various evaſions not to take all the wine grown, nor at the prices fixed.

The diſtrict of upper Douro was divided into ſuch parts as were to produce vinhos de feitoria (factory or export wine), and vinhos de ramo (wine for home conſumption), the former alone being deſtined for foreign parts, the latter being

* A pipe of the beſt quality was at firſt fixed at 25 to 30 milreas, that of inferior quality at 20 to 25. In 1769, the price was raiſed, making the former 30 to 36, and the latter 25 to 30.

ſent to the colonies and other provinces of the kingdom, but ſubject to the ſame reſtraints as the other *. The diviſion itſelf is not properly made; for there are diſtricts which bear bad export wine, and others, as for inſtance, the pariſhes of Villarinho des Freires, Alvaçoēs do Corgo, Hormida, Abaſſas, Guiaēs, Galafura, Couvelinhas, Goivaēs, and others, where a wine is produced, which far excels moſt of the wines deſtined for exportation. The port-wine de ramo, which we drank in good houſes, was ſo excellent, that I at firſt thought this was the name of the beſt port-wine, and was much aſtoniſhed when I learnt the contrary, and taſted the common bad ramo-wine. Every poſſible precaution is now taken to prevent the adulteration of the export-wines with the vinhos de ramo. It was at firſt prohibited to ſend out of their diſtricts the grapes for the export-wine, under penalty, that in that caſe they ſhould paſs for vinhos de ramo, in order to prevent every kind of fraud; which produced the ill effect of diſabling the poorer farmers, who could not now carry their grapes to the preſs, from ſelling any factory-wine. But even this did not prevent all deceptions of this kind, which were often contrived with great art. Hence, in 1768, a liſt was

* The company at firſt took almoſt all at 12 milreas the pipe, afterwards at 10½, which is an extremely ſmall price.

made

made of the diſtricts, where vinhos de ramo were produced; but this not anſwering the expectations formed, recourſe was had to coercion, a military force employed, in conſequence of which many families were ruined, and even the buildings employed for preſſing wine in the neighbourhood of the diſtricts of the vinhos de ramo were pulled down. Such a meaſure diminiſhed indeed the frauds committed, but it yet remains to be ſeen how much it will contribute to the real improvement of this important production.

The care the company beſtowed on the goodneſs of the wine, went too far. In 1757 manuring with dung was prohibited, becauſe it tended to produce a large quantity, but of bad quality. Orders were alſo given to cut down every elder-tree within five leagues round upper Douro, to prevent colouring the wine with their berries. In 1771 this order was extended to the provinces of Beira, Traz-os-montes, and Minho; but no attention was paid to the phytolacca* decandria, which is grown in large quantities in Beira for colouring wine, as I have often myſelf ſeen. At length in 1773 orders were given to root up every vine that bore white grapes and replace them with red, becauſe the former give more, but worſe wine. This meaſure was altogether prejudicial; for the difference between the prices of

* Pokeweed or american night-ſhade. T.

good

good and bad wine being very trifling, little attention was paid to the choice of the cuttings, thoſe which gave a greater quantity being prefered to the better varieties. The wine-growers alſo ſuffered by it conſiderably, a new planted ſtock not bearing its proportion of fruit till five years old. The company itſelf, ſays the abovementioned author, muſt falſify the wine, ſince they export as much factory-wine as they receive, though it loſes a ninth part of its quantity in the warehouſes, where it is kept.

The company have the monopoly of all the factory-wine exported to foreign parts, but ſend it almoſt entirely to England. In 1780, the wiſe plan was firſt put in force, of freighting ſhips loaded with port-wine directly to Peterſburg. This has been repeated from time to time, but the number is ſtill inſignificant. Portugal might certainly find a conſiderable market for her wines in all the northern ſtates, and men would ſoon drink larger quantities of this excellent wine, which ſo far excels the common ſour french-wine, were it not ſpoiled by that quantity of brandy, which none but the engliſh can like. Perhaps, however, it was this brandied portugueze wine that firſt corrupted the taſte of the engliſh, who were almoſt entirely confined to this kind of wine. Six per cent for commiſſion and ſhipping, and ſixteen per cent profit are allowed this company.

The

The company had at firſt the monopoly of all wine, vinegar, and brandy, ſent to the colonies; but ſo early as 1776 the ports of Bahia, Pernambuco, Paraiba, and all the aſiatic and african colonies, had been opened for the vinegar and brandy of Eſtremadura. Under the reign of the preſent queen the free exportation of portugueze wine to Braſil was permitted, and the company only obtained the monopoly of the wines of upper Douro to Braſil and the other colonies, to which a great quantity of vinho de ramo is ſent.

In 1760 they obtained the monopoly of brandy for the provinces of Beira, Minho, Traz-os-montes, and the colonies; on which account their funds received an addition of 60,000 cruſades. From the year 1773 the apothecaries were alſo prohibited from diſtilling. The trade in wine for that purpoſe is entirely free of duty. Many of the ports of Braſil and the reſt of the colonies, as I have already ſaid, were excepted ſo early as 1776 from this prohibition, and ſtill receive brandy from Eſtremadura.

The company have farther poſſeſſed, from their firſt erection, the monopoly of wine in the town of Oporto itſelf and the country three leagues round it, which diſtance was extended in 1760 to four leagues, in order as was given out to prevent all falſification of wine. This at firſt excited a tumult, which was ſuppreſſed by force, and the ring-leaders

ring-leaders of which were ſeverely puniſhed. The company ſtill poſſeſs this privilege, and every tavern bears the words *Companhia do alto Douro.* Here alſo much vinho de ramo is conſumed by the common people.

At length, in 1772, the company acquired the privilege of excluſively furniſhing with wine the taverns in the diſtricts of Pezo da Regua, Penaguiaõ, Mezaõ frio, Barqueiros, Teixeira, Touraes, and Sabroſo de Folhadella, likewiſe under a pretext of preventing falſification; whereas it is evident, that the real object was to increaſe the privileges of the company; Barqueiros and Mezaõ frio being diſtricts appropriated to vinho de ramo, and Sabroſo producing no other wine whatever. Neither did Teixeira belong to upper Douro.

Such is the hiſtory of an inſtitution, in which the ſpirit of the founder Pombal very clearly prevails. His exertions to benefit the country are every where apparent, but every where the meaſures he adopted were precipitate and deſpotic. Abſolute governments generally run from one extreme to the other. Some expedient was neceſſary to improve the wine-trade of Portugal, or at leaſt partly to reſt it from the hands of foreigners, which the erection of the company of upper Douro has undoubtedly done; but was it therefore neceſſary to exceed the proper bounds of coercion with ſo deſpotic

deſpotic a hand? The miniſtry of the preſent queen in many reſpects alleviated the yoke of the preceding reign through a deſire to oppoſe the meaſures of Pombal; but they fell into a ſtate of total inactivity, and only directed their attention to reſtoring to the prieſthood with uſury what Pombal had taken from them.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

Journey to Eſtrella. Deſcription of that range of mountains.

THE ſummer was already far advanced, the heat which was very great threatened ſoon to make the fields naked and dry, and we were obliged to haſten toward the Serra de Eſtrella, the higheſt range of mountains in Portugal. We therefore croſſed the Douro by a ferry at Pezo da Regua, and on the other ſide immediately climbed the heights of the mountain. We continued riſing as far as Lamego, an old city on the ſmall river Balſamaõ. This is a conſiderable place containing about 5000 inhabitants, and appears quite opulent. It conſiſts of two pariſhes, has four monaſteries, and is the ſeat of a biſhop, and a corregedor. Lamego is celebrated in hiſtory for the conſtitution which bears its name and forms the baſis of the monarchy. It is aſſerted that the Lacobriga of Strabo was ſituated near it. The land lies very high, and near the town is barren, but conſiderable eminences ſurround it. This adds to the charms of the declivity of the mountain toward the Douro, which is one of the fineſt vine-mountains and produces excellent wine, of which the inhabitants of the town make

their

their principal beverage. In ſome parts the road is excellent, and planted with trees. The ſlate of the Douro ceaſes on the heights round the town; after this all is granite, which is not without metallic veins, and on the eminences near the town brings with it plumbago.

On the declivity toward the Douro, are mulberry-trees. It is remarkable that in Portugal the breeding of ſilk-worms is entirely neglected, though ſoil, climate, and every other requiſite, are there found. It would be particularly adapted to the populous province of Minho. In Traz-os-montes, eſpecially round Braganza, great numbers of mulberry-trees might be cultivated, and ſilk produced in conſiderable quantities. The accounts given us of the preſent ſtate of this branch of trade were very melancholy. The government took up an idea of favouring the culture of ſilk, and being, perhaps juſtly, informed that it was ill-ſpun, cauſed ſpinners to be brought from Piedmont, whom they ordered to inſtruct the manufacturers, and every portugueze ſpinner to bring a certificate from them of their ability. The conſequences were very bad; the piedmonteſe ſeldom gave any certificates, and thoſe were generally partial, endeavouring thereby to draw the whole manufacture to themſelves; which irritated the people, who, inſtead of planting additional mulberry-trees, cut down thoſe already ſtanding.

This affords an additional inſtance to ſhow, that governments often do beſt not to take certain branches of commerce under their protection. I cannot however anſwer for the truth of this ſtory.

In theſe parts we met with the elm-leaved ſumach-tree (*rhus coriaria*), both wild and cultivated, of which probably the former had run wild. It is cultivated here and there in Traz-os-montes, and eſpecially in upper Douro. It is found on rocks and the worſt kind of ſoil, grows uncommonly quick, and multiplies very much by ſuckers from the root. Its cultivation therefore requires but little care, and it is very eaſily increaſed. Its young rough branches are uſed for tanning fine leather, and near 900,000 pounds weight are annually exported from Oporto to England and the northern ports. The great want of materials for tanning ſhould induce the portugueze to be more careful of this article than they have been hitherto.

Beyond Lamego to the ſouthward, we climbed ſtill farther up this high range of mountains, which here accompanies the Douro, but ſends forth branches to the ſouthward. As it has no narrow deep vallies, and the declivities are not very ſteep, a man of ſlight obſervation might eſtimate the height of the mountains at much leſs than the truth. The plants firſt ſhow their great

elevation, which is confirmed by the recollection of the long and continual aſcent the weary traveller has performed and of the view of it from the low country of Beira, where this tract of land appears as a high mountain-range. The ſoil is naked, being only covered with graſs or ſhort heath, and ſomewhat rocky. In the vallies we alſo found oaks and cheſnut-trees, though not in great quantities. Rye is particularly cultivated here, which is a ſign of a mountainous bad ſoil and a cold climate; it had been already harveſted in the beginning of Auguſt. The villages between Lamego and Craſto, which is four miles farther, are extremely miſerable, and the peaſants appear very poor. Craſto is a large nunnery, with a ſmall market-town, which lies ſomewhat lower; in conſequence of which we again beheld vines and garden-fruits. I heard the name of this place pronounced exactly as I have written it, but do not find the place in the map, or in any portugueze or other work of geography; but merely a convent of Noſſa Senhora das Landeas, which is laid down four leagues from Lamego.

From Craſto to Viſeu the country becomes conſtantly lower and more cheerful. Near Craſto we paſſed the Vouga, which flows from hence to San Pedro de Sul (where are ſome celebrated and much-frequented warm baths) and at length forms the harbour of Aveiro. We paſſed through

chefnut woods and over mountains covered with high heath to a large village called Calde, where the country is better cultivated and the peafants appear opulent. We had here an opportunity of perceiving that we muft not judge of portugueze houfes by their external appearance; for we were received in one apparently bad, but found in it as much affluence as could be expected from a peafant, and that cheerfulnefs which may be always feen in Portugal. Our facetious landlady took us for fmugglers, on account of our baggage; and a fervant, who was a Gallego (thefe people are great jokers) endeavoured to keep up the deception. By this kind of pleafantry, which ferved to pafs the heat of the day, we learnt the extent of the opulence of our hofts.

The mountains now grew quite flat, and at length formed a plain, on which is the city of Vifeu; but though every thing here appeared flat, we perceived we were on a confiderable height, compared with the coaft and level of the fea. To the fouth-eaft the ferra de Eftrella appeared very diftinctly. Vifeu is nine leagues from Lamego, being a confiderable place, and containing nine hundred houfes, three parifhes, and three religious houfes; but confifts of narrow dirty ftreets, and moftly bad houfes. It is a very old city, and hiftorians are very uncertain of its origin; but a city ftood here in the time of ancient Rome, as

appears

appears by ſome remains of roman antiquity, eſpecially two old towers. At preſent it is the ſee of a biſhop and corregedor; but it is principally celebrated on account of the only great portugueze fair, which is here annually held. This fair, which is mentioned in no book of geography or ſtatiſtical work, is certainly of importance, ſince proprietors of eſtates at conſiderable diſtances, frequently very rich, from the middle of Portugal, here provide themſelves with objects of luxury. Many jewels are alſo here bought and ſold; and the merchants from the middle of the country, who are nearer to Viſeu than to any ſea-port, take their merchandiſe from thence. As we were travelling near Thomar, at a conſiderable diſtance from Viſeu, we met with many loaded carts going to this fair, but as ſoon as it is over Viſeu is again a very dead place.

Inſtead of this fair, ſtatiſtical works generally give an account of the tin-mines of Viſeu; an intereſting object, which we ſtaid here to examine. The corregedor told us we ſhould find none, though he had heard tin had formerly been here found. At length we procured a guide to conduct us to the deſerted mines; but we only found that people had been digging for water. We then enquired for ſome old people, one of whom conducted us to a ſpot called *Burraco de ſtanno*, or the tin-hole. But even here we found

no traces of tin, and continued ſearching all the day in vain. The whole mountain-plain conſiſts of granite, which certainly contains traces of ore, but only of arſenical pyrites; and I muſt here remark, that throughout Portugal not a mine is worked, excepting the ſhaft of quickſilver at Couna, and a place dug for coal at Figueira, of which no account can here be taken. To ſeek for ore is ſtrictly prohibited, and we had ſpecial permiſſion inſerted in our paſſports for that purpoſe, as we could not otherwiſe have ſearched for minerals. I would therefore adviſe the dealers in minerals not to ſeek them in Portugal, as they may fall into the hands of portugueze juſtice, with which I ſhall hereafter make them acquainted.

The plains round Viſeu are adorned with ſmall cheſnut and oak-woods, but alſo preſent many heaths. The ſoil is granite-ſand. Cloſe to the city many garden-vegetables are grown; in the fields are ſown chick-peas (*cicer arietinum*), millet and fennel, (*panicum miliaceum*, *italicum*) maize and rye.

Not far from Viſeu begin the forerunners of the ſerra de Eſtrella. We paſſed over low mountains and through pine-woods to Mengualde, a large village two leagues from Viſeu. The higher we aſcended, the more lively, more cultivated, and pleaſanter the country appeared. The village of Mengualde ſurpriſed us by the number of new-

new-built neat houſes, of which we ſoon perceived the cauſe; for we came exactly at the time of an annual fair which is very conſiderable, and at which a great traffic, particularly in cattle, is carried on. The roads were full of paſſengers, by which this otherwiſe populous country was rendered ſtill more gay and lively. This cheerful appearance of the country continued as far as Coutances, another village; after which we climbed rough mountains, down which flows the Mondego, till at length, at the village of Penhanços, two leagues from Mengualde, we deſcended to the fine plain which ſkirts the mountains on this ſide.

This plain is one of the pleaſanteſt ſpots in Portugal. It is properly a wide flat valley, incloſed on one ſide by the forerunners of Eſtrella, and on the other by that range itſelf, which on this ſide appears a high, but gently-declining and naked mountain; its forerunners loſe themſelves in hills. The plain is extremely well cultivated, containing fields of maize and rye, vineyards, and ſmall woods of pine and cheſnut-trees. A number of villages alſo ſurround it, which like all the villages after paſſing Mengualde were adorned with very neat houſes and orchards. The fruit of this ſerra is alſo the beſt and moſt celebrated in the kingdom. We were much ſtruck with the beauty of this country, of which we had

never read, and had heard but little. On the firſt plain of this ſerra, a league from Penhanços, is a very ſmall town (or villa) called Cea, where many perſons of eaſy fortune reſide, as is the caſe in many ſmall places in Portugal. At the extremity of this place, near the declivity toward the plain, on an open and beautiful ſpot, is the fine houſe, or rather caſtle, of Dom Luis Bernardo Pinto de Mendoça, the windows of which command a fine and extenſive proſpect. Here the ſpectator looks down on the charming plain that ſurrounds Cea, and beyond the forerunners of the ſerra diſcovers the plain of Viſeu, which city he diſtinctly ſees, as alſo the mountain-chain of Val de Beſteiros, which riſe in front, while to the left he perceives the ſerra de Buſſaco, and the country of Coimbra.

Dom Luis Bernardo, notwithſtanding his great riches, reſides in the country, and ſeldom viſits the town. Here he enjoys the pleaſures of a country life in a fine ſituation and pleaſant climate, paſſing his time in the midſt of his family, and the economical care of his eſtate. His wife, Donna Maria, is a remarkable woman, and contradicts a common-place remark frequently made in the ſouth of Europe, that as the beauty of women in thoſe climates bloſſoms early, ſo it ſoon decays. She was at this time pregnant of her twenty-firſt child, and was ſtill beautiful. Her

make

make was portugueze, ſmall and ſtrong, but elegant, her beautiful countenance enlivened with black ſpeaking eyes; and in her converſation and all her motions that fire and vivacity which diſtinguiſh and adorn the fair ſex in this country prevail. At the houſe of this nobleman we paſſed a few very pleaſant days, and obſerved the manners of an old portugueze family, where even the grown-up daughters inhabited ſeparate apartments in a detached wing, never eating with their parents, and none but female ſervants attending in the interior of the houſe. We were daily in company with the principal people of this little town, where the young but half-ſpeechleſs girls, and the young but cheerful married women, paſſed their time in a pleaſant manner without play. General converſation prevailed, and they joined in a general chorus. We heard a number of ſoft plaintive portugueze ſongs, generally on the pains of love, and frequently on ſome charming ſhepherdeſs (*linda paſtora*). Among theſe the Braſileros, or braſil ſongs, were diſtinguiſhed by their great variety, gaiety, and wit, like the nation from which they ſpring. In the fine evenings we walked, not forgetting to call at ſome picture of a ſaint or chapel to drop a haſty prayer, without, however, interrupting the general mirth and gaiety of the party.

From

From Cea we immediately climbed up to the firſt plain of the ſerra de Eſtrella. Theſe mountains are covered with pines toward their baſe, but ſoon become very bare, and nothing is ſeen but a ſhort graſs then entirely parched up. When we had paſſed this firſt plain, we came to a valley, in which is the village of Sabugueiro, undoubtedly the beſt place to ſtop at in order to examine this range of mountains. The inhabitants of Eſtrella are not in this country reputed polite; which in compariſon with the reſt of the nation is perhaps true, though a low-german or an engliſhman would find nothing to complain of. At Sabugueiro we found the inhabitants gentle and kind, and reſided there ſome time in a farm houſe to which Dom Luis Bernardo had recommended us. This houſe, like the reſt, was indeed ſmall and miſerable, but we had no want of food or drink, had clean good beds, and every thing contributed to render the engaging politeneſs of the inhabitants ſtill more attractive. Cloſe to the village are ſome fields of rye, and as it was harveſt time, all the inhabitants alternately aſſiſted each other in threſhing. The rye of this mountainous country is particularly excellent. A mountain ſtream, the Rio de Alva, flows near the village, through a valley, which in many parts is extremely deep and rocky. A part of the

mountain

mountain around has a gentle declivity, and covered with graſs; but ſteep rocky declivities, eſpecially up the Rio Alva, covered with ciſtus and arboreous heaths, frequently render the country impaſſable. Here we found plants which only grow on the higher ranges of mountains of Spain and Portugal; alſo birches and ſervice-trees.

The ſerra de Eſtrella, which is the Mons Herminius of the ancients, is indiſputably the moſt extenſive and higheſt range of mountains in Portugal; for in winter it is covered with ſnow frequently during four months and longer, and riſes from a mountain-plain which itſelf is conſiderably high: it lies north-eaſt and ſouth-weſt. The northern part is lower, the mountains riſing there gently and being leſs rocky, for which reaſon it is called *ſerra manſa*, the gentle mountains; but the ſouthern part which is the higheſt, and in many parts very ſteep and rocky, is called *ſerra brava*, the wild mountains. In the middle rocky tracts we found ciſti and heaths, but in the higher parts a ſhort graſs, and a great deal of coppice or mountain-juniper, which have a fine appearance, owing to their handſome round growth, reſembling that of a tree cut by art. Here all is granite without exception. Although many large and ſmall rivers take their riſe in theſe mountains, as for inſtance the Mondego, the Vouga, the Zezere,

zere, yet it does not give riſe to thoſe innumerable brooks, which render the mountains of Gerez ſo charming. There are many populous ſmall towns on this range of mountains, of which the principal are Covilhaõ and Momteigas. Below much rye and fruit are grown, but the upper part of the mountain conſiſts of paſture, eſpecially for ſheep, which range about like thoſe of Spain, deſcending in September to the plains of Alemtejo, and returning hither in May. Their wool which is excellent, and next to that of Spain the beſt in Europe, is exported to England in large quantities. In the villages round the ſerra de Eſtrella an excellent ſheep-cheeſe is made, which is ſent all over the country, but is every-where very ſcarce. The royal family annually ſend ſome as a rarity to the court of Spain, and it greatly excels the ſheep-cheeſe of Alemtejo. At Covilhaõ are woollen manufactories in a thriving ſtate, but the portugueze cloth is bad, thick, and heavy; for which reaſon the rich conſtantly wear that from England.

To go from Sabugueiro to the higheſt ſummit of the mountain, we firſt aſcended a declivity not very ſteep, where the road is eaſy and winds between ciſti, heaths, and rocks. We now arrived at the ridge of the mountain, where the underwood changed to a fine graſs, and we purſued with great eaſe our road, which roſe ſlowly to the ſouthward

ſouthward together with the mountain. High maſſes of rock ſoon began to appear, among which we ſuddenly perceived the firſt lake, called Lagoa redonda, or the round lake. Theſe lakes ſo near the ſummit give great charms to the mountains. The lagoa redonda is the ſmalleſt of them, but its completely round form, the high rocks that ſurround it at a ſmall diſtance, and the clear tranſparency of its water render it extremely pleaſant. Still purſuing the ridge of the mountains, which is very pleaſant, we ſometimes diſcovered a group of rocks adorned with rare and beautiful hanging plants, as for inſtance *geniſta luſitanica**, ſometimes a large plain or ſoft declivity covered with ſheep, ſometimes the juniper-tree, and ſometimes beautiful flowers ſpringing up from the ſoft greenſward. Among theſe an extremely beautiful and as yet non-deſcript *ſilene*†, gave us much pleaſure. The broad ridge of the mountain now ſuddenly grew narrow, on the eaſt-ſide appeared a deep and ſteep valley to which a path lead, dangerous to thoſe who are ſubject to be giddy, and near it a ſtupendous maſs of rocks broken on all ſides, and only connected with the ridge of the mountain by a narrow tongue of land. This highly ſtriking and uncommonly fine maſs has received the ſignificant name of *cantharus*, or the

* Broom of Portugal. T.

† Catch-fly, or viſcous campion. T.

pitcher;

pitcher; becauſe water ſtreams down everywhere between the rocks, from which plants alſo hang, but cannot be reached even by botaniſts.

At length the ridge of the mountain leads to the higheſt ſummit, called Malhaõ de ſerra, a large but gently arched plain of ſo great extent, that the ſpectator does not at all obſerve the rough rocky ſides that ſurround the mountain everywhere excepting to the north-eaſt. Here we found the remains of a pyramid erected by the geographers ſent round the country by the government to conſtruct a map of Portugal. The inhabitants of Eſtrella had deſtroyed it immediately after its erection, and the firſt anxious enquiry of every one we met on the mountain was to aſk what was its object. Theſe good people are perhaps not without reaſon jealous of their mountain-paſtures, which conſtitute their whole riches, and might fear that the government was about to grant them to ſome great man, as they had hitherto belonged to no proprietor, nor were dependent on any place. But the government might in that caſe rely on a violent riſing of theſe mountaineers, who are by no means cowards. The proſpect from this eminence is uncommonly extenſive, including almoſt the whole provinces of Beira and Eſtremadura, and to the eaſt are diſtinctly ſeen the ſpaniſh mountains called Sier-

ra

ra de Gata, not inferior perhaps in height to that of Eſtrella.

Turning from the ſummit, and leaving the Cantharus to the right and to the eaſt, we paſſed over rough rocks to the beautiful lagoa eſcura or dark lake, which is ſo encloſed between high wild rocks that we could not paſs round it. This lake is deep and cold, and the water receives a dark ſhade from the reflection of the rocks and of the ſky. The romantic ſituation of the lake among high wild mountains and its fine round form have given riſe to many fabulous ſtories. It is believed even by the higher claſſes in Portugal that it has a connection with the ſea, that it ebbs and flows with it, is rough and ſtormy at the ſame time, &c. That all this is falſe I ſcarcely need aſſert. Alſo ſome female ſaint, whoſe name I have forgotten, was drowned there. Few of the portugueze, even thoſe of the ſurrounding country, are acquainted with the ſummits and lakes of theſe mountains, to viſit which certainly coſts ſome exertion. From this lake we paſſed, by an extremely difficult road, over fractured maſſes of rocks heaped upon each other to the third or great lake, called lagoa longa *, or comprida. It is, however, the leaſt beautiful though very long, occupying the middle of a valley of conſiderable

* So the inhabitants call it though this word is not portugueſe, in which language *comprida* ſignifies long.

length.

length. It is of unequal breadth often very narrow and has marſhy banks. Hence it is the leaſt ſtriking, eſpecially as it is ſituated in rather a broad valley. The whole of the ſouth-weſt declivity of this range of mountains is very rough, wild, and compoſed of high heaped-up rocks, which render it difficult to aſcend; nor does it begin to be eaſier and leſs rocky till farther on toward Sabugueiro and the northern part of the ſerra.

This is that celebrated range of mountains of which travellers and geographers (ſee alſo Buſching's Geography, vol. I. p. 58.) relate many fables and falſehoods. According to Twiſs, (p. 50.) it is covered with perpetual ſnow. But if that were true, it muſt in this latitude be as high as Ætna. I eſtimate its elevation at 5 to 6,000 feet above the level of the ſea, and even that perhaps exceeds the fact. But the mountains of Spain and Portugal deceive the eye extremely through their broken rocks and wild appearance, which give them an Alpine character. Even at Liſbon men talk of the aſtoniſhing height and perpetual ſnows of this range of mountains. It is true, this ſnow is preſerved near the ſummits in ice-houſes, from whence it is ſent to Albalade, and thence down the Tagus to Liſbon, which may have given riſe to an opinion that ſnow is found here in the middle of ſummer. At preſent no ſnow is collected

lected there, but the practice is still pursued on the mountains of Lousaõ, which are much nearer to Lisbon.

The serra de Estrella is a branch of the high range of mountains that divide the two Castiles, and form the Guadarrama, the Sierra del Pico, and the Sierra de Gata. This chain of mountains itself sends out branches to Coimbra and Lousaõ, which then indeed only run off in great mountain-plains as far as Cabo de Rocca. It lies in the direction of most of the ranges of mountains of this peninsula, from NE. to SW. Though it appears higher than the Gerez, yet there are no traces of wild-goats; and wolves and other wild-beasts are also very rare; the cause of which is doubtless the number of towns and villages in the neighbourhood, and the early population and culture of the surrounding country.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Return from the ſerra de Eſtrella to Liſbon. Portugueze juſtice.

FROM Sabugueiro we deſcended to a market-town (villa), called San Romaõ, at the foot of the ſerra de Eſtrella, and a league both from Cea and from Sabugueiro. At firſt we found corn-fields, then young plantations of oaks, belonging to Dom Luis Bernardo, and near San Romaõ a well cultivated ſoil and, which are very rare in Portugal, potatoe-fields: in many parts water had been dug for with great labour. But when we left the mountain, appeared a dry and little cultivated hilly country covered with heaths. A long league from San Romaõ is a ſmall village, called Çaragoça, in which is an inn. Here the ſerra preſents its higheſt, wildeſt, ſteepeſt ſide, and its majeſtic appearance ſeems to place it in the claſs of Alpine mountains.

We were much ſtruck at meeting with a fine road, which continues to Ponte de Murcella, and is ſaid to form a part of the great ſpaniſh road through Coimbra and Almeida. It was eaſy to make a road in theſe parts, where the concrete granite-ſand almoſt forms one itſelf. This road, however,

however, obliged us to make a great circuit toward the weſt, as far as the neighbourhood of Coimbra, to get to Thomar.

The hot ſummer, the ſoil every where parched, and the unintereſting country through which we were travelling, induced us to accelerate our journey. We paſſed arid hills of granite-ſand, covered alternately with erica umbellata and pine-woods; meanwhile the villages were large, and the ſoil round them well cultivated; to the left ſtretched out the continuations of the ſerra de Eſtrella, and at firſt the Serra de Goes which is conſiderably high. We every where ſaw the heath on fire in order to procure young fodder; but frequently olive-trees were alſo in flames, as we obſerved in ſeveral places.

From Çaragoça to a large village called Gallizes is a diſtance of two leagues, thence to Venda do vallo, a miſerable inn, two leagues, to the village of Moite one league, to the village of Sovereira formoſa one league, and a league more to Ponte de Murcella, at which place we were but four leagues from Coimbra.

At Venda do valle the granite ceaſes, changing to a ſandſtone ſlate, containing veins of quartz and iron-ore. Not far from hence, at Arganil, the biſhop of Coimbra has cauſed plumbago to be dug for.

Sovereira formoſa (the beautiful cork-tree) is celebrated in hiſtory in conſequence of the count of Lippe having in 1762 made it for a time his head-quarters. O'Reilly was the general oppoſed to him; but though the war was carried on for ſome time, it is well-known to have been very barren of events. The ſpaniſh troops according to the teſtimony of the portugueze who were ſtill living behaved uncommonly well, better than the portugueze army, who were then ill-diſciplined and in a degraded condition.

The inns on this road are in part good. At Ponte de Murcella, a village conſiſting of only a few houſes, on the Rio de Alva, is an excellent inn, better than any we met with in country-places, and even ſuperior to thoſe of Coimbra and other towns.

As ſoon as we had paſſed the Alva over a large bridge, we croſſed the range of mountains that goes from the ſerra de Eſtrella to Coimbra, called Serra de Açor or hawk-mountain, which is moderately high, and conſiſts of ſandſtone. The valley between this firſt and a ſecond chain that follows is very well cultivated, and contains many villages, as Poyeres, Ponte-velha, and one particularly large called Foz de Arouce, in which is a fine houſe belonging to one Mendoça Furtado. Here Guinea-corn *(holcus ſorghum*, in portugueze *milho ſorgo,)* is cultivated. Arid ſand-mountains

tains again close this pleasant tract of country to the southward. Beyond the village of Corvo, the mountains approach and crowd together from all sides, and close before the market-town called Espinhal considerable limestone mountains arise. To the right the high Lousaõ appears in sight, forming the highest range of limestone mountains in Portugal. These mountains supply Lisbon with ice, which is there preserved in ice-houses. The pieces of ice are packed in straw and brought in carts to Albalade, from whence a large boat conveys it twice a week to Lisbon. The parched appearance of the whole country deterred us from ascending the Lousaõ, but we learned from Brotero that in spring it is very rich in plants. We now again entered the province of Estremadura.

From Ponte de Murcella to Espinhal is a distance of six leagues. As far as Venda dos moinhos the road runs along a valley between high mountains, and at Venda da Maria two leagues from Espinhal the vallies open, the hills become lower, and are alternated with limestone and sandstone. These cultivated valleys and these alternated naked and arid lime and sandstone hills continue as far as Thomar. Here and there we saw cork-trees, and passed through a market-town called Cabaços, four leagues from Espinhal, and four leagues from Thomar, in a pleasant country.

This town is situated on a plain which is almost everywhere enclosed by hills on the river Nabaõ.

Here the hills again conſiſt partly of ſandſtone and partly of limeſtone. The plain is almoſt entirely covered with olive-trees, which give it at a diſtance a monotonous appearance, though on a nearer approach it is much enlivened by the gardens on the banks of the river. On the whole, however, the country is very arid. This town formerly belonged to the Knights Templars, after the deſtruction of which order it was transferred to that of Chriſt. Thomar was formerly more conſiderable, but now conſiſts of two pariſhes, contains four monaſteries, and the number of its inhabitants is ſaid to be from 4 to 5000. It is the ſeat of a corregedor. The ſtreets are tolerably regular, well-paved, and have a gay and cheerful appearance, but moſt of the houſes are ſmall. On the ſouth-ſide is a handſome open ſquare on the river encloſed with a ſtone wall built, as an inſcription on a column ſtates, by order of the laſt king Dom Sebaſtian. On the hills that ſurround this ſquare is a remarkable edifice, the chief monaſtery of the order of Chriſt. It is a very large compound pile, conſtructed in many various taſtes, and is ſaid to have been begun by Gulder Paes, maſter of the order of knights templars. Certain it is that the kings Dom Manoel, John V. and the Philips built parts of it. The taſte of that age too much abounded in ornament; but it has ſomething great and ſublime,

blime, to which the architects of those days endeavoured to attain by the magnitude of their works. Here we saw many vestiges of a high antiquity extending beyond the time of Dom Manoel. In this edifice several tribunals are held, and the prelate is always the head of the order of Christ and a member of the council of state.

The order of Christ was established in 1319 by Dom Diniz after the suppression of the order of knights templars whose estates they received. It possesses no less than 21 towns and villages and 454 commanderies. The king and the queen are constant grand-masters, an office to which a revenue of 40,000 cruzades is annexed. The order of Christ is certainly now made too common to be very highly respected, nor will I deny that valets sometimes creep into it: but this is not so general as some persons who are ill-affected toward Portugal maintain. This at least is certain, that even men of rank and distinction are not ashamed to wear the insignia of the order.

Senhor Verdier, a gentleman of French extraction but born in Lisbon, has established a manufactory here for spinning wool, for which he has imported the machines from England. He assured us he had a considerable sale, and that he frequently received commissions from Spain, which, however, he had as yet been unable to execute. He has built a very handsome house in

the above-mentioned ſquare. With this gentleman we paſſed a few days with great pleaſure: he is a member of the academy of ſciences at Liſbon, poſſeſſes great mathematical knowledge, an excellent underſtanding, and is a very amiable man.

The road to Santarem leads at firſt over an ill-cultivated ſand-hill; we then came to an extremely well-cultivated and extenſive plain ſhaded with olive-trees, which accompanied the Tagus for a conſiderable diſtance and afforded a proſpect, which, after having long ſeen nothing but hills and mountains, was uncommonly pleaſing. The portugueze, too much accuſtomed to rocks and mountains, whenever they had occaſion to deſcribe a charming country, always begin by ſaying it is a large plain. The ſoil of this plain is uncommonly fertile, conſiſting of a fat mould mixed with ſand and therefore very light; hence it is hoed with hoes which have a moveable mould-board and no point, but an iron edge two inches broad. On this plain is a market-town, called Golegam, which appeared very flouriſhing, and where we obſerved a number of new-built houſes. Very low hills ſomewhat interrupt the plain at Ponte de Almonda, but it ſoon began again ſtill more beautiful than before. Here it is almoſt entirely covered with vineyards encloſed within tall black poplars, and we already diſcovered, at

a con-

a conſiderable diſtance, Santarem ſituated on a mountain between olive-trees and ſummer-houſes.

Theſe vines Pombal cauſed to be torn up, becauſe the land was peculiarly adapted for corn. But did Pombal expect to live for ever? On the contrary, after his death vines were every where again planted, and ever will as long as vineyards yield more profit than corn-land. The wine grown here is ſent to Liſbon in great quantities.

The city of Santarem, which is eight leagues from Thomar, is divided into the upper and lower town, the former being ſituated on a mountain, the latter on the banks of the Tagus. Moſt of the rich, the corregedor, the judges, &c. reſide in the former, the low town being reckoned unwholeſome, and accordingly conſiſting entirely of ſmall houſes. The upper-town ſtill preſents here and there ſome remains of walls, and has an old citadel. The population amounts to about 8000. Of its former greatneſs and brilliancy its diviſion into 13 pariſhes, and its containing 14 religious houſes are proofs, and it is well-known that ſince 1417 it has diminiſhed. It then held the 5th place on the firſt bench of the cortes, many aſſemblies of which have been held there.

The Tagus was here ſo ſhallow, that we could without inconvenience wade through it in half-boots, but in winter the contrary prevails; and, as a great number of ſand-banks interrupt its courſe, it

it does much miſchief. Hence there is no navigation on it, and the tide extends only up to Albalade, which is a league farther down, and where goods going to and from Liſbon are uſually loaded and unloaded. All the hills here conſiſt of ratchil, of quartz, ſandſtone, &c.

I cannot but here relate an incident which happened to us, becauſe it gives an idea of the adminiſtration of juſtice in Portugal. At Thomar the count of Hoffmannſegg wiſhed to embark for Liſbon. In this plan I found no attractions, and propoſed to accompany a young Spaniard, the count's ſecretary, and the ſervants, by land. But here we met with a difficulty; for we had only one paſſport, in which the count and myſelf were mentioned, together with his ſuite *. We therefore went to the corregedor's, but he being abſent had entruſted his buſineſs to another perſon, who made no objection, ſaying the count might proceed with the portaria, to which he added a declaration why the count travelled alone and with-

* It was not a mere paſſport, but a portaria, or order from the queen, ſigned by a ſecretary of ſtate, to all magiſtrates and officers, to aid us in all things relative to our affairs and reſearches into natural hiſtory, which was particularly ſpecified. Such a portaria is in that country much more comprehenſive than a mere paſſport; and the judges were bound, in caſe of need, to provide for our lodging and conveyance.

out

out attendants, giving us at the same time a passport, in which he stated that he had inspected the portaria, of which he briefly added the contents. With this passport we went to Santarem, where two officers of justice (*escrivaes* *) immediately appeared, a class of men who throughout the country justly bear a very bad character, and demanded our passports. They refused the declaration of the corregedor of Thomar, as every foreigner ought to have a pass from the intendant or a secretary of state. Both these men went to and fro, spoke secretly together, then came back to us, and, in short, I observed they wanted some money, which however I feared to give them, lest I should thereby render myself suspected. At length they examined our pockets, and unfortunately found in mine a pointed knife, which being prohibited in Portugal, they threatened me with imprisonment. All this, however, was not serious; they suffered us to eat our supper in peace, and did not come till ten o'clock to fetch us to the juiz de fora. This gentleman, having a large company with him, suffered us to wait a long time in his antichamber, whither he at length came, merely heard the escrivaes, who said, "here are foreigners who have no regular passport," and laconically replied, "to prison."

* Notaries.

I re-

I requeſted him to read our papers, but he replied, "my orders are given—to priſon." Thither the young Spaniard and myſelf were taken amid the ſport of the eſcrivaēs, but no one troubled himſelf about our ſervants and baggage. At firſt we were put into a decent room; but the eſcrivaēs ſpoke a few words ſoftly to the jailer, who then obliged us to go down ſome ſteps into another chamber. This was a ſhocking place; a horrid ſtench attacked us, for the privy was ſituated there, and I ſoon perceived with horror, that we were in the ſame room with criminals. Even now, when I reflect on this wretched moment, I can ſcarcely reſtrain my feelings; and it particularly vexed me to be told, that it was contrary to good manners to wear my hat. At length I ſent to the jailer to know if we could have another room by paying for it. This was all that was wanted; and we were now ſhown into a good room, our ſervants were permitted to attend us, and the jailer allowed us to go into his apartment. I was alſo permitted to ſend meſſengers to Thomar and Liſbon.

At firſt people ſeemed diſpoſed to let us remain in priſon. Among the priſoners were a number of ſpaniſh merchants, who had remained there ſeveral weeks from the ſame cauſe as ourſelves, and had only been once examined ſince their firſt impriſonment. A poor Italian, who

was

was ill, chiefly attracted my pity. He had been brought here becauſe his paſſport did not agree with the laſt orders, his money was ſpent, the poor man was forgotten, and ſaw no means of liberation. A ſon of a citizen of Santarem ſaid to us, with a dejected countenance, "you are fortunate, for you know the cauſe of your impriſonment, which I do not of mine; and I ſhall, perhaps, be ſent for a ſoldier."

Meanwhile we ſoon procured our liberty. I aſked the young Spaniard to draw up a petition in Spaniſh, as I thought he would expreſs himſelf better in that language, I then tranſlated it into Portugueze, and aſked a notary, who was one of the priſoners, to inſtruct me in the proper form. With this we applied to the juiz de fora, who referred us to the corregedor, and the latter demanded information of the two eſcrivaēs who had taken us priſoners. The jailer now came to us, ſaying that the two eſcrivaēs were very poor, that an unfavourable report from them would at leaſt lengthen the affair, and, making the worſt of the pointed knife *, adviſed me to give them

* I had bought it publickly at St. Ubes; for, though very ſtrictly prohibited, ſuch knives are publicly ſold. L.

In Spain and Italy our Engliſh pointed knives are ſold; but the purchaſer uſually breaks off about a ſixteenth of an inch at the extremity, in order to be within the limits of the law. T.

money.

money. We therefore purchaſed a favourable report with a couple of cruſades, upon which the corregedor liberated us; ſo that we remained only about eighteen hours in priſon.

We had already met with an incident which may alſo afford ſome inſight into the adminiſtration of juſtice in this country. We arrived one morning at Cezimbra, where a notary appeared as uſual, read the portaria, and took leave of us very politely. Toward evening the count and myſelf, on our return from a walk to Calheriz, had ſeparated a little way from the town, the better to examine the country, as we could not here loſe our way; but the count had ſcarcely entered the town when ſome officers of juſtice met him and demanded his paſſport. He aſſured them he had it at the inn, whither they might conduct him and ſee it; but all he could ſay availed nothing, and he was taken to priſon; where indeed he was placed in a decent apartment, but expoſed to the curioſity of a multitude of ſpectators. Here he was examined even to his ſhirt, and two piſtols being found in his girdle, he was declared a very ſuſpicious perſon, though the portaria permitted him to carry all kinds of arms; nor till he was thrown into priſon was a meſſage diſpatched to me to ſend the portaria. I did ſo, not doubting the count would immediately return; but with the utmoſt aſtoniſhment I heard the anſwer of the alcalde,

alcalde, that the juiz de fora being abſent he could not decide upon this affair. Fortunately we had ſpoken with the juiz de fora, who was a good kind of man, at Calheriz, whither a ſervant was ſent in the night with the portaria. Meanwhile I was informed, that if the ſervant did not return next morning, I muſt alſo go to priſon. He returned at three o'clock, and brought poſitive orders immediately to liberate the count; but the officers of juſtice would not ſuffer him to go without paying them their fees, which the count gave them, declaring he deſpiſed theſe men too much to trouble himſelf any farther about them. The alcalde would alſo have kept the piſtols, till the count declared that he would immediately ſend a meſſenger to Liſbon with an account of the whole tranſaction.

Theſe examples ſhow how much precaution is neceſſary to protect a traveller from portugueze juſtice; and that the alcaldes and eſcrivaēs are a claſs of men among whom are many rogues. They are indeed generally complained of, and the juizes and corregedores are every where accuſed of great partiality to perſons of rank. But I muſt add, for the honour of the nation, that in both the above inſtances every one took our part, compaſſionated us, endeavoured to ſhew us attentions, and loaded the officers of juſtice with abuſe.

We

We continued a few days at Santarem, in order to ſend for a portaria from Liſbon by way of precaution; and our vexations were amply repaid by a great number of rare plants which we collected on the banks of the river.

The road from hence to Liſbon paſſes at firſt between the river and hills which here approach very near it but ſoon aſcends the hills, which are very ſandy, and, being covered with heath and pine-woods, form a ſtriking contraſt to the charming banks of the river. On theſe hills is Cortacha, two long leagues from Santarem, a very large village or market-town, with many new and neat houſes, ſituated, notwithſtanding the badneſs of the ſoil, in a well-cultivated country. The ſandy heath-hills terminate toward Azambuja, a ſmall town containing ſeven to eight hundred houſes, on a fine and very well-cultivated plain on the bank of the river. Two leagues farther, ſtill purſuing the river-bank, we came to a market-town call Caſtanheiro, where is a very good inn. Here we ſaw nothing but corn-fields, olive-trees, and gardens. Only half a league farther is Villafranca containing about eight hundred houſes and ſituated on the river, where it forms a conſiderable landing place. Half a league beyond Villafranca is another ſmall town, Alhandra, containing four to five hundred houſes. Here we

left the river for a while, and aſcended cultivated hills covered with olive-trees to a ſmall town called Alveroa conſiſting of about four hundred houſes, ſituated ſomewhat farther from Alhandra than the latter is from Villafranca, and two leagues from Liſbon. From hence we followed the river through a charming gay country full of gardens to Povos, a ſmall market-town, containing two hundred houſes. At the parts where the river overflows its banks much ſalt is made. At Saccarem, a village containing many neat houſes, we paſſed a ſmall river that falls into the Tagus on a bridge of boats. From this place we were accompanied by a continual ſucceſſion of walls of quintas with houſes interſperſed to Liſbon, where the traveller may paſs through ſeveral ſtreets without knowing he is in the capital.

Independent of what I have here ſaid, the reader will recollect how one ſmall town follows another on the banks of the Tagus, and how cheerful and pleaſant is the country along that great and broad river. I do not know a city whoſe vicinity is announced at ſo great a diſtance.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Journey to Algarvia. Road through the province of Alemtejo. Serra de Monchique.

IN the beginning of September 1798 we returned from the above extenſive excurſion through the northern provinces to Liſbon, where we continued till the beginning of February 1799. We then ſet forward again, croſſing the river to Mouta, from which place, to Agua de Moura, an extremely wretched village, we paſſed over continual heaths, and during the whole diſtance, which is five leagues, only ſaw one ſingle houſe. Agua de Moura is ſituated on a brook, which however ſupplies the means of ſome cultivation. The country now becomes more hilly, as far as Palma, two leagues from this place, and we ſaw a number of cork-trees; more indeed than I remember to have ſeen in any other part of Portugal. The cork-tree (*ſovereira*) grows higher than the ever-green oak, (*quercus bellote*), and has ſomewhat ſlenderer branches; but their leaves are extremely ſimilar, ſo that nothing clearly diſtinguiſhes them but the ſpungy bark of the cork-tree. This bark it throws off, if it be not peeled, which ought to be done, as its growth is thereby improved;

improved; and I remember to have ſeen many crippled trees, which ſeemed to have been ſtifled as it were in the bark. The red ſtem of the peeled tree thus expoſed has a ſingular appearance. It ſhould ſeem that ſufficient care is not beſtowed on this tree in Portugal; perhaps it is not often enough peeled; for the trees I ſaw on the heaths of Bourdeaux toward Bayonne were all much larger and finer. Beſides the common and well known uſes, the bark is alſo here employed for bee-hives, covering ſtables, and many domeſtic purpoſes. The wood is good, and the ſhells or calices of the fruit are uſed for tanning. Its fruit *landem* is excellent maſt, and is of the greateſt importance to the farmer. The cork-tree, however, is in this reſpect inferior to the ever-green-oak, nor is its wood ſo uſeful. It grows indeed faſter; but is more expoſed to ſickneſs, and does not laſt ſo long. Beſides, no attention is paid to its cultivation, which is entirely left to nature.

Palma is a conſiderable eſtate of the Conde de Obidos, who reſides there ſome months in the year. The houſe is indifferent, nearly reſembling the dwellings of the poſſeſſors of eſtates in Mecklenberg. The Conde has another building near his houſe, in which are rooms and beds for travellers of decent appearance, whom he receives for one night, the inns being at a great diſtance from this place. There is great hoſpitality in

Portugal, and perſons of condition ſeldom paſs the night at an inn, but with their friends. To the honour however of the conde, he not only receives his friends and relations, but total ſtrangers. Yet it is almoſt to be wiſhed, all hoſpitality were baniſhed from the country, unleſs the inns were better.

The conde not only loves, but ſtudies economy, eſpecially in the writings of the french. We converſed with him on the ſtate of huſbandry in Portugal: he complained of the want of good roads and of population, and even threw out an idea, that men muſt be brought from thoſe colonies, which had formerly robbed Portugal of its inhabitants. He alſo ſaid that negroes ought to be imported; and indeed there are many already in Liſbon, where, after their ſeven years of ſervice are expired, they purſue various lines of buſineſs and handicraft trades. The conde ſeems deſirous of appearing to treat his dependents well, which may perhaps be the fact; at leaſt I know nothing to the contrary: for every evening at tea-time he orders ſome of the peaſants who work in his houſe to come in, and gives them a diſh of tea behind the door. Thus in all places the great ſuffer their inferiors to approach them but to make the diſtance between them more apparent. What an abyſs lay between thus ſtanding behind the door and ſitting at the table! But this

diſh

diſh of tea perhaps was intended to ſave the conde's beef and mutton *.

The poſſeſſions of the conde are productive, and muſt be extenſive, as they enable the proprietor to keep large herds of cattle on the heaths. The ſoil is ſandy, but mingled with ſo thick red clay, that from ſix to eight oxen muſt frequently be yoked to the plough. The *panicum dactylon* is a very injurious, and very abundant weed. The Marateca, which in winter is a full ſtream and in ſummer a brook, alſo frequently does great damage. Round the conde's reſidence are ſome peaſants' houſes, but rural economy ſeems in a very backward ſtate here, for neither the uſe of dung nor plants for fodder are known.

From Palma we paſſed over ſand-hills covered with heath and cork-trees to Val de Reis, a large but very old and ruinous gothic-built houſe of the conde de Val de Reis, with a ſmall village. The valley was cultivated like that of Palma. From hence the road paſſes over heath-hills to the river of Porta de Lama, the banks of which are likewiſe cultivated. Then follow hills of granite-breccia, with traces of ſand-ſlate, inſtead of

* In the original *to compenſate the fowl in the pot*, an alluſion, which has become proverbial in France and Germany, to a wiſh frequently expreſſed by Henry IV. that he might leave his country in ſuch a ſtate, that every peaſant might have a *fowl in the pot* on a ſunday. T.

mere ſand. The ever-green oak (quercus bellote), which we did not find in the flat ſandy country round Liſbon, here firſt appears. Beyond theſe hills follows another valley watered by the Xarama, which here unites with the Sadaõ, and forms the navigable river Sado. In this valley is the village of Porto del Rey, and not far from thence a ſingle houſe called Palhota, a name given in Alemtejo to ſingle, and generally very bad inns, from *Palha*, ſtraw. All the travellers are uſually obliged to ſleep in one room; they however find ſomething to eat, in which reſpect theſe are preferable to ſimilar inns in Spain. Extremely ſandy heaths and a pine-wood ſeparate this valley from another, where is the village of Quinta de Dom Rodriguez. Deſerts of ciſtus ladaniferus now continued till we came near Figueira, rather a large village on an eminence, in a tolerably cultivated country. This however does not continue long, being ſucceeded by ſimilar heaths, which did not ceaſe till we came near Meſſejana, thirteen leagues from Palma.

I have conducted the reader rapidly through this tract of country, which is one of the moſt deſert dreary parts of Portugal. We travelled conſtantly through waſtes covered with heath and ciſti in the manner I have above deſcribed; only on high and dry ſituations appear the wild olive-tree, the kermes-oak (quercus coccifera), and the ciſtus

ciſtus Monſpelienſis, which laſt begins in this place to be very common. Through the valleys, almoſt all of which lie eaſt and weſt, a river generally flows, the banks of which are cultivated; and there the vegetation at this ſeaſon of the year is extremely fine and luxuriant, eſpecially in the thick-growing buſhes. All theſe rivers take their riſe in upper Alemtejo and fall into the Sado. In winter they ſwell aſtoniſhingly; we ſtill ſaw the traces of their ravages, and of their fertilization, and found it difficult to paſs ſome of them, as we met with very few bridges. They frequently render travelling in theſe parts wholly impracticable in winter.

Meſſejana is a market-town, which ſtill has its old walls like ſome places in Spain, eſpecially in old Caſtile. The level of the country here riſes, conſiſting of hills of argillaceous ſlate, and is entirely covered with corn-fields, which continue as far as Pomoyas, a ſmall market-town a league farther. Here we came to the celebrated field of battle called Campo de Ourique, a hilly and ill-cultivated country covered with ciſtus ladaniferus and ciſtus Monſpelienſis.

The battle of Ourique was the commencement of the portugueze monarchy. Portugal, as far as it had then been conquered from the Moors, had been conferred on Conde Henrique, in conſequence of his marriage with Tereſa, daughter of the king

of Caſtile *. His ſon Dom Affonſo Henrique (or the ſon of Henrique), carried on war ſucceſſively againſt his mother, the Caſtilians, and the Moors, and, on the 25th of July 1139, here gained a victory with 2000 men over five mooriſh kings, who according to hiſtory were at the head of an army of 200,000 men †. He now retained the title

* Dom Alonzo king of Caſtile, apprehenſive of the ſuperior number of the Moors, with whom he was at war, demanded aſſiſtance from Philip I. of France and from the duke of Burgundy. According to the military ſpirit of that age, no ſooner was his deſire known, than numerous bodies of troops thronged to his ſtandard. Theſe in the courſe of a few years having ſhown ſignal proofs of their courage, the king diſtinguiſhed their leaders with various marks of his regard. To Henry, a younger ſon of the duke of Burgundy, he gave his daughter Tereſa in marriage, with the ſovereignty of the countries to the ſouth of Galicia, commiſſioning him to enlarge his boundaries by the expulſion of the infidels.

The ſpaniſh and portugueze hiſtorians differ widely in their accounts of the parentage of this gallant ſtranger. Some bring him from Conſtantinople, others from the houſe of Loraine; while the old Chronologiſt Galvan makes him a younger ſon of the king of Hungary. Fleury has however preſerved a fragment of french hiſtory written by a Benedictine monk in the beginning of the twelfth century and in the time of Count Henry, by which it appears that he was a younger ſon of Henry the only ſon of Robert, firſt duke of Burgundy, who was the younger brother of Henry I. of France. T.

† Some fabulouſly ſwell the mooriſh army to 380,000, others to 480,000, and others to 600,000, while Dom Affonſo's did not exceed 13,000. T.

of

of king, which he had aſſumed before the battle *, and called himſelf Dom Affonſo the firſt.

I went alone to the top of a hill, and took a view of the country as far as I could ſee, when a peaſant, ſeeing a ſtranger ſtanding thus alone, approached me, and with portugueze politeneſs aſked what I wanted. "Is this the field of Ourique, ſaid I?" He ſaid it was. "I came to ſee, continued I, the place where that celebrated battle was fought." Upon this, he told me the whole ſtory with a minuteneſs and ſuch a deſcription of the armies as if he had been preſent; not even forgetting to mention that it happened on the hot ſummer days. It is very pleaſing thus to hear the hiſtory of events long paſſed from the mouth of the inhabitants. I muſt refer the reader, who wiſhes for a fine deſcription of this battle, to the third canto of the Luſiad, where the arms of Portugal are poetically deſcribed according to this event †.

Leaving

* He was proclaimed king on the field of battle; but the regal dignity and conſtitution were not ſettled till about ſix years after, at Lamego, where an aſſembly of prelates, nobility, and commons was called by the king for that purpoſe, and the independence of Portugal on Spain confirmed. T.

† The portugueze writers ſay, he changed the arms given him by his father, conſiſting of a croſs azure in a field argent, for five eſcutcheons, each charged with five bezants, in memory of the five wounds of Chriſt. Others ſay he gave in a field argent, five eſcutcheons azure in the form of a croſs, each

Leaving the town of Ourique to our left, we entered on a road that lies between hills of ciſtus ladaniferus to Garvaõ, a village ſituated in a very pleaſant valley, and were very much ſurpriſed to find in a country ſo remote from all great towns a fine road extremely well made, which however only continues a league. The mountains riſe from thence to Amoreiras and San Martinho, two ſmall villages, (though laid down in the maps as one), on the declivity of a rather high chain of mountains, lying E. and W. before Serra de Monchique. They are mountains of grey argillaceous ſlate, and ſandſtone-ſlate, in great meaſure covered with ciſtus ladaniferus; but here and there we found ſingle houſes ſurrounded by corn-fields, which ſhow how eaſily this mountain, like the ſpaniſh Sierra morena, might be cultivated. We alſo ſaw round San Martinho ſome very well-cultivated ſpots, and even fields ſown with flax. On the ſummit of theſe mountains, we beheld the whole range of Serra de Monchique before us in its direction from E. to W. being conſiderably high, but not ſo full of peaks as the mountains of Cintra and Gerez. The indented ridge of theſe mountains divides Algarvia from Alemtejo,

each charged with five bezants argent placed ſaltierwiſe, with a point ſable, in memory of five wounds he himſelf received, and of five Mooriſh kings ſlain in the battle. T.

A large

A large but ill-cultivated valley follows the mountains of San Martinho. Here we ſaw only a ſmall poor village, called Sancta Clara, and four ſhort leagues from San Martinho we came to an inn (palhota) beyond all meaſure wretched, being the worſt in Portugal. At length we continued our way between low hills, after which we climbed the ſpurs or forerunners of the Serra de Monchique. This range conſiſts of mountains thickly crowded together with ſhort interruptions, formed of ſlate and ſand-ſtone, and every where covered with the monotonous ciſtus ladaniferus and the ciſtus populifolius. The road winds along over theſe mountains, and is far from bad. The nearer we came to the higheſt part of the Serra de Monchique, which is called Serra de Foia, the deeper and narrower are the valleys; ſo that we ſaw nothing but an interminable deſert without houſes, men, or traces of cultivation. Leaving the ſummit of the mountain to the right; after travelling four long leagues through this deſert, we ſuddenly found at the foot of the mountains a narrow valley with cheſnut-trees, fields, and houſes. This valley winds to the left, and we came to the ſouth ſide of the mountain. What a proſpect now opened to our view! Among cheſnut-trees on the declivity of the mountain, concealed amid gardens of oranges and lemons, and ſurrounded by deep romantic valleys watered by murmuring brooks,

is the charming town of Monchique. Throughout our journey we never met with ſo great a ſurpriſe. For paſſing ſuddenly from a defert dreary waſte, which continues almoſt from Liſbon to this place, we were ſuddenly tranſported to the moſt charming ſpot we had ever ſeen. Monchique is a conſiderable villa ſituated partly on the declivity of the mountain, where it is diſperſed in a pictureſque manner; the high ſerra de Foia raiſes its naked rocky head above it, orange gardens join cheſnut-woods; and the majeſtic rhododendron ponticum *, the moſt beautiful of european ſhrubs, ſhades the brooks that on all ſides ſtream down the mountains. In this part of Portugal alone fragrant violets blow in cheſnut-woods, the valleys and declivities afford pleaſant and ſhady walks, and by only aſcending a little above the town the ſpectator may behold the whole coaſt of Algarvia with its bays and rivers lying before him like a map. On the ſummit of the Serra de Foia, he will ſee not only the whole of Algarvia, but alſo a great part of Alemtejo.

Here great quantities of oranges are grown, being eſteemed the beſt in Algarvia, and carried to conſiderable diſtances. A great quantity of ſimilar fruits is alſo grown, in a greater variety than is

* Pontic dwarf roſe-bay. T.

uſual

uſual in any other part of Portugal. To this place belong lemons *(limoēs)*, ſweet-lemons *(limoēs doces)*, which have a very pungent ſmell but an inſipid ſweet taſte, yet are eaten with pleaſure by many perſons; bitter oranges (*laranjas amargas*), four oranges *(laranjas acedas)*, which reſemble the former but have a four taſte and are preferred to all others for lemonade; and, laſtly, the *lima* or lime, which reſembles the ſweet lemon, but is ſhorter and broader, and has a very diſagreeable taſte, though it ſends forth an extraordinarily pleaſant bergamot-perfume. The cheſnut-woods are particularly eſteemed for maſts; (hence the hams of Monchique are celebrated); but their fruit is not ſo good for the table as the cheſnuts of Portalegre, being never grafted. The cheſnut-tree is partly grown as underwood, being uſed in great quantities for poles in vineyards, hoops, and other ſimilar uſes. Quantities of ſtaves of this wood are conſtantly ſent on mules to Algarvia.

Round Monchique every thing is granite, as alſo on the ſerra de Foia which entirely conſiſts of it. On the north ſide only does the ſlate riſe to a conſiderable height. The ſerra de Foia is unqueſtionably the higheſt range of mountains on this ſide the Tagus, exceeding that of the mountains of Cintra, and being perhaps but little lower or even a little higher than the ſerra de

Maraõ.

Maraõ. The next mountains on this ſide the Tagus, in point of height, are thoſe of Mertola.

The warm baths of Monchique are ſituated a league to the ſouthward of the town, the road to them lying over a mountain, which however may be avoided by going round it. They are on the ſouth declivity of this mountain, but muſt be very inconvenient to patients, as they cannot walk a ſtep but up or down hill, which is extremely irkſome on account of the ſteepneſs and the great number of rounded flints. The whole mountain is covered with ſimilar rocks and cloſe thickets, but no traces of cultivation appear, except a ſmall garden near the bathing-houſe. The open proſpect to Algarvia is the only one that might be called pleaſant, were it not conſtantly in view, and the bathing-houſe is the only building that enlivens this rude ſcene. It is of ſtone, and well and conveniently laid out. It contains the baths, receives the patients, and lodges a provedor, who has the ſuperintendance of them, lets out the rooms, &c. There are four ſtone bathing-rooms, each prepared for one or at moſt two perſons; the water is let in and out at pleaſure by cocks. They are quite dark, being without windows, and the patient deſcends into them down ſeveral ſteps. The water, like that of Gerez, has not the leaſt taſte or ſmell, nor does the heat exceed 24° of Réaumur,

Réaumur, which is very inconſiderable. The ſprings take their riſe from a greyiſh granite, of which the whole mountain conſiſts. The ſeaſon for bathing is in ſpring, and the baths are ſometimes viſited by the inhabitants of Algarvia. This, like all other portugueze bathing-places, is frequently viſited by nuns, who certainly have great occaſion for baths. It is to be lamented that they are not ſituated at Monchique, where it muſt be ſo pleaſant to reſide, that few other watering-places can be compared with it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

Cape St. Vincent's. Lagos. Villanova. Loule. Preparation of thread from aloes.

WE had ſcarcely quitted the high granite-country round Monchique, and deſcended to the low ſlate-mountains, ere the monotonous ciſtus ladaniferus again covered the ſoil as on the north-ſide of the mountains. At length we deſcended from theſe deſert mountains, which now opened and embraced broad valleys. Being deſirous of ſeeing Cape St. Vincent we quitted the road to Lagos, taking that to the right, and proceeding to the village of Bem Safrim. The plain had here quite an Algarvian appearance, and was covered with a number of plants very rarely or never found in other parts of Portugal. Among theſe in particular was the little palmetto or fan-palm *(chamærops humilis*)*, which is uncommonly plentiful throughout the whole of Algarvia, and which ceaſed as ſoon as we quitted that province †. It ſeldom grows above three or four feet high notwithſtanding the thickneſs of the ſtem, and has a ſingular

* A kind of dwarf-palm; the *chamærops glabra.* Linn. T.

† We had before only ſeen it in one place in Alemtejo, at Quinta de Doro Rodriguez.

appear-

appearance; its fan-ſhaped leaves are uſed for making the baſkets in which figs are packed. For this reaſon they are not rooted up, and even corn-fields are ſometimes full of them. I am acquainted with no other uſe made of them in Algarvia, though the young ſhoots are here and there eaten as vegetables. Jonquilles alſo decorated the meadows with their elegant and fragrant flowers, and various beautiful kinds of ſquills *(ſcilla)* adorned the eminences and thickets. Between the ſlate-mountains we had left on our right, and the limeſtone mountains on our left, we paſſed through the villages of Bem Safrim, Budes, and Rapoſeira, to a ſmall town called Villa do biſpo, eight leagues from Monchique, as the neareſt place to the cape; but there being no inn, we lodged in the houſe of a rich peaſant who dealt in wine, figs, and other trifles, and was a native of Minho. He received us with great readineſs, and his lively pretty wife and daughter endeavoured to entertain us in the moſt agreeable manner. Here I was taken as uſual for a practiſing phyſician, was aſked for a preſcription, and heard with aſtoniſhment that the wife was affected with vapours: for ſhe had an equally delicate conſtitution and refined feelings.

The villages here have a ſingular appearance. They are large, ſtragglingly built on eminences, and the churches which are ſmall and neat are ſitu-

ated at a diſtance from them. Such is the Villa do biſpo.

Here we ſaw baſalt in ſingle mountains, ſurrounded as at Liſbon by limeſtone mountains; but the baſalt was blacker, more compact and ſonorous, than round Liſbon. Baſalt is a rare ſtone in this pyreneean peninſula; I know no other traces of it in Spain except the ſpecimen in the muſeum at Madrid, which was ſaid to be found in Catalonia. The only parts of Portugal where it is found are thoſe round Liſbon and Cape St. Vincent.

Of Algarvia I muſt here, for the ſake of greater perſpicuity, give a very brief and curſory account. This narrow tract of land is ſeparated from Alemtejo by a broken chain of mountains conſiſting of ſandſtone and an argillaceous ſlate; granite only appears on the Serra de Foia. Theſe ſandſtone mountains are arid, barren, and only bear the ciſtus ladaniferus with two other kinds of ciſtus. They begin here beyond Villa do biſpo cloſe to the ſea-ſhore on low hills, and continue as far as the Guadiana. Here follows a chain of other limeſtone mountains, on the whole ſomewhat low, but rather ſteep, and only ſeparated from the former by narrow vallies. Theſe are alſo uncultivated, being covered with a quantity of looſe ſtones, thickets of kermes-oak, and ſome other plants. Cape St. Vincent forms their commence-

mencement, and they end at Tavira. This mountain is at length ſucceeded by that narrow ſtrip of cultivated land extending to the ſea, on which moſt of the towns and villages of Algarvia are ſituated.

Toward Cape St. Vincent the hills conſtantly grow flatter, and that promontory itſelf is a deſert plain, conſiſting of a grey limeſtone, ſo naked and rough near the point, that it is very difficult to travel over it. In other parts it is merely covered with ſand. Here and there we ſaw ſome thickets of ciſtus ladaniferus, and many other plants we had found in no other part of Portugal; as for inſtance, the milk-vetch (*aſtragalus tragacantha*), the tree-violet (*viola arboreſcens*), and many others. Toward the ſea the rock is every where fractured, and about 50 to 80 feet high, being of equal height with Cabo de Rocca, which it in general ſomewhat reſembles. At the utmoſt extremity in this deſert country is a monaſtery of Capuchins. Ships can approach very near the rock, and the monks aſſured us that ſometimes in fine weather they ſpeak with them. They alſo related to us many particulars of the engagement between the ſpaniards and Lord St. Vincent, which they diſtinctly ſaw from the monaſtery. Such incidents alone can render a reſidence on this remote point of land intereſting. On another point of the rock ſeparated by a creek from the

extreme end is the ſmall fort of Sagres, within which nothing is ſeen but the commandant's dwelling, the ſoldiers' barracks, and the works, which the commandant ſeemed unwilling to ſhew us, and even forbid our ſeeing. A company of the regiment of Lagos is ſtationed here, being from time to time relieved; and the captain is commandant of the place. Without the fort are only a couple of houſes. When the great earthquake of 1755 deſtroyed Liſbon, the ſea here alſo ſwelled, and pouring from a creek over the land laid the country waſte.

At Sagres a great quantity of fiſh and muſcles are taken, and ſmall fiſhing-ſmacks lie at anchor under the rock in the creek. In theſe parts of Algarvia are eaten a kind of muſcle, called by the inhabitants *perſeves* (the duck-muſcle, *lepas anatifera)*, eſpecially the part contained in the heel or ſpur. I thought them very good, but do not remember ever reading that they were fit for food. The edible cockles (*cardium edule*, in portugueze *berbigaõ)* and the eatable muſcle (*mytilus edulis*, in portugueze *mixilhaõ)* are generally eaten on faſt days in the maritime provinces of Portugal.

Near Sagres grows in great quantities the eſparto-graſs *(ſtipa tenaciſſima)*, a very uſeful vegetable, of which in Spain, eſpecially in La Mancha, cords are made, and of which conſiderable quantities are ſent from thence into Portugal

for

for the ſame purpoſe. They are here alſo uſed; and to prevent deſtroying them it is prohibited, under conſiderable penalties, to pluck them up before the month of May. But it is aſtoniſhing that no one has ever thought of planting this uſeful vegetable in other parts; at leaſt on the barren limeſtone mountains of Algarvia. I am not aware that it is found wild in any other part of Portugal than the ſpot I have deſcribed.

To leave the cape we were obliged to return a long portion of our former way through Rapoſeira and Budes, after which we turned to the right to Lagos; here we traverſed the ſtony uncultivated limeſtone mountains, and afterwards at Lagos deſcended that finely-cultivated declivity toward the ſea. It was entirely covered with corn-fields, in which were a number of fig-trees in regular ranks, only here and there interſperſed with olive and almond-trees. The figs are almoſt all of the white variety, but not of the beſt kind. They ſerve however for the ordinary ſupport of the people, whoſe breakfaſt conſiſts of bread, figs, and wine; their dinner concludes with figs, and their ſupper is the ſame as their breakfaſt, as we had already an opportunity to obſerve at Villa do biſpo. The inhabitants appeared very healthy, and, which many would not ſuppoſe, have univerſally good teeth. The women have remarkably

fair complexions, and from Monchique charming countenances were not uncommon.

The city of Lagos, five ſmall leagues from Cape St. Vincent, is properly the chief town of Algarvia, though no longer the reſidence of the governor of that province. It is ſituated on a declivity cloſe to the ſea, on the weſt ſide of a large bay; but is only of a moderate ſize, containing about eight hundred and fifty houſes, three monaſteries, and two pariſhes. The city was formerly more flouriſhing, and has decayed ſince the fifteenth century. It is ſurrounded by high old walls, which have only fallen in one place; and without the town is a ſmall ſuburb. Many perſons of condition reſide in the town, which contains ſeveral neat houſes, but many parts have continued vacant ſince the earthquake of 1755, when this place ſuffered much. Lagos has a corregedor, a governador, or commandant, and is garriſoned by the regiment of Lagos, from which however detachments are ſent to Silves, Villanova, and Sagres. The caſtle of Penhaõ commands the bay, which, when the wind is north or weſt, affords excellent anchorage even for a large fleet, though leſs favourable with an eaſt-wind, and not at all when it is ſouth. Here lord St. Vincent caſt anchor after he had gained his great victory over the Spaniards. A ſmall part of the

bay

bay forms a harbour, which however only ſmall veſſels can enter. Another arm of the ſea extends inland, but is only navigable for ſmall boats, and over it is a ſtone bridge. The ſea-coaſt is here flat and ſandy, and continues ſo along the ſouth coaſt of Portugal throughout the whole of Algarvia, whereas the whole weſtern coaſt is always more or leſs rocky.

In 1798 Portugal was much threatened by the French, becauſe ſhe was indiſpoſed to ratify the treaty of peace concluded with that country. Spain at firſt protected her, and endeavoured to prevent the marching of a french army through her territories; for the cabinet of Liſbon might be aſſured, that of Madrid would not willingly ſuffer this march of troops which are better republicans abroad than at home. The equipment of a fleet from Toulon increaſed the alarm; for it was thought it might be deſtined for Portugal, and that a landing would be attempted in Algarvia, as rocks protect the coaſt in other parts. The prince of Waldeck therefore, in his journey to the fortreſſes of Portugal, alſo went to Algarvia, and, even in the delirium of his illneſs, buſied himſelf with the means of preventing an army from landing. Certainly nothing could have been eaſier than to land in Algarvia, and eſpecially here at Lagos, or at Villa Real: for in no part could the French have been repulſed by means of any conſider-

able fortreſſes, and the diſperſion of the portugueze army along the coaſt would have rendered all oppoſition vain. It was however by no means probable the French ſhould commit this folly as long as one engliſh fleet lay at Gibraltar and another blockaded Cadiz.

In 1798 the conqueſt of Portugal would have been very eaſy to France; provided they had gone through Spain, for that country muſt, through fear, have conſented to all their demands. The wiſe old duke of Lafoēs laughed in the council at the preparations made, and the trouble the prince of Waldeck took, (to whom indeed he was otherwiſe indiſpoſed) ſaying, the French wanted nothing but pack-ſaddles ("naō neceſſatam que albardas"). And why was not Portugal conquered? why did not the French ſtrike this ſevere ſtroke againſt England? The anſwer is eaſy to thoſe who are acquainted with the antecedent circumſtances.

The Directory for a time permitted the embaſſador Araujo to remain at Paris as a private perſon even after the ratification of peace was refuſed; when that miniſter happening to ſpeak ſomewhat indiſcreetly of bribes, was thrown into priſon, but being ſoon liberated, was ſent embaſſador to the ſubordinate republic of Holland. Soon after a near relation of the miniſter at war went to Paris as mediator. All this paſſed at the time the harbour of

Liſbon

Liſbon was in the hands of the Engliſh; but the venal government of France on one ſide ſtretched out their hands to plunder the innocent neutral powers, and on the other ſuffered themſelves to be brought off from an important conqueſt of a very hoſtile country.

It is a bad excuſe to ſay that France ought to ſpare Portugal, becauſe the Engliſh might otherwiſe ſeize Braſil. Has England ſeized Havannah, Peru, and Mexico? and was it not known in France that the active, reſtleſs, diſcontented Braſilians were eaſier to revolutioniſe than the gentle ſubmiſſive Portugueze?

In the neighbourhood of Lagos, Cape St. Vincent, and other parts of this coaſt, a quantity of tunny-fiſh is taken and ſalted in May and June; but it is not ſo commonly eaten freſh, on account of its fat. I found the ſalted fiſh, the colour of which very nearly reſembles ſmoked beef, very good, and when properly ſoaked have eaten it with pleaſure. A ſtorehouſe is opened at Liſbon for the reception of this fiſh, and it ſeems to be at length diſcovered, that it will in part ſupply the place of cod. Formerly, in the time of king Denis, there was a coral fiſhery on this coaſt; but it has ſince entirely ceaſed.

From Lagos to a ſmall town called Villanova de Pertimao is a diſtance of two leagues, the road being circuitous in conſequence of the creeks and ſmall

ſmall rivers, which at flood are full of water. Here we croſſed the range of uncultivated limeſtone mountains. Toward Villanova the country becomes flat, is very well cultivated, and ſhaded with high olive-trees and fig-trees, which here, as at Lagos, grow in corn-fields. The town conſiſts of about five hundred, moſtly ſmall, poor, houſes, is ſurrounded by a high wall, beyond which is a ſmall ſuburb, and is garriſoned by two companies. The river of Villanova flows cloſe to the walls, is here conſiderably broad (next to the Guadiana, which is the largeſt in Algarvia) and diſcharges itſelf half a league from thence between high downs into the ſea. Two conſiderable forts, St. John on the eaſt ſide and St. Catherine on the weſt, cover the entrance. We only ſaw one ſhip in the harbour, of which the bar is dangerous and the ſand-banks ſhifting. This harbour can therefore be of but little importance.

We paſſed the river in a boat, and purſued our way to Lagoa acroſs a flat, pleaſant, and extremely well-cultivated country. Lagoa is a market-town ſituated on a ſmall lake, from which it derives its name, two leagues from Villanova. The ſoil is here ſomewhat ſandy, and we ſaw pine-woods. Some writers erroneouſly place here the ancient Lacobriga.

From hence to Loule, a diſtance of ſix leagues, the road varies in the manner it uſually does in Algarvia.

Algarvia. At one time we croſſed flat and well-cultivated tracts, where large high olive-trees, ſpreading fig-trees, and the charming carob-tree, *(ceratonia ſiliqua)*, in the corn-fields, afford a pleaſant ſhade; (there are very pleaſant ſpots of this kind round a market town called Pera, and a ſingle inn called Nera); and at another time we climbed rough ſtony limeſtone mountains, without any traces of cultivation; the cauſe of which changes was, that we were now going from the ſea, and croſſed the branches that iſſue from the chain of limeſtone mountains, which ſurround Algarvia.

The high and beautiful carob-tree grows in great numbers toward Loule, is a great ornament to this province, of which it is a native, and we found many buſhes of it on the barren limeſtone hills. I conſider this as the moſt beautiful of european trees; it attains to a conſiderable height, always forms a large wide ſhady vertex, and its beautiful feathered evergreen foliage, with ſmall roundiſh leaves, gives it a charming appearance. The many pods that hang down from it have to us germans a ſingular effect. It is alſo a uſeful tree; the wood is hard and red, the ripe fruit is very commonly uſed as fodder for cattle, and eſpecially as maſt for ſwine, though inferior to that of the ever-green-oak. It is alſo eaten by men,

men, but chiefly for amuſement, and to excite an appetite.

Loule is a ſmall town containing about 1600 houſes, and ſituated in a broad valley ſurrounded by the mountains of the limeſtone chain, which here attain to a conſiderable height. The Cabeça da Camara ſouth-weſt of Loule, is one of the higheſt mountains of this chain. The town is ſurrounded with high walls, garriſoned by two companies, and the commandant (governador) is a major. Here are three monaſteries and a convent for poor ladies of family, in which laſt the aloe-threads are dyed and manufactured with great delicacy and neatneſs into baſkets, artificial flowers, and other articles, which are ſent to all parts of the country.

The american aloe *(agave americana*, in portugueze *pita)*, moſt commonly forms the hedges in the ſouthern and midland parts of Portugal, where it flowers very frequently, and thereby greatly enriches and adorns the proſpect. It is propagated very eaſily from the roots by young plants, may therefore be planted without trouble, and thus forms thick hedges, but ſpreads too far. The threads *(fio de pita)* are prepared only in Algarvia, and particularly here round Loule. The proceſs is as follows; the largeſt and beſt leaves, which are free from ſpot or decay, are cut off,

off, the labourer preſſes a ſquare board obliquely between his breaſt and the ground, lays the leaf upon it and ſcrapes it with a ſquare iron bar, which he holds in both hands, by which all the juices and pulp are preſſed out, and only the nerves of the leaves remain, which by this means ſuffer themſelves to be divided into very fine threads. Theſe are hung over a thin cord to dry, and ſold for ſix vinteins per lb. The thread is not ſtrong, and eaſily rots in water, by which its utility is limited; but it may be employed for many purpoſes, as it conſiſts entirely of ſtraight threads. In Algarvia, where paſture is ſcarce, the leaves of the aloe are cut in thin tranſverſe ſlices and given to cattle. Hence another kind is grown at Faro in the hedges, diſtinguiſhed by its greeniſh, not blue leaves, its feeble flower-ſtorks and ſmaller number of flowers; but it does not come under any known variety. As oxen do not eat the leaves of this ſort of aloe, the proprietor incurs no danger of his hedges being cut for fodder.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Faro. Cultivation of the fig-tree. Tavira. Remarks on Algarvia. Villa real. Account of the fishery there.

FROM Loule to Faro is a distance of only two leagues. At first the road passes through a pleasant valley along a brook between limestone mountains, where large and beautiful carob-trees grow in the fields. Toward Faro the country becomes flat and sandy, being covered with heaths and cisti, (especially the *cistus umbellatus* Aiton. nec Linn.); but in the neighbourhood of the town the numerous quintas and gardens enliven the country, which is otherwise unfruitful.

The city of Faro is situated on a plain, being a league from the sea, and on the bank of the river Da Quarteira. The town is quite open, being built with considerable regularity, and tolerably broad streets; but chiefly consists of small houses. This regularity arises from the english having landed here in 1596, when they plundered and burnt the town, except the part round the church of San Pedro, which is still distinguished by the gothic appearance of the houses. It is the see of a bishop, a governor, a brigadier, and a corregedor, contains two parishes, three monasteries,

and

and 1200 houſes. There is a handſome ſquare, with ſome conſiderable buildings, ſituated on the narrow river, and on one ſide is a ſmall citadel. Not very large ſhips can come up to the town, theſe being obliged to unload in the road or lower down the river, which after many windings forms the narrow entrance of the harbour, a league and a half below the town to the ſouth-eaſt, where it is covered by the fort of San Lourenço de Olhaõ on the eaſt ſide of the river. Another narrow arm of the river, or rather of the ſea, called *a Barreta*, forms an iſland, on which is the ſandy cape of Santa Maria. This iſland is laid down in all the maps at too great a diſtance from the land. The country toward the ſea is very marſhy, and overgrown with marine plants; on the oppoſite ſide it is flat and ſandy, and at a diſtance appear the mountains of San Miguel, which are rather high and ſteep, but well cultivated toward the baſe.

Faro ſtill retains the greater part of the trade of Algarvia, and as long as lord St. Vincent blockaded Cadiz, much traffic was carried on between this place and the fleet. The moſt important produce exported from hence conſiſts of figs, which the country people bring to town to the warehouſes of the merchants who deal in that article. They are there thrown down in a heap in a building prepared for that purpoſe, where a ſyrup flows from them, which is uſed with advantage

for

for making brandy. They are then ſpread to dry in the ſun, in an open ſituation, where they are left a few days, in proportion to the heat of the weather; after which they are preſſed into ſmall baſkets made of the leaves of the fan-palm, each containing 28lb., and ſent off. The greater part of thoſe grown here are of the white kind, but the red are better, among which the figo do Enchario and do Biſpo are very excellent.

Greece and Algarvia are I believe the only countries where caprification is practiſed; for here are ſome varieties of figs, and thoſe very excellent, that fall to the ground unmatured, unleſs punctured by the gnats. To further this, another otherwiſe wholly uſeleſs variety of fig-tree is grown, wherein theſe inſects, which are larvæ of an ichneumon, abound. Theſe trees are called figos de toca from *tocar* to touch. From this tree branches are broken and hung upon that intended to be impregnated. Here the larvæ come forth, perforate the fruit, and the perfect animals place themſelves on the figs of the tree on which theſe branches are hung, puncture them, and thereby advance their maturity. This method of ripening figs, which is certainly excellent, was known to the ancients, who called it caprificatio. It is alſo cuſtomary in the Archipelago, and is deſcribed by Tournefort in his travels. I have never ſeen the perfect animal, but have ſought for

for the larvæ in the figos de toca, which I found to be female figs, and that from them no pollen is conveyed by the inſect to the other figs, as Linneus imagined. I am fully convinced that the puncture of the inſect only ſerves to give vent to the ſap and ſtimulate its effuſion, thereby not only preventing the falling of the fruit, but rendering it ſweeter and better flavoured. It is well known that many fruits when punctured by inſects ripen ſooner, and thus not unfrequently acquire a ſweet taſte. The fig-tree requires very little other culture; it is propagated by layers, the trees produced from ſeed bearing uneatable fruit, and requiring to be grafted. This tree is contented with a dry bad ſoil; I have often ſeen wild fig-trees growing on naked rocks, or on walls where was no earth. It often attains the ſize of a pear-tree, and its vertex ſpreads ſo much that it almoſt ſeems to reſt upon the earth. A ſpecies of coccus produces on this tree, as on the olive, a kind of ruſt, which does great miſchief. Algarvia is the only province of Portugal from which dried figs are exported.

Not only figs, but oranges and ſpaniſh reeds (*arundo donax*) are alſo exported from Faro to England. The latter come from Tavira. In gardens are grown american potatoes (*convolvulus batatas*), and plantains (*muſa paradiſaica*).

A merchant named Lempriere, an engliſhman who reſides at Faro, is poſſeſſed of a great natural curioſity, a young mule, being a mongrel between a mule and an aſs. On the mountains of Monchique, a mule ſuddenly became pregnant, without any one knowing the ſire, and produced a young one, which the proprietor, who was a peaſant, carried about while it ſucked its dam, and ſhowed for money. The governor of Faro, Brigadier Connell, an iriſhman, who himſelf told us the ſtory, being then at Lagos, purchaſed, and afterwards preſented it to his friend Lempriere.

The road from Faro to Tavira, which is four leagues farther, continues always near the ſea, and is uncommonly pleaſant: only a few ſmall ſpots near Faro are ſandy, and a few limeſtone hills uncultivated. Elſewhere, eſpecially in the neighbourhood of Tavira, the whole ſoil is exceedingly well cultivated, and adorned between the cornfields alternately with olive, carob, and almond-trees.

Tavira is a neat city containing 1400 houſes, four monaſteries, ſome neat and clean ſtreets and conſiderable houſes, of which the principal is the governor's palace. Old walls divide the city from the ſuburbs; the river Sequa, over which is a handſome ſtone bridge, flows through the middle of it, and ſmall veſſels come up as far as the bridge. The ſurrounding country is one of the

pleaſanteſt

pleaſanteſt in Portugal; hills of the chain of lime-ſtone mountains crowd cloſe round the town, which they encloſe as it were with a wood of high ſhady trees, in whoſe boſom it ſeems to repoſe; among theſe trees every little vacant ſpace is cultivated either as a garden or a corn-field, the trees are varied in a pleaſing manner, the bright and cheerful leaf of the almond relieves the obſcurity of the olive, which here, as in general through Algarvia and Andaluſia, attains to a great ſize and beauty, and the feathered and regular leaf of the majeſtic carob is beautifully oppoſed to the ſimple ſlender leaves of the other trees. It was now the beginning of March, and the hedges were full of *anagyris* * in bloom, of which the papilionaceous flowers are ſpotted with yellow and brown, and entwined with the *ariſtolochia* † *ſubglauca* Lamark. on which innumerable flowers hung like dark-brown cornucopiæ. Beans which were every where in bloſſom yielded a ſweet perfume, and the fields were blue with the flowers of flax, while my native country was covered with ſnow and ice.

The road aſcended the river, and was very pleaſant, winding amid theſe charming hills, and in the upper part of the valley bordered by a thicke of oleander and ſpaniſh reed. The tide comes a league above Tavira. We had not gone two

* Stinking bean-trefoil. † Birthwort.

leagues from the town, when we came to the chain of ſand-ſtone mountains and deſerts of ciſtus ladaniferus.

The mouth of the river is a league to the ſouth-eaſt of Tavira. The entrance of the harbour is narrow, ſhallow, and unſafe, owing to ſhifting ſand-banks, and the quantity of ſhipping is much leſs conſiderable than that of Faro. This entrance is defended by a very ſmall fort. Between Tavira and the ſea are many ſalt-marſhes, and the inhabitants here gather a graſs called murraça (*dactylis ſtricta* Aiton.) which they ſell in the market-place of Tavira, and which conſtitutes excellent fodder. The fiſhery, particularly that of Sardines and Tunny, is conſiderable, the former of which we had an opportunity of ſeeing. A very large net is carried out into the ſea by boats, and then drawn aſhore by a number of men. The beach was crowded with women and children, the noiſe of whom, and the rejoicing of the men, with the quantity of fiſh jumping about and often ſpringing very high, afforded a pleaſant ſight. A quantity of cuttle-fiſh were alſo taken, and the torpedo (*tremelha*), which the inhabitants ſay a man may boldly take with the left hand, though not with the right, without being ſtruck by it; but when I ſaw it, the fiſh was too much exhauſted to produce any effect.

Round

Round Tavira many almonds are grown, more than are generally found in any other part of Portugal. Here alſo is much garden-fruit and flax; but only that variety is grown, which bears large blue flowers, and which the german œconomiſts call *klang-lein*. Tavira is the chief town of the ſmall kingdom of Algarvia, where the governor of that province reſides together with a provedor. The place of governor of Algarvia is one of the higheſt in Portugal, and was at that time filled by Dom Franciſco de Mello da Cunha de Mendouça, in whoſe family the office of chief ranger (*monteiro mor*) is hereditary. All the other governors of the province are under him; and as moſt towns have garriſons, and are or ſhould be fortified towns (*praças*, or places d'armes), in which the governor has the ſuperintendence of the police, the government is military. This ſmall kingdom (Algarvia) according to the laſt enumeration of the governor, the Conde de Val de Reis, in 1780, contained 93,472 inhabitants, of which 6521 were huſbandmen, and 5575 labourers. It lies cloſe to the ſea, and is well-cultivated; but this cultivation generally extends ſcarcely two leagues inland, after which follow deſert hills. Here are more wells than in other parts, probably the remains of mooriſh induſtry; that people having continued longer in this than in the other provinces. Corn is not grown in ſufficient quantities for the demand,

mand, yet excellent bread is made at Faro and Tavira, better than at any other place, not excepting Liſbon, and ſtill leſs Oporto, where the bread is extremely bad. Oil is produced in great quantities, being conſidered as the beſt in Portugal, and exported. The wine of this province is white, contrary to the general cuſtom of the country, but is good, and ſupplies a part of Alemtejo. Figs conſtitute the principal produce of Algarvia, but almonds are grown in conſiderable quantities, eſpecially round Tavira, and are exported. Of the ſpaniſh-reeds I have already ſpoken: oranges are alſo grown, particularly round Monchique and Faro. The common people live principally on fiſh, and are very poor. The inhabitants of Algarvia are leſs refined and leſs polite than the reſt of the portugueze, but their ſhrewdneſs and ſharpneſs of wit are celebrated throughout the country. In this their neighbours the Andaluſians, with whom they have much intercourſe, ſtrongly reſemble them. They are alſo conſidered as the beſt mariners in Portugal; hence great numbers of them emigrate, and moſt of the boatmen at Liſbon are from this province. There is indeed no doubt that this province is capable of great cultivation, though hitherto extraordinarily neglected. In no part are the roads ſo bad, there being no high-roads, but mere paths for horſes and foot paſſengers, excepting in the neighbourhood

hood of Faro, where alone are roads for carts. The inns are uncommonly bad, the whole houſe even at Tavira conſiſting of a ſmall quadrangular room upon the ground, without windows or floors, with a ſtable in the neighbourhood. The landlord came every morning, and went home to his houſe in the evening, but provided us with food and beds. In ſuch an apartment with a chair or two, did the count of Hoffmannſegg, though he bore eſpecial orders from the queen to the governor, receive the compliments of the adjutant-general (*ajudante das Ordens*), in his gala uniform; but gala uniforms and dirty apartments are not ſo inconſiſtent in Portugal as in other countries.

From Tavira we went to Villa real, a town built by Pombal, four ſmall leagues from thence. In the neighbourhood of Tavira the country continues very pleaſant, but round Villa real is ſandy and naked. This town is ſituated at the mouth of the Guadiana, which is here a broad and fine ſtream. It is built with perfect regularity, the ſtreets in which are the handſomeſt houſes being on the bank of the river, and the ſmaller houſes at a greater diſtance. All the houſes are perfectly alike and well planned, and behind each is a ſquare court with a back-door exactly ſimilar to that in front. In each ſtreet, except thoſe leading to the river, the houſes are built alternately four with the front, and four with the back-door

to the ſtreet. The pavement is extremely good, and in the middle of the town is a handſome ſquare, in which the town-houſe ſtands. In ſhort, nothing is wanting but inhabitants; for a deadly ſtillneſs reigns throughout the ſtreets, a human figure is rarely ſeen looking out of the handſome houſes, and without a company of ſoldiers the place would be quite empty. The greateſt poverty every where appears. The country round the town is extremely ſandy, the ſoil often conſiſting entirely of quick-ſand; the downs are planted with fig trees. An old ruinous ſhip lay in the harbour, the entrance of which is broad but not very deep. On the bank were a few cannon; meanwhile ſome new works were erecting. This place is ſupplied with every thing, even its daily bread, from Ayamonte, which thus generouſly nouriſhes a town intended to effect its deſtruction; for ſuch was the view of its founder.

On the oppoſite ſide majeſtically riſes, proudly looking down on the hither ſide of the river, the elevated ſpaniſh bank, and on its declivity the large ſpaniſh town of Ayamonte with a number of handſome towers. A greater neatneſs and cleanlineſs inſtantly diſtinguiſh the towns of Spain from thoſe of Portugal. Ayamonte was once the ſeat of great mooriſh kings. In former times the tournaments of Ayamonte were much celebrated, and in ſpaniſh poetry and romances the high-ſound-

ing

ing name and example of the Guadiana often occur. Not far from thence and nearer the ſea is a well-built and neat market-town, called Figuerita, peopled by Catalonians whom Pombal drove away, and now flouriſhing by the emigrations of the portugueze. It was eaſy to go over to Ayamonte with a paſſport from the juiz de fora at Villa-real, the ſpaniards at this time generally not being ſtrict, which if they had been, the inhabitants of this place muſt have ſtarved. By this channel much contraband trade was carried on with Portugal, eſpecially in ſilk and fine cotton-manufactures.

The ſituation of Villa-real and the fiſhery on this coaſt are intereſting ſubjects. The reader therefore will permit me to expatiate on them ſomewhat at length, taking for my groundwork a treatiſe in the third volume of the Memorias Economicas of the Liſbon academy, in the ſame manner as I have above made uſe of that on the commercial company of the upper Douro. It is written by Dom Conſtantino Botelho de Lacerda Lobo, profeſſor of natural hiſtory at Coimbra, whom I have already mentioned, and who intends to write a work on the fiſheries of Portugal, of which I anxiouſly expect the publication.

A league from Villa-real is Monte gordo, now conſiſting only of a few huts, from which, however, the whole coaſt and the fiſhery take their name.

name. Previous to the year 1711, the fiſhery was unknown in this part of the country. An inhabitant of Caſtromarim, named Antonio Gomez, firſt fiſhed here for ſardines in 1711 and 1712; he was followed by ſome Catalonians, who firſt built a few huts, and were joined by degrees by other Catalonians and Andaluſians. Theſe began to uſe better nets, and brought the fiſh to Ayamonte, where they were ſalted. At firſt the fiſhermen paid no duty at Caſtromarim, but afterwards they came to an agreement with the farmers of the cuſtoms, to whom the increaſe of the fiſhery was very beneficial, according to which they only paid about five or ſix per cent, whereas in other parts of the kingdom the regular tax amounted to thirty per cent. The fiſhery now increaſed very much, and in 1750 there were twelve large fiſhing-ſmacks belonging to Caſtromarim, and fifty to Ayamonte, San Lucar, and the Catalonians; and in 1774, the number of the whole amounted to a hundred, fifteen of which belonged to Caſtromarim. The ſtreets of huts extended a league from the mouth of the Guadiana to the old town of Cacela, and though many of the fiſhermen only remained here during the ſeaſon, viz. from the 24th of Auguſt to the 25th of December, yet many others had ſettled there. It is true, the ſpaniards enjoyed the chief advantage of this trade, but many portugueze ſtill derived their

their ſupport from it; and, although this object might require the attention of the government, it did not follow that the whole fiſhery ſhould be deſtroyed, rather than concede a ſmall advantage to their neighbours.

The excuſe offered at Tavira for the meaſures of the government was, that the greater part of the inhabitants of Monte gordo did not live there on account of the fiſhery, but to carry on a contraband trade, and were alſo a very bad ſet of people. The laſt aſſertion might in part be true; but the common people of Spain are much worſe characters than thoſe of Portugal. Whether Portugal, however, ought to fear a contraband trade with Spain, when reſtrained by reaſonable and good laws, I much doubt. Portugal receives its Weſt-India produce much more conveniently from Braſil than Spain, and by her connections with England has an opportunity of conveying engliſh goods into that country, beſides which ſhe has a trade to China, and with the indian continent, which Spain does not poſſeſs. Alſo, during a war between England and Spain, as long as the former continues miſtreſs of the ſea, the advantage is entirely in favour of Portugal; thus we found all the roads into Alemtejo full of trains of mules coming from Spain to fetch ſugar and other Weſt-India produce from Liſbon. But to return to my ſtory.

Pombal

Pombal took up this buſineſs haſtily, and with deſpotic force, ſo that within five months Villa real de San Antonio was built by his orders, every thing that concerned the fiſhery and the fiſh trade transferred thither, and the huts at Monte gordo burnt. Many of the ſoldiers in the troops at Tavira, who were preſent at this expedition, aſſured us they were expoſed to the greateſt danger from the rage of theſe fiſhermen. The foreigners were driven away, and loſt together with their huts all their little property. This meaſure was exactly in character with the maxims of Pombal, who, like our modern revolutioniſts, thought the end ſanctified the means.

To all the inhabitants of Villa real ten per cent of the duty on the fiſh caught was abated for ſome years, viz. from 30 to 20 per cent (which however properly only amounted to between 5 or 6 per cent); on ſalted ſardines nothing was in general paid, and nothing on exportation; but on the importation of foreign Galician ſardines a heavy tax was laid. To prevent contraband trade, and enforce the payment of the duties, the miniſter employed much ſeverity, and no mariner or fiſherman was permitted to quit Algarvia without a paſſport from the chief inſpector of the cuſtoms of the ſouthern provinces or his delegate. To procure plenty of ſalt the miniſter ordered ſalt-

pans

pans to be dug at Caſtromarim, and the ſalt to be ſold for 900 rees per buſhel.

Eight companies were now formed, each of which were to have ſix great fiſhing-ſmacks with other ſmall-craft. Theſe companies were obliged to ſell 1000 ſardines for 300 rees, if no other purchaſer offered; for though Pombal was an enemy to monopolies, he conſtantly gave them birth. Moſt of the members of theſe companies engaged in them to flatter the miniſter, were ignorant of the buſineſs, did not uſually reſide at Villa real, and were obliged to rely on their agents. Their ignorance was ſo great, that they began ſalting in May, without reflecting that ſardines ſalted at that ſeaſon will not keep; and in general their fiſh were ſo ill-managed, that they could not be ſent out of the province. By high prices, bribes, and ſimilar means, they ſoon excluded all the inhabitants of Caſtromarim and thoſe who ſtill remained at Monte gordo, who had till then been permitted to take and deal in fiſh. A competition however ſoon aroſe between theſe companies, who employed the ſame means to ruin one another, and the heavy duty impoſed by Spain on foreign ſalt fiſh completed their deſtruction.

When Pombal fell, the loſſes, which the members of theſe companies had ſuffered, ceaſed. In 1777, from 48 fiſhing-ſmacks the number had

had diminiſhed to 10; but from this time to 1782, the fiſhery again ſomewhat increaſed, in conſequence of the duty in Spain being taken off. It again immediately ſunk on the duties in Spain being raiſed; but as on fiſh not ſalted no duty was now levied in Spain, they were all brought to Figuerita, where they were ſalted. In 1783, no leſs than 800 portugueze fiſhermen emigrated thither, and in 1790, of 3000 fiſhermen at Ayamonte and San Lucar de Barrameda, 2500 were portugueze.

How long will the deathlike ſtillneſs of Villa real continue to be a memento of the unwiſe regulations of a government, which ſeems to deſire the proſperity of the country, but will not relax any of the duties levied on the people! Would they but lighten the burthens of Villa real ſtill more than has been done in Spain, they would loſe nothing, becauſe there is nothing more to loſe, and Villa real would ſoon become a flouriſhing town.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Return from Algarvia through Alemtejo by Mertola, Serpa, and Evora.

FROM Villa real to Caſtromarim it is uſual to go by water up the Guadiana and a branch of that river on which it is ſituated; for by land it is neceſſary to make a great circuit of two leagues round another arm of the Guadiana, whereas this paſſage is performed in a quarter of an hour. The bank of the Guadiana on the portugueze ſide is marſhy, and ſome ſalt is made. Caſtromarim is a market-town ſurrounding a hill, on which is an old ruinous caſtle no longer fortified. The houſes are ſmall, and the place poor and mean, but far more lively than Villa real.

Near Caſtromarim immediately riſe mountains of the chain that divides Algarvia from Alemtejo, growing conſtantly higher as they approach the north. They conſiſt of argillaceous ſlate, and a ſandſtone which has a very ſtrong reſemblance to the grey round ſtones found in the Hartz mountains in Germany, called *grauwacke*. Near the river Deleyte they crowd together, the vallies become narrow, and the declivities often uncommonly ſteep, though rounded above, but not

rough and rocky like moſt of thoſe in this peninſula. They are chiefly covered with ciſtus ladaniferus, and the buſhes near the brooks in the vallies conſiſt of oleander and a non-deſcript variety of buckthorn (*rhamnus*). Here and there we ſaw cultivated ſpots, and paſſed through ſome villages before we entered Alemtejo. Theſe mountains are the fore-runners of the Serra de Caldeirão, but the range of mountains which properly bears this name lies between Faro and Ourique. All theſe mountains are low compared with the Serra de Monchique, except perhaps the mountains round Mertola.

We now entered Alemtejo and came to the village of Eſpiritu Santo ſeven leagues from Caſtromarim, where, for want of an inn, we lodged with a peaſant, with whom as with many others of the inhabitants we found appearances of wealth. Two leagues from thence is the ſmall town of Mertola ſituated on the peak of a ſteep mountain, by the foot of which the broad and fine ſtream of the Guadiana flows through a deep valley. The proſpect is extremely wild and dreary, every where conſiſting of naked ſteep mountains, among which the river flows, and a ſmall town encloſed within high walls, with neither field nor gardens, except a ſingle quinta near the town on another mountain. From the bank of the Guadiana the approach to the town is by a very ſteep

aſcent.

aſcent. A brook falls to the ſouthward of it into the Guadiana, and though ſo narrow that a man might jump over it, muſt be paſt in a ferry. The Guadiana often ſwells very much, the mountains are covered with its ſand to a conſiderable height, and even up to the town itſelf. On removing to a ſmall diſtance from the valley of the Guadiana, we found here and there well-cultivated and even fruitful ſpots, which produce excellent wheat. Mertola has a governor who holds the rank of major, a juiz de fora, about 3000 inhabitants, and belongs to the corregimento of Ourique. An excellent road leads from hence to Beja, but is not entirely finiſhed. The road from Liſbon into Algarvia paſſes through Beja to Mertola, where travellers embark on the Guadiana for Caſtromarim, which renders Mertola a lively place, the road by land being very inconvenient.

On the mountains round Mertola we found many plants which are rare in other parts of Portugal, eſpecially ſpaniſh plants. The mountains conſiſt of *grauwacke*, and are of a conſiderable height.

We croſſed the Guadiana to go to Serpa, a town ſeven leagues from Mertola on the oppoſite ſide of the river. A more extenſive deſert does not perhaps exiſt in Portugal; at firſt we only ſaw a couple of houſes and ſome fields, then another houſe half way, but every where elſe till

within a league of Serpa only hills and mountains of ſandſtone and argillaceous ſlate covered with ciſtus ladaniferus; nor did we meet any man in this deſert. At a diſtance to the eaſtward we ſaw many chains of mountains which join the ſpaniſh Sierra morena. It is difficult to communicate the impreſſion made by ſuch a view; the uniformity it preſents exceeds every thing I have ſeen; yet the ciſtus ladaniferus ſpreads a pleaſant balmy perfume, its majeſtic flowers charm the traveller, and the road is as hard and convenient as the floor of a room. It is a uniformity which with a clear ſky and a ſerene mind imparts that pleaſing ſenſation which we feel when far removed from the noiſe of the world.

Here and there we ſaw traces of former cultivation; for it is the cuſtom in Portugal, as alſo in the fields of Spain that are covered with broom, to burn theſe plants or cut them down with a kind of ſickle called fouce roçadoura, on good land every five, and on bad every eight years; after which it is ploughed and ſown. The crop indeed is very poor; for the roots of the former plants remain in the earth, and ſoon vegetating again cover the ſoil. It then ſerves only for paſture, which however is very poor, but the extent of ground muſt compenſate for the badneſs of the herbage.

In

In the ſingle houſe in the middle of the road we witneſſed the preparation of a kind of cheeſe, common in Alemtejo. The milk is curdled with the flowers of a thiſtle called (*cynara ſilveſtris* Lamark); the cheeſe is made with the hand and ſalted. It is generally bad, but is better when made from freſh cream, and eaten with wine and ſugar. It is then called *requejaõ*, and on genteel tables is ſerved by way of deſert.

To the left of the road is the Salto de lobo, where the Guadiana forces its way between narrow rocks. This name, which ſignifies the wolf's-leap, reminded us of the horſe-leap in the Hartz mountains in Germany, though the Bude is an inconſiderable brook compared to the Guadiana.

About a league before we arrived at Serpa, the proſpect changed. The ciſtus gave place to paſtures and fine woods of ever-green oaks, and cloſe to Serpa are fruitful corn fields. Serpa is an open cheerful place, much more populous than Mertola, contains 4000 inhabitants, and ſhows conſiderable ſigns of thriving. The trade with Spain and probably the contraband trade are the cauſes of this change.

We again paſſed the Guadiana a league from Serpa, where it winds among mountains which are lower and more gentle than round Mertola. At Serpa we came to the great granite plain, which extends from thence beyond Beja and Evora

as far as Montemor o novo, forming the beſt and moſt fruitful part of Alemtejo. The city of Beja is ſituated on a gentle hill in a fertile country rich in corn. It is a very old place ſurrounded with walls and gates, is the ſee of a biſhop, a corregedor, and a governor. The biſhop Dom Manoel de Cenacolo Villas Boas ranks among the men of learning in Portugal, and poſſeſſes a collection of antiquities found in the neighbourhood of Beja.

The country as far as Vidigueira ſtill forms a fertile but elevated plain covered with corn-fields. Few villages are ſeen, but many ſingle houſes which are called *montes*, probably becauſe they are generally ſituated on eminences. The houſes, conſidering they are portugueze, are uncommonly neat, and the inhabitants in the interior of their houſes and in their dreſs appear in very comfortable circumſtances, and even ſhow ſome luxury. The rich huſbandmen of the upper Alemtejo are alſo talked of at Liſbon for their riches. They poſſeſs conſiderable eſtates, in a fertile country, which ſurround their houſes. They generally have the privileges of ſmall land-holders, together with an eaſy ſale for their produce in the neighbouring large towns, and Liſbon itſelf takes a great quantity of corn from this country every year.

Vidigueira,

Vidigueira, which is five long leagues from Serpa, is a ſmall market-town or villa, in an extremely charming country. On one ſide is the fertile plain, on the other immediately beyond and cloſe to the town riſe mountains, the valleys of which are adorned with quintas and orange-gardens, and a large gothic church on the foreground improves the gaiety of the ſcene. Every thing has a tranquil cheerful appearance, and the traveller is richly compenſated for the deſert waſtes of the cheerful Alemtejo. The place itſelf is ſmall, having little more than 2000 inhabitants. Whatever we found here was extremely good. The oranges are ſmall, but uncommonly well-flavoured, and may be conſidered the beſt in the country, as is the wine alſo from the neighbouring Villa de Trades *, and a fiſh called Guadiana Savel or ſhad (not the ſavel of Liſbon) is certainly the beſt flavoured fiſh I ever ate. When cut in pieces and broiled it was excellent. I afterwards heard at Liſbon of a fiſh from the Guadiana, which is reſerved for the king's table, and which is rightly diſtinguiſhed from the ſavel (*clupea aloſa*).

* In the *Sitio de Liſboa*, a work written by Luiz Mendez de Vaſconcellos in the laſt century and now printed by the academy, where it is proved from Plato and Ariſtotle that Liſbon is the firſt city in the world, this wine is celebrated, as are thoſe of Carcavelos and Caparica.

Beyond the mountains the high fertile granite-plain continues, and to the left appears the Serra de Viana conſiſting of low mountains in which were formerly ſilver mines. In the mountains of the upper Alemtejo the granite here and there ſhows traces of metallic veins, and there is no doubt ſpots might be found not unworthy of being worked, did not the want of hands and of wood render the government indifferent to theſe concealed treaſures. To the right is the Serra de Oſſa, a fertile and on one ſide well-cultivated range of mountains, with a rich monaſtery of Pauliſts. Between this ſerra and Evora we ſaw Evoramonte on a high hill. We perceived Evora at a great diſtance, as it is ſituated on an eminence. The nearer we approached this town, the worſe was the cultivation. But can this ariſe from the quality of the ſoil? or can innumerable monaſtic towers, that vainly ſeek to approximate to heaven, compenſate mankind for the beauties of a rich cultivation?

Evora * is the chief town of Alemtejo, and the ſee of an archbiſhop, a corregedor, a provedor, a juiz, &c. It is indeed ſurrounded by walls, which however are fallen down in many parts,

* Evora is ſaid to be ſeven leagues from Vidigueira; but we were previouſly told theſe ſeven leagues were not ſo long as the five from Serpa to Vidigueira.

but

but in other reſpects it is quite open. Coimbra, Oporto, and Evora, are the only towns throughout Portugal, where the paſſports of travellers are not demanded immediately on their arrival, while there no attention is paid to them. Here is a regiment of cavalry, and at this time the governor was an emigrant, duke of Montmorency Luxembourg. The town conſiſts of narrow crooked ſtreets full of angles, with high gothic buildings and a number of old gothic churches, by which it is much diſtinguiſhed from moſt other towns in this kingdom, where the houſes are indeed ſmall and low, but by no means in that old ſtyle of building ſo common in Germany; ſo that the traveller may here imagine himſelf arrived in a german imperial town. The monaſtery of Franciſcans particularly deſerves notice in this reſpect. The cathedral church is ſituated in the higheſt part of the town, and has 25 prebends, each with an income of 5000 cruſades. Adjacent to it is the Archbiſhop's houſe, and not far from that the ſhambles, an old roman building, whoſe well-preſerved corinthian columns are now connected by a plaſter-wall. The beautiful forms however are inſtantly recognized, and the eye repoſes with pleaſure on this animating object, after being fatigued with gothic angles and pointed arches. Murphy ſpeaks at large on theſe remains of roman

grandeur, of which he gives a plate. On the north-ſide the aqueduct enters the town, and is commonly called the aqueduct of Sertorius, having been begun by him, though it is well known to have been entirely rebuilt by John III. At this time a large and maſſive edifice was building for barracks, which will certainly be unique in its kind in Portugal, when finiſhed.

Evora was once a univerſity, and ſtill enjoys that privilege; but, ſince the time of Pombal, has totally fallen to decay. It was formerly a very celebrated place. Here the great antiquary Reſende ſtudied, and the brother of the founder John III. himſelf attended its lectures. But the ſame man here erected the tribunal of the inquiſition, and made it the ſecond in the kingdom. Evora is an old town, but has much dwindled ſince the fifteenth century, and now contains at moſt 12,000 inhabitants, of which the enormous proportion of twenty-three religious houſes may be the cauſe. Its antient name was Ebora in the time of the Romans, and Viriatus and Sertorius, thoſe bold Luſitanians, lived there. Julius Cæſar conſtituted it a municipium and named it Liberalitas Julia. The Moors conquered it from the Goths in the year 715, but in 1166 it was taken from them by Gerald ſurnamed the intrepid (Geraldo Sem-pavor). This man got into the

town

town in the day-time, and in the evening went upon the wall where he cut off the heads of two centinels, then deſcended to the gate, and let in ſome troops ſtationed near it. Of this heroic act Camoens twice ſpeaks in his Luſiad; the paſſage where Vaſco ſhows the king of Melinda a row of pictures on ſubjects from the hiſtory of Portugal is very beautiful.

Olha aquelle, que deſce pella lança
Com as duas cabeças dos vigias,
Onde a cilada eſconde, com que alcança
A cidade por manhas e ouſadias.
Ella por armas toma a ſemelhança,
Do cavalheiro, que as cabeças frias,
No maõ levava. Feito nunca feito,
Geraldo Sem-pavor e o forte peito.

CANTO viii. St. 21.

Lo, while the moon through midnight azure rides,
From the high wall adown his ſpear-ſtaff glides
The dauntleſs Gerald: in his left he bears
Two watchmen's heads; his right the faulchion rears:
The gate he opens; ſwift from ambuſh riſe
His ready bands, the city falls his prize.
Evora ſtill the grateful honour pays,
Her banner'd flag the mighty deed diſplays;
There frowns the hero; in his left he bears
The two cold heads, his right the faulchion rears.

MICKLE'S LUSIAD, viii. 171, &c.

On

On the north ſide of Evora the hills riſe, being round the town adorned with gardens, and on their ſummits with ever-green oaks. The road from hence to Montemor o novo, which is five leagues diſtant, paſſes over granite-hills partly covered with corn-fields and partly with fine woods of ever-green oaks and paſtures, which give great variety to the proſpect. From Montemor we returned by the road above deſcribed, to Liſbon.

NOTE.—Theſe travels were nearly completed when the late change in the portugueze government took place. The prince of Braſil having declared himſelf regent, ſoon after diſmiſſed the prime miniſter Dom Ceabra da Silva, who had a ſhort time before ſigned the proclamation of that prince. The true change however conſiſts in the removal of this miniſter; the prince having in fact long held the reigns of government Ceabra had before been baniſhed by Pombal; but after the king's death was recalled. Of this man I have heard much evil. He was a great friend to the prieſthood, very fond of perſecution, and is ſaid to be revengeful and falſe.

I have ſaid that in Portugal no conſiderable mines are worked, except that quickſilver was lately ſought for near Couna. Meanwhile an iron mill is already at work at Moz in Traz-os-montes. This province is rich in minerals. I have ſeen conſiderable quantities of plumbago from Magadouro, and iron ore is found in many places. The director of the iron-mill, a Biſcayan, is ſaid to be an active man, and works the ore in the biſcayan manner. But as I did not viſit this ſpot, I can only ſtate the information I have received.

A DISSER-

A DISSERTATION

ON THE

LITERATURE OF PORTUGAL AND THE SPANISH AND PORTUGUEZE LANGUAGES.

On Portugueze Literature.

THE times are no longer ſo bad as Von Jung in his preface repreſents: for he complains that it was extremely difficult to procure books at Liſbon, that they were extremely dear, and the purchaſer obliged to pay much more than the price printed at the beginning. There are now ſeveral bookſellers in Liſbon, who indeed carry on no foreign trade, but are generally ſtocked with the new portugueze books, which they ſell at the prices prefixed, except a trifling addition for the binding; all books being ſold bound or ſtitched*. Old books indeed are often ſought in vain; but this may alſo be ſaid of many conſiderable book-ſhops in Germany. In many parts of the town are book-ſtalls as at Paris, where both portugueze and many good foreign books, eſpecially ſpaniſh, may be bought for a trifle. Nor muſt book-collectors forget to viſit the bookbinders, where many old books may alſo be purchaſed.

Formerly every book muſt have a number of teſtimonials and permiſſions before it could be ſold. In the firſt place permiſſion was aſked of

* The printed price is expreſsly ſtated to be in ſheets.—Foi taxado eſte libro em papel.

the

the inquiſition; and when all the needful ſteps had been taken, a teſtimonial was to be obtained from each tribunal that the work was conformable to the manuſcript. Pombal conferred the office of cenſorſhip on a particular college, in which many members of the government who were not prieſts were aſſociated with the inquiſition and the ſacerdotal tribunal of the Patriarch (o Ordinario). The permiſſion of this college of cenſure is now ſufficient, and the title-pages of books therefore bear theſe words: Com licença da real meza da commiſſaõ geral ſobre o exame e cenſura dos livros. Journals, newſpapers, and ſimilar publications, only require a permiſſion from the Meza do deſembargo do Paço, or the privy-council, which has the chief ſuperintendence of the police. The printer is anſwerable for the conformity of the work with the manuſcript.

In old portugueze books a proteſtation follows the title, in which the author declares he has not intentionally ſaid any thing contrary to the catholic church, and ſome poets have thought it neceſſary to declare they did not believe in the heathen gods. A verſe pretended to be written by the great Camoens is often quoted, in which he avers this; but the poem itſelf that contains it is like many others falſely attributed to that writer. Such declarations however have now ceaſed, and it is unjuſt to reproach the Portugueze with theſe abſur-

abſurdities. It ſhould be remembered, that in Italy Jacquier and Le Seur, the worthy editors of Newton's Principia, were obliged, ſo late as the year 1739, to declare they did not believe with Sir Iſaac Newton, that the earth moves round the ſun. Men have ſo often laughed at the expenſe of the Portugueze, that it is but fair to remind them of the follies of other nations.

The Inquiſition was never very powerful in Portugal. During the laſt reign it was quite inſignificant; being confined to diſorderly monks. The temper of the queen certainly increaſed their power, and rendered them particularly formidable to an author. An auto da fe or corporal puniſhment it is true are no longer practiſed; but baniſhment is the more readily inflicted, being apparently conſidered as a trifle, and therefore inflicted when it is doubtful whether the accuſed is guilty or innocent.

Only one political journal is publiſhed in Portugal called the Gazeta de Liſboa, and all foreign newſpapers are prohibited. Hence political news arrive ſomewhat tardily, and ſometimes very late; but then their authenticity may be relied on, except when the dubious phraze *dizem* (they ſay) is added. Nor is any diſtinction made in regard to delay between favourable news and the contrary; for the intelligence of the battle of Aboukir was equally late with the taking of Malta.

It

It was alſo the faſhion to be very impartial and diſcreet, but whether it was ſo always, or prudence at this time rendered it neceſſary on account of the connection of Portugal with Spain, I will not determine.

A court-calendar is annually publiſhed at Liſbon, which is by no means bad; but in March 1799 I could not procure that of the current year. Beſides this there is the Calendario dos ſantos, and ſome ſmaller. And Joſe Maria Dantes Pereira publiſhed by order of the Academy Efemerides nauticas, which are copied from the Engliſh ephemeris.

In this country are no literary journals, reviews, &c. new works being only briefly announced in the Gazeta de Liſboa, and printed bills of them poſted up as in London and Paris. At the univerſity of Coimbra and the numerous literary inſtitutions at Liſbon no occaſional publications appear. It is very cuſtomary however for a young man, who wiſhes to obtain a place that requires ſcientific knowledge, or to purſue his ſtudies at the expenſe of the government, to write ſome ſhort treatiſe or diſſertation. Thus a wretched ſhort ſketch of anatomy was publiſhed by a ſurgeon who wanted to be appointed lecturer in anatomy in a new inſtitution, and one Conſtanço, who ſtudied phyſic at Edinburgh, and afterwards at Paris, at the expenſe of the government, wrote a ſhort

treatiſe

treatiſe on the culture of ſoda. Inſtead of numerous eſtabliſhments and regulations the government ſhould take care that more occaſional works of this kind ſhould be publiſhed in order to accuſtom the nation by degrees to reading books of ſcience and information.

In a country where ſo little attention is paid to literature journals might not at firſt ſucceed. In Liſbon however is publiſhed a weekly paper called o Almocreve de petas, which is very much read, and contains amuſing anecdotes, incidents, poems, &c. Almocreve in Portugueze, like arreiro in Spaniſh, ſignifies a carrier or a muledriver who conveys goods from place to place, and peta is a bagatelle: the title therefore ſignifies the poſt of bagatelles. The incidents are generally flat, the anecdotes ill-choſen, and no better told; though it cannot be denied, that among a great number ſome few are very good. They are ſeldom without ſome perſonal alluſion; and I perceive the author even ventures to be pleaſant on a monaſtery here and there, and their trifling irregularities. The tales are nearly in the following manner. "A boy was ſent by his maſter to the convent of Chelas (a convent ſo called near Liſbon). The nuns gave him a baſket of ſweetmeats, together with an unſealed letter ſaying, 'The preſent is for your criado,' (a word ſignifying both a ſervant and a ſuitor.) The boy being

being unfortunately able to read, thought the ſweetmeats were for himſelf, and devoured them. His maſter flew in a paſſion," &c. Such are in general moſt of the tales, which are rarely enriched with any happy ſtroke of ſatire. The poetry excels the proſe, and ſometimes is not bad.

The taſte for poetry is not yet extinct in this country. Portugal juſtly boaſts of having produced the greateſt poets of the peninſula, and is without all doubt ſuperior to Spain. For what is Ercilla, what are all the epic poets of Spain, compared to Camoens, who may rival the firſt poets of Italy? Nor does Camoens ſtand alone, though he ſo far eclipſes the reſt, that theſe are ſeldom named in foreign countries. The Ulyſſipo by De Souſa Macedo may ſtill be conſidered as equal to Ercilla's Araucana. But this is not the place to deſcribe the portugueze poets, whom our literary men have too long neglected. Even now half the works publiſhed conſiſt of books of moral and religious inſtruction and poems. Young people are very much addicted to poetry; and the fair ſex love both poetry and poets. One, two, or three verſes are ſometimes, by way of amuſement, thrown out in company, to which an extempore compoſition is to be made, concluding with thoſe lines. The concluding verſes firſt produced are called *mote*, and the remainder *gloza*. Such motes and glozas are found in the col-

collection of Camoens's poems. In the new they ſometimes occupy one half of all the ſonnets. Even perſons of condition are fond of poetry, and it will perhaps give my compatriots pleaſure to learn that the dowager counteſs of Oeynhauſen, daughter of the marquis of Alorno, and a native of Portugal, has very happily tranſlated ſeveral cantoes of Wieland's Oberon into portugueze. It is only to be lamented that ſhe cannot yet be prevailed on to make them public.

Epic, and in general all great poems, continually become more rare, and plays are ſcarcely ever original, moſt of them being imitations and tranſlations from the French, and eſpecially from the Italian. The Engliſh are leſs common, and worſe executed. Neither are ſatires frequent. Except a few ſatirical ſonnets, I know of no great poem of this claſs. Modern literature has however produced a comico-heroic poem, entitled, Gaticanea, ou crueliſſima guerra entre os caēs e os gatos: Poema eſcrito por Joaō Jorge de Carvalho. Liſb. 1794. 8vo. This poem was much approved, and has many comic paſſages, but as a whole is too flat; nor are the points ſufficiently delicate and ſtriking. The moſt common ſpecies of poetry are ſonnets, odes, ſongs, and paſtorals. The ſonnet however, as in Spain, is the kind of poetry chiefly in favour; moſt occaſional poems and all extempories being of that claſs. The firſt artleſs

expreſſions of paſſion, every ebullition of the heart, which leaves no time for coolly deliberating on regular plans, the Portugueze throws into this form; and a conſiderable collection of excellent ſonnets might indubitably be formed, as well from the new as from the old portugueze poets.

Bucolic poetry has ever been a favourite with this nation. Excellent examples of it may be ſeen in Camoens's collection, and with him are claſſed ſix other writers of eclogues, who though they do not entirely equal him have produced ſome excellent ſpecimens. Indeed I cannot but think that great maſter has led his country into a taſte for this kind of poetry. Nothing is read but ſuch amorous complaints as reſemble thoſe of Camoens, and the great uniformity, the conſtant repetition of the ſame or ſimilar thoughts, render the readers inſenſible to many a beautiful deſcription of later poets. That ſimplicity which gives ſuch charms to this ſpecies of poetry is here always wanting.

Among the odes and ſongs, eſpecially the ſoft tender ſonnets, are ſome excellent pieces. Portugueze literature is alſo rich in blank-verſe poems, and attempts are frequently made to imitate the metre of the ancients. In every collection Alcaic and Sapphic odes are rarely wanting. The tranſlations of the ancients, of which there is no want, are always in blank iambic

verſe

verſe, owing to the reſtraint of tranſlating into rhime. The metrical art however of the Portugueze poets is not very far advanced, nor have they at all attempted hexameters. They mutilate the metre of the ancients, as did formerly our german poets, who imagined our language would not admit of a cloſe imitation. Hence in their Sapphic odes they change the dactyl in the third cæſura into a trochee, and in the Alcaic make the fourth ſtrophe ſimilar to the third, and compoſe it entirely of iambics.—The following is an example of the laſt mentioned metre:

Mas tu, ditoſo, placido eſpirito,
Entre os riſonhos coros angelicos,
N' um turbilhaõ de luzes,
Sobes aos aſtros nitidos.

Thoſe who would ſcan portugueze verſe muſt recollect that like the ſpaniſh and italian a final vowel is cut off when the next word begins with a vowel or an h. Thus aos, properly a os, forms but one ſyllable in verſe.

Another poet thinks to ſucceed with mere iambics. He ſays,

Ja ſe transformaõ em montanhas rigidas
Do vaſto pelago as campinas cerulas,
In Neptuno ſanhoſo
Mil bocas abre por tragar a terra.

It alſo appears that odes are called Alcaic if the ſtrophes have nearly the proper length; to the

long or ſhort ſyllables no very ſtrict attention is paid; the authors being ſatisfied if they do not too much violate the pronunciation of the language.

I have enquired of many Portugueze, which of their modern poets they prefer, and of bookſellers what poems are moſt in requeſt; upon this they firſt named the Rimas de Manoel Barboſa de Bocage, of which a new edition appeared at Liſbon in 1794. They conſiſt of ſonnets, odes, ſongs, idyls, and a few fables. The author, who is ſtill living, was very poor, and had ſuffered ſeveral misfortunes which cauſed him, as formerly Camoens, to ſeek his fortune in India. It cannot be denied that he has great talents for poetry: he has a full command of the language, his expreſſion is nervous, and, which is rarely united with theſe qualities, his verſification harmonious. Of the ſoft, plaintive, and languiſhing, but moſt prevalent ſtyle in the portugueze ſongs he is not fond, and though in moſt of his poems a melancholy caſt prevails, he always expreſſes himſelf with all the fire of indignation. The conceits of the Spaniards and Italians he happily avoids, and can only be accuſed of hyperbole, or of employing pompous language on ſubjects that require a different ſtyle. I will however add a ſonnet, which is neither his beſt nor his worſt, and which, as I have choſen it merely

merely for the ideas it contains, may afford an opportunity to judge of his ſtyle and management of his ſubject. It is the thirty-ſecond, on the taking of Diu, then the emporium of the eaſt, by Alphonſo Albuquerque, in 1515.

Por terra jaz o emporio do Oriente,
Que do rigido Affonſo o ferro, o raio
Ao graõ filho ganho do graõ Sabaio,
Envergonhando o Deos armipotente.

Cahio Goa, terror antigamente
Do naire vaõ, do perfido Malaio,
De barbaras naçoẽs—ah que deſmaio
Apaga o marcio ardor da Luſa gente!

Oh ſeculos de heroes! Dias de gloria!
Varoẽs excelſos, que, a pezar da Morte,
Viveis na tradiçaõ, viveis na hiſtoria!

Albuquerque terrivel, Caſtro forte,
Menezes, e outros mil, voſſa memoria
Vinga as injurias, que nos faz a Sorte.

India's proud mart* in ruins lay,
By fierce Alphonſo's† thunder won
From great Sabaio's mighty ſon;
His war-god ſham'd at his diſmay.

Fall'n is Goa, fear'd of old
By vain Nahir‡, and falſe Malay,
And barb'rous hordes. What arts can ſtay,
What havoc glut the Luſian bold?

* The city of Diu.
† Alphonſo Albuquerque.
‡ The title of noblemen in Malabar.

Ages of heroes! glorious days!
Warriors divine, who in Death's ſpite
Still live in Fame's recording lays!

May Albuquerque's fame in fight
And glorious thouſands' fadeleſs bays
Repair the wrongs we owe to Fate and Night *!

One of his poems on the immaculate conception would poſſibly, at firſt, excite a ſmile in ſome readers, but poſſeſſes true majeſty, and perhaps even too much. In an anacreontic ſong to the Roſe we find that ſoft and tender language, that rich variety of charming expreſſions peculiar to this nation when they ſpeak of beauty. Hence it would loſe all its excellence in a tranſlation.

Next to Bocage the Poeſias lyricas de Medina, Liſb. 1797, were named. They contain excellent poems, but want the ſtrength and richneſs of Bocage. In tender feelings and animated deſcriptions of beautiful ſcenes of nature he ſucceeds better, and ſome of the latter are excellent. The author is a native of Madeira.

Of proſe writers in the belles lettres Portugal is totally deſtitute. The ſtyle that generally prevails in the proſe works of that country is not indeed infected with that bombaſt which the Spa-

* The above is intended merely as a literal tranſlation of an indifferent original. T.

niards

niards cannot renounce, but is intricate, obſcure, full of repetitions and of digreſſions. Their beſt writers always begin with Adam or the deluge. The eulogium on Dalembert by Stockler in the quarto tranſactions of the academy at Liſbon is particularly diſtinguiſhed by its beautiful language and animated deſcription. In the Memorias da Litteratura portugueza, where writings of this kind might be expected, there is not one of which the ſtyle can be praiſed. Nor do I know any good proſe works among the old writers. All the productions of the age of John V, and even the early part of the reign of Joſeph, when many works were written, are only diſtinguiſhed by a horrid and diſguſtingly bombaſtic ſtyle; for bad taſte at that time reigned with abſolute ſway throughout Portugal. The abſurdeſt of all abſurd writers, Rafael Bluteau, was the author of this corruption. During the laſt quarter however of the century, this defect has much changed: the portugueze are going on in the right way, and would have left the ſpaniards far behind them, had not a too bigotted government and a war which enervates the arts like a ſlow fever retarded them.

There is no ſcarcity of portugueze tranſlations, almoſt all the french works of merit in the belles lettres, where religion will permit, being tranſlated, and ſome not ill executed. Bocage, for inſtance,

ſtance, has tranſlated Gil Blas very well. Adelaide and Theodore, the panegyrics of Thomas, and many others, will certainly contribute to the improvement of portugueze writing. Spaniſh works are rarely tranſlated, the two languages being too nearly alike; perhaps alſo the irreconcilable national hatred may have ſome influence, as it is utterly impoſſible for a portugueze to beſtow praiſe on any thing ſpaniſh. From the italian they have nothing but plays, nor do they often tranſlate engliſh works, except a few dramas, a few books of travels (as for inſtance Murphy's) and medical writings. I know of no books tranſlated immediately from the german. Through the medium of the french they have in portugueze, as in almoſt all modern languages, two of our poems, one of the beſt and one of the worſt. The reader will anticipate that I allude to Schonaich's Hermann and Geſſner's death of Abel. Novels are ſtill very poor, the portugueze being in this reſpect far inferior to the ſpaniards. Of tranſlations they have only the old and bad french novels, and a few engliſh which are alſo by no means the beſt. There is a collection of novels under the title of Lances da Ventura, Acaſos de deſgraça, e Heroiſmos da virtude; Nóvellas offerecidas a naçaõ portugueza para ſeu divertimento, 5 tom. 1794. The title is ſufficient to ſhow in what ſtyle it is written, and with

what

what ideas the collection has been made. The hiſtoria de Carlos Magno, ou dos doze pares de França is a favourite novel both with the higher and lower claſſes, and new editions of it conſtantly appear. Burleſque bombaſt appears to great advantage in this language, certainly as much and more than in ſpaniſh, and the agreeable nonſenſe is peruſed with pleaſure. The portraits of the twelve peers of France are always to be ſeen among the pictures ſold about the ſtreets for children, together with the formoſiſſima Floripes, the giant Ferabras, the Duque de Borgonha, Rinaldo, and the reſt of the knights errant.

The prints and pictures that are ſold about the ſtreets remind me of the caricatures. What is the object of theſe? In London the miniſtry and oppoſition; at Paris gaming, faſhions, and faſhionable amuſements; and at Liſbon aſſaſſination; all which objects they are contrived to render laughable. I have one before me, where a man comes to another with a ſtiletto in his hand and demands the money due to him, upon which the latter is going to anſwer with the ſtiletto, and a third coming up ſays agora accomodamſe, (Ah! now you are reconciled). Certainly a nation muſt be much depraved when aſſaſſinations become an object of mirth and ſatire.

From this ſhort digreſſion I return to portugueze literature. Even literary hiſtory itſelf has been

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much neglected ſince the celebrated work of Barboſa Machado; and the late Summario da Bibliotheca Luſitana is but a meagre extract from that work. In the Memorias da litteratura portugueza in 7 vols. publiſhed by the academy little or nothing is ſaid of literary hiſtory, and a hiſtory of bucolic poetry contained in theſe treatiſes, afterwards reprinted in the larger Memorias of the Academy, is alſo extremely poor and meagre.

The Memorias da litteratura portugueza abound in papers on portugueze hiſtory, ſome of them compoſed with great induſtry and accuracy. Many ancient documents are there printed, and many elucidate the old and new conſtitutions of the country. They are therefore indiſpenſably neceſſary to an hiſtorian *. Except this the new works on the hiſtory of Portugal are inconſiderable, nor is there one that contains an animated deſcription.

Philology is in a melancholy ſtate. In Spain from time to time appear magnificent editions of the claſſics, but in Portugal only inſignificant faulty impreſſions for ſchool-boys. The proſe-tranſlations made with the ſame view deſerve no notice; the poetical verſions are in part better, and here and there are paſſages extremely well tranſla-

* To this muſt be added the Collecçao de livros ineditos de hiſtoria portugueza, &c. 3 vols. fol. likewiſe publiſhed by the academy.

ted,

ted, which it was the more eaſy to attain, becauſe the portugueze is cloſer to the latin than any other language. Friar Joaõ de Souſa is a good orientaliſt. His Veſtigios da lingoa arabica em Portugal, and his Documentos arabicos, are in the judgement of the learned and judicious counſeller Tychſen very good works.

The philoſophy of the portugueze was for a long time the mere obſcure cant of the ſchools; but Pombal baniſhed it from the learned inſtitutions, nor do even the profeſſorſhips of logic and metaphyſics remain at Coimbra. Since that time I ſcarcely know of a ſingle publication in which any object of philoſophy properly ſo called is treated.

On the theology of this country I ought not perhaps to preſume to judge. Yet it is evident that nothing is or can be done in this claſs. We only find titles of religious books which are frequently very ſingular, as for inſtance Prayers for young maids to their guardian angel, or Treatiſes de attritione *; How the name of Jeſus is to be written when it follows Chriſt, &c. Meanwhile a new portugueze tranſlation of the bible has been publiſhed by that prolific hiſtorical and theolo-

* The catholics diſtinguiſh between contrition, or repentance through love, and attrition, or repentance through fear of puniſhment. The former is held ſufficient to ſalvation, without confeſſion. T.

gical

gical writer, the Reverendo padre Antonio Pereira de Figueredo. The title is Biblia ſagrada que contem tudo o velho e novo Teſtamento, traduzida em portuguez, com doutiſſimas notas prefaçoēs e liçaōs variantes em 8vo. 23 vols. Whether the notes are really *doutiſſimas* (extremely learned), or the variæ lectiones judiciouſly ſelected, I had no opportunity to inveſtigate.

Neither was I able to judge of the ſtate of juriſprudential learning in this country. I only know that in the Memorias da litteratura portugueza ſingle objects of this claſs are very often diſcuſſed. The Academy have alſo cauſed to be printed Paſchalis Joſephi Mellii Freirii hiſtor. juris civilis Luſitani liber ſingularis 4to. Ej. Inſtitutiones juris civilis et criminalis Luſitani, 5 vols. 4to. alſo Synopſis chronologica de ſubſidios, ainda os mais raros para a hiſtoria e eſtudo critico da legislaçaō portugueza ordenada por Joſe Anaſtaſio de Figueredo.

On the ſtate of medical knowledge the ſmallneſs of the country, as may eaſily be conceived, has great influence. Good phyſicians, and there are ſome, treat their patients in the engliſh manner, and ſome have ſtudied at Edinburgh. All the good medical works are tranſlations from the engliſh; and that prolific medical writer, Dr. de Paiva in particular, has publiſhed many, among which is Cullen's materia medica, nor have any of

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that author's works remained untranſlated. The portugueze indeed have not done any thing conſiderable of their own; yet it muſt not be inferred that their phyſicians entirely follow the ancients or the arabians, as is ſaid in the *Tableau de Portugal*; for this is far from conſonant to their national character, which in general purſues novelty rather than antiquity, and the greateſt defect of which is that of being ſuperficial.

Mathematics like all other abſtruſe ſciences, that require cloſe and continued application to firſt principles, are at a very low ebb. Stockler, the author of an introduction to the theory of Fluxions, is a good mathematician, though in that work he ſays nothing that is new to our german profeſſors. In the Memorias da Academia de Liſboa are ſome good mathematical papers, though the Academy, in propoſing mathematical prize queſtions too eaſily anſwered, ſomewhat expoſed themſelves to a charge of ignorance. Steph. Cabral is a good practical geometrician, but aſtronomy is totally neglected, nor have any obſervations been publiſhed, or perhaps made, ſince thoſe in the Memorias da Academia; and the Efemerides nauticas are copied. Their obſervtories are walls deſtitute of inſtruments. All the geographical publications ſince the great and celebrated work of De Lima are but meagre extracts from that book, and it is a diſgrace that there

is

is no map of Portugal except that of Lopez, in which are great errors as to places moſt commonly known. This evil however will be corrected: for the prince-regent has ſent out ſome geographers to make a journey through Portugal for the improvement of the maps. Theſe gentlemen have begun to take obſervations on both ſides of the Tagus, of Serra de Eſtrella, and Serra de Foia. The prince has alſo ſolemnly opened a geographical academy, the benefits of whoſe labours are ſtill expected.

As to natural hiſtory great exertions have been made ſince the time of Pombal; but the beſt means have not always been employed. Of Vandelli's merits and demerits in regard to natural hiſtory I have ſpoken in many parts of this work, and the ſame judgment may be pronounced on his numerous writings. I have alſo ſpoken of Brotero and his excellent Compendio de Botanica. And this is all. The Flora Cochinchinenſis of Loureiro is become much known in Germany. The author who is now dead ſhowed an extraordinary zeal for the advancement of botany, and therefore deſerves our praiſe. He had however too little knowledge when he left Europe, and poſſeſſed at Cochinchina only Linneus's Species plantarum. He alſo committed the great error of neither bringing home good drawings, nor an herbarium. Had he but laid the dried plants in his manuſcript,

manuſcript, he would not have publiſhed a work which now requires to be re-written.

The government ſent one Feijaõ, author of ſome treatiſes in the Memorias economicas of the academy, to Cape Verd iſlands, to make diſcoveries in natural hiſtory. He remained there fourteen years, and is now ſent on a ſimilar object to Braſil. I knew this gentleman at Liſbon, where he had an herbarium not in the beſt ſtate, and a collection of butterflies wrapped up in paper, containing ſeveral hundred ſpecimens of each kind; together with ſeeds of ſeveral plants, though merely under the names given them by the inhabitants of thoſe iſlands. The ſame plants may be ſeen in the botanic garden at Roſtock, and chiefly conſiſt of Mimoſæ. He once read to me a deſcription of a new genus, which a man of moderate knowledge might eaſily perceive was nowiſe different from the Campanula *. He had a wife and children to maintain, and was very poor. What can be expected under ſuch circumſtances?

On mineralogy we may expect much from Senhor da Camara, who has now returned to Liſbon, and is an excellent mineralogiſt. Of a chemical manual by Senhor Sobral at Coimbra I have already ſpoken. De Paiva has not only tranſlated Beaumé's chemiſtry, but in 1784 publiſhed a

* The bell-flower. T.

manual

manual of his own, in which he made much uſe of the french writers of that time. As to natural hiſtory, except ſome tolerably good treatiſes by Della Bella, formerly profeſſor of natural hiſtory at Coimbra, nothing has been done. But he employed himſelf as does his ſucceſſor more willingly and ſedulouſly on rural economy than in natural hiſtory.

Rural economy is inconteſtably a branch in which moſt has been done in modern times. Of this the Memorias economicas and premiadas of the academy are ſufficient proofs. I have already frequently ſpoken of them, and much lament that this uſeful collection has been diſcontinued ſince the war. If here and there an accurate knowledge of natural hiſtory, chemiſtry, and ſimilar ſciences, ſhould appear to be wanting, it muſt be remembered that even our beſt economiſts deſerve much blame in this reſpect.

Such is in few words the melancholy condition of the ſciences in a kingdom the leaſt known to us germans of all the countries in Europe. But melancholy as it is, I may be permitted to aſk the reader, whether he did not imagine it ſtill more miſerable.

A comparative

A comparative view of the Spaniſh and Portugueze languages.

THE Portugueze is one of thoſe languages that ſpring from the Latin, to which moſt of its words belong, though it has aſſumed a totally different and northern character, like the ſpaniſh, italian, french, and even the modern greek. Moſt of the words are but little different from the latin, but the syntax, the auxiliary verbs, *to have* and *to be* *, the uſe of the article, &c. are northern. The whole language very nearly approximates to the ſpaniſh, but has a very different pronunciation, and many words peculiar to itſelf.

It is very difficult to compare two languages in regard to harmony, as this depends much on being accuſtomed to them; for we naturally conſider that as beautiful, to which we have been habituated from early youth; while ſtrange ſounds are frequently unpleaſant. Yet all nations agree in conſidering too many or too crowded conſonants as a defect, and to gutturals moſt nations are particularly averſe. Simple vowels have alſo on the whole a clearer and more pleaſing ſound than dipthongs; but on the other hand too many vowels and the want of dipthongs give too much uniformity, which is equally unpleaſing. Thus the language of Otaheite would appear ridiculous to moſt nations, and even the Italian has

* The author probably means the uſing them as ſigns of tenſes, thoſe verbs and their inflexions being almoſt entirely latin. T.

the ſame monotonous defect; the continual terminations in a, e, i, and o, being tireſome even in recitative. A language may alſo appear affected by too great an abundance of vowels or too ſoft a pronunciation of the conſonants, as for inſtance, the Swediſh, in which k is pronounced like tj (ty).

The Spaniſh poſſeſſes a high degree of harmony, having more ſonorous terminations, and a greater variety of tones than the Italian. It has however few dipthongs, and leſs variety than the French; but its ſonorous terminations give it a great preference to the latter, the terminations of which are mute and frequently cacophonious. It may be lamented that j and x are gutturals *, unleſs the pronunciation of Eſtremadura †, where they are ſounded nearly like h, were general.

I will here add a few remarks on the ſpaniſh pronunciation, which I have vainly ſought in grammars. The d between two vowels, as at the end of a word, is not ſounded at all; for though

* The author has forgotten that g before e and i is alſo an aſpirated guttural: but provincial pronunciations and diſfigurations are no real objections to the beauty and harmony of a language. The ſtrong and numerous gutturals of the German, Iriſh, Welſh, &c. are a real deformity, eſpecially when they terminate a word, as they frequently do in thoſe languages, thereby rendering them wholly unadapted to muſic; but the ſofter and rarer gutturals of the Spaniſh, where they ſcarcely ever terminate a word, are rather an ornamental variety.

† Almoſt throughout Spain the gutturals are aſpirated in good ſociety but little ſtronger than h; and at moſt with one ſoft vibration of the throat. T.

this

this rule has been limited to participles in ado and ido, it is almoſt general. Mr. Fiſher, in his travels through Spain, has remarked it of the words Prado and Guadalquivir; but it alſo applies to Badajoz Merida and others *. The pronunciation of ch is hard like tſch † in German; the moſt refined Spaniards pronounce it nearly like zi in German, in a manner difficult to imitate. The z is almoſt always liſped, but in a much more refined manner than the engliſh th ‡.

The ſpaniſh language may be accuſed of a ſpecies of affectation. The t is often coupled with i when it precedes an e, and an e in the middle of a word is often preceded by an i, as tierra, tiniebras, tiene. To the u an e is frequently ſubjoined §, as in Duero, nueſtro, puente; alſo the converſion of the latin pl into ll and the

* The author ſurely means that the d *is* pronounced in theſe words, ſuch being the general practice, though in Prado it is oftener mute in familiar converſation. T.

† Or as in the engliſh word church. The pronunciation, like the german zi, the tranſlator does not remember to have heard in Spain. T.

‡ In the capital and where the language is the pureſt the z is pronounced like the engliſh th, beginning with the tongue between the teeth, as is the c before e and i, or when thus written (ç) before other vowels. The d is alſo pronounced beginning with the tongue ſomewhat between the teeth. This is difficult to imitate, and induces a habit of liſping other languages. T.

§ Or rather the Latin o is changed into ue, particularly in the commencement of words. T.

pronunciation of the z may be included under this head. But when the ear is accuſtomed to it, all affectation diminiſhes.

With this affectation the Portugueze cannot be reproached, for the i is omitted every where, even where it appears neceſſary; ue is reſtored to o, and the z is not liſped. It is alſo free from gutturals, both j and x being pronounced like the french j, and the ch like the ſame letters in french. It alſo poſſeſſes a greater variety by means of various dipthongs. Thus ai is pronounced as in german, ei as it is pronounced by the Livonians, and aõ final as aung; on the other hand, it has naſal ſounds like the french, *viz.* aõ, em, om, where the m is ſounded like ng, which cannot be conſidered as pleaſing. But it is a great defect to want thoſe grand and full-toned terminations in which the ſpaniſh abounds; for the laſt ſyllables in portugueze ſound mute, and as it were ſwallowed; and even when they end in a and o theſe vowels are pronounced ſo ſhort, that a mere mute e is heard. To this may be added the ugly cuſtom of pronouncing the s at the end both of words and of ſyllables as a weak ſch (ſh), thus mais is pronounced maiſch, and Liſboa almoſt Liſchboe. This pronunciation however is not ſo common in the provinces and among the lower claſſes as in the metropolis and among the higher orders; and ſeems to be originally a ſpecies of affectation. I was told this affectation is very recent, having been

been unknown twenty years ago, and that it originated from the Engliſh. As I received this account from a man of much information, I am convinced I may rely on its accuracy.

On the whole the portugueze, eſpecially as it is now ſpoken, is not ſo ſonorous as the Spaniſh. It is indeed without gutturals, but on the other hand abounds in naſal ſounds, mute terminations, and too much ſibillation.

From its couſin-german the ſpaniſh this language differs not only by many words entirely peculiar to itſelf, but by many ſtriking alterations of words; as for inſtance not ſuffering an n between two vowels. Thus vino is changed to vinho (pronounced veenyo) una to uma, ganado to gado, and general to geral. L áfter a conſonant is changed to r, as branco for blanco, prata for plata, &c. The latin pl and the ſpaniſh ll are changed to ch; thus *pleno*, lat. and *lleno*, ſpan. are changed to *cheio*, portug. In general the portugueze is averſe to the l, and hence probably the articles lo, la, were changed to the ſingular articles o, a; this o however is pronounced as u. The portugueze every where retains the f, which the ſpaniſh changes at the beginning of words into h*, as *fabulari*, lat. *favellare*, ital. *hablar*, ſpan. *fallar* portug.

* This is a modern cuſtom, the f being retained in old ſpaniſh books and writings. T.

For

For eaſe in converſation the portugueze is preferable to the ſpaniſh. It is ſhorter, the pronunciation requires leſs exertion, is far removed from all affectation, and reſembles a ſibillating whiſper. To theſe advantages may be added a greater facility in addreſſing one another in converſation. The Spaniards expreſs the word *you* by uſted (pronounced ooſtay) which is a contraction of vueſtra merced, and to omit this word is an extreme affront, ſimilar to uſing du (thou) in german as a mark of contempt. Perſons of rank are addreſſed with uſſia (a contraction for vueſtra ſeñoria)*. The portugueze has no ſuch contractions; the words voſſa mercé, voſſa ſenhoria, voſſa excellencia †, being always ſpoken at length, though pronounced with great rapidity; but then it is not polite often to repeat them, the third perſon being uſed without further addition, and theſe phraſes only at the beginning of a converſation, or in ſome particular caſes. This renders converſation very pleaſant, whereas the conſtant repetition of *uſted* in ſpaniſh encumbers it with needleſs redundancy; the portugueze is alſo eſpecially formed for chit chat, for much may be ſpoken without ſaying any thing. Thus the connectives or expletives pois and pois

* And uſſencia, which is a contraction for vueſtra excellencia. T.

† In addreſſing a portugueze who is not noble the phraſe voſſa mercé is uſed; to a noble without title † voſſa ſenhoria; to counts, marquiſſes, &c. voſſa excellencia. More courteſy is however ſhewn to the ladies; every one who is noble though untitled being addreſſed with voſſa excellencia.

† Like the german *vons*.

entaõ (well, well then) are continually uſed, though merely to gain time; and when any one tells a ſtory the words eſta bom, eſta feito (it is well, it is done) denote that it is concluded. Perſons both of high and low birth conſtantly uſe theſe and other expletives, frequently very malapropos. Thus on enquiring of a woman after we had travelled ſome way into Algarve, whether we had yet entered that province, ſhe anſwered pois entaõ, Algarve, eſta feito, eſta aqui (well then, Algarve, it is done, it is here). It muſt be allowed however, that this kind of converſation, which is always intermixed with many forms and ceremonies, may in ſerious affairs become very fatiguing.

I have already ſaid that the portugueze uſe very few oaths, words of abuſe, or diſguſting expreſſions. Caramba is ſaid by Spaniards of rank, and various other words by the people; but the Portugueze never utter any ſuch expreſſions, except diabo or merda, and theſe but rarely. In like manner the portugueze language is much chaſter than the ſpaniſh, which even appears in the phraſes of the moſt mercenary of women, thoſe who deal in the charms of others.

If the ſpaniſh language has any thing with which to reproach the portugueze, it is the ambiguity of the latter, the ſame words having too many ſignifications. Thus *a* ſignifies *the*, *there is**,

* *At, by, on, it,* and many more. T.

and

and is the ſign of the dative caſe; and tem ſignifies both *he has* and *they have*, &c. which not only renders the language difficult to foreigners, but prevents accuracy of expreſſion.

The conſtruction of the portugueze is in other reſpects entirely ſimilar to the ſpaniſh, ſo that they may be mutually tranſlated without altering the relative ſituation of the words. In both languages the declenſions and conjugations are very ſimilar. The portugueze however frequently uſe a poetical pluperfect tenſe in the indicative and conjunctive moods with great effect; they alſo uſe the infinitive very much; all which together with the greater ſhortneſs of the words renders the portugueze language more nervous and eaſy.

It is to be lamented that we have no good german portugueze grammar, as the knowledge of that language would be very uſeful to the lovers of the belles lettres; to which may be added, that in many parts of Africa, the Indies, China, &c. portugueze is as neceſſary, as french in Europe. Mr. Von Jung's Portugueze grammar can no longer be uſed in learning the pronunciation, and even the conjugations are not accurate throughout. In this reſpect Meldola's is better, though the catechetical form of queſtion and anſwer in portugueze and german is extremely unpleaſant.

FINIS.

Printed by NICHOLS *and* SON,
Red-Lion Paſſage, Fleet Street.